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DANIEL WEBSTER
AND HIS
BIRTH PLACE



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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE RESTORATION OF THE BIRTH PLACE HOUSE OF DANIEL WEBSTER



AT THE BIRTH PLACE IN FRANKLIN,
NEW HAMPSHIRE, ON AUGUST 28, 1913

Single copies of this account of the full proceedings at the Webster Birthplace Celebration may be obtained of the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H., with paper covers at 20 cents each, 50 copies half price; with board covers at 25 cents each or leather bound at 50 cents each.

Published by the Webster Birth Place Association, organized as a corporation
under the Statutes of New Hampshire on October 26, 1910.

WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION CELEBRATION.

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AUGUST 28, 1913.

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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

Celebration of the Restoration of the Birth Place House

OF

DANIEL WEBSTER

at the Birth Place in

FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

ON

AUGUST 28, 1913

Published by the Webster Birth Place Association, organized as a
corporation under the statutes of New Hampshire
on October 26, 1910

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THE DANIEL WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE CELEBRATION.

The gathering was called to order by Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons who said, "I believe in the existence of Almighty God who created and governs the whole world." That was the opening sentence of Webster's confession of faith which he sent to his old pastor, Mr. Worcester. Let us, as we have met here today, invoke that Almighty Power in which he believed. One comes to us today from the Elms Farm, which was Webster's. I ask him to express in words the thoughts which are in the minds of all—the Reverend Rufus P. Gardner.

INVOCATION BY REV. RUFUS P. GARDNER.

Let us unite in prayer. O Lord, Our God, we believe it is very fitting, indeed, that we should look to Thee upon this occasion and remember that not only our fathers could trust in Thee but that it is well for the sons and daughters to rely upon the same Divine Power. And so at this time with that confession of faith in our thought that has already been expressed we bow down and acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God. We are glad as we gather here in honor of one who was, indeed, of great honor to our state and to our nation, that at one time being asked what he considered to be the greatest thought that could possibly fall from human lips or the greatest obligation under which man was placed to the Almighty, he said that it was his personal obligation to his God.

And so reverently we look to Thee, kind Father, and ask that Thy blessing, Thy smile may abide with us as we gather here. We know today that from generation to

generation there has been a strong belief in God as the Father of all, and so we acknowledge gratefully at this hour the Fatherhood of God, and we ask that this Fatherhood may be impressed upon each and every one of us as we have gathered here at this anniversary, and we are glad that, as the years have been passing, we have learned to think more about the brotherhood of man, the knitting of heart to heart and of life to life, and are seeking to go forth to do good to our fellowmen wherever they may be found and under whatever conditions they may exist; and so may these two beautiful thoughts rest with us at this time—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

We know that today we shall hear many excellent things expressed concerning him who was a great leader in our state and in our nation. Reverently we would pay reverence to his name. And now seeking Thy blessing upon us, upon all who have gathered here upon this occasion and all that it means to the city, to the state and to the nation, we ask it all in the name of our common Lord and Master as we seek His blessing to rest upon us in every sense of the term. Amen.

ADDRESS BY CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS.

*Members of the Daniel Webster Birth Place Association,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

We are met upon the spot where the greatest American of his time if not of all time, first saw the light of day, a spot already dedicated, already consecrated by what he did who was here born. The world well knows what he did and will always hold in respectful love and veneration the place of his birth. We are met here to celebrate the fact that this spot is now placed beyond the touch of hands ignorant or thoughtless of his life and service. We are met to rejoice in the substantial restoration of the humble

surroundings from which he came and to plan that the same be kept unharmed through all time as a memorial of him and as proof of the low estate from which greatness may arise.

Some one hundred and fifty years ago at the close of the French and Indian war, Ebenezer Webster who had been one of the Rogers Rangers in that war, just attaining his majority and just married, sought a home. He pushed up the Merrimack to the land which he later in life acquired, the Elms Farm of Daniel Webster, the Orphans' Home Farm of today. Here he turned into the hills and followed the brook which runs before us until he came to the Beaver Meadows which lie to the south, in miniature an intervalle like the intervalle by the river. Here he made his "pitch" and built the settler's cabin of logs. Beyond to the north was the forest and the savage. Here for fifteen years Webster's father held a post on the border line of civilization, his house the last upon the Indian trail to Canada.

The site of the cabin is indicated by the boulder upon the opposite side of the road. Later a frame house in which Webster was born was built where the house stands restored today.

The flood of the tide which has created a nation in population and wealth greater than the wildest dream of its founders has made an eddy about the spot upon which we are. Untouched by the main current it remains as when Webster saw it. Kearsarge still stands in the west; Punch Brook is still famous for trout. The growth on the hills has been cut and grown again, removed and grown, but except for such temporary change we may feel certain that the view of hill, meadow, wood and mountain upon which we gaze is what Webster saw when he visited the spot of his birth.

On my first knowledge of the farm, some forty years ago, the title stood ostensibly in one Hiram Shaw, but the property was practically owned by Judge Nesmith, the life-long friend and admirer of Webster, who held an

overdue mortgage for more than its value. Subsequently the place came to Judge Nesmith by foreclosure. After Judge Nesmith's death his heirs, believing the property should be held by the state for all time in memory of Mr. Webster, asked the state to purchase it at what they considered a low price. But there were watch dogs of the treasury. Some one scented a scheme to obtain more than the value through a sale to the state and nothing came of the offer. Later the property was sold, the lumber on it bringing more than the price asked the state. Afterward there were various changes of title and the greater part came into the possession of the local building and loan association by foreclosure some three years ago.

The situation was brought to the attention of ex-Senator William E. Chandler. Impressed with the belief that the place of Webster's birth should be rescued from the condition into which it had fallen and preserved as a memorial in such manner as would honor the state which gave him birth, with characteristic energy and zeal he joined in a campaign with that object. The Webster Birth Place Association was formed under his direction, the title perfected, the actual site discovered and the restoration proceeded to the point at which you see it. Mr. Chandler has been a moving spirit in all that has been done and is entitled to a large share of the credit for what has been accomplished. This meeting is his suggestion and plan.

Because of illness, from which I am happy to say Mr. Chandler is now recovering, he is unable to be present. At the last moment we have been forced to present the play with Hamlet absent. Suddenly I find placed upon myself the honor of welcoming you who have come to aid and rejoice with us in what has been accomplished. I do so most sincerely in the name of the Association and of its President, but with the greatest regret, however, that you cannot have that welcome from Senator Chandler in person.

"I still live," said Webster. Then it is said he died. But the personality of the man could not die. What he was, what he accomplished could not be wiped away as with a sponge by a physical change. That what Webster was, the principles he stood for, the forces he embodied still live not only in the hearts and minds of his friends and neighbors in Franklin, in Salisbury, in New Hampshire, but in the whole country, this great gathering over sixty years later at the humble house of his birth makes clear. Webster still lives!

As President of the Association, Mr. Chandler expected to preside at this meeting and had partially prepared notes of the remarks assigned to him upon the program, and is willing that what he has prepared should be read. A distinguished son of New Hampshire, the late United States minister to Greece and Montenegro, has consented to act as reader. I have the honor to present the Honorable George Higgins Moses.

Vice-President Clarence E. Carr tendered a motion as follows:

Before we listen to the address of Senator Chandler to be read by Mr. Moses, it seems to me at this time it is fitting and proper that we should instruct the Vice-President of this association, the Chief Justice of our state, to send to Senator Chandler the regrets of the Webster Birth Place Association for his absence, our own goodwill and the best wishes of his fellow-citizens for his speedy recovery; these being our greetings to the man of large heart, broad views, great knowledge of and deep interest in the affairs and history of New Hampshire.

The motion was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

OPENING ADDRESS BY WILLIAM E. CHANDLER

It is my privilege to open the proceedings of this occasion by telling you what has been done by our Birth Place Association for the restoration and permanent preservation of the little dwelling-house in which Daniel Webster was born on the eighteenth day of January, 1782, upon the spot where it now stands—then a part of the town of Salisbury, now a part of the city of Franklin.

Mr. Webster, in addition to his surpassing qualities as an orator and statesman of world-wide fame, was pre-eminently inspired by constant admiration and affection for the works of nature—for the joyous places, scenes and other aspects of the physical world appearing before him; such as are so indispensable to the happiness of every one of us in this troublesome yet wonderful world in whose vicissitudes we must live on, until there is lovingly opened before us the better, and, we hope, a little easier life for spiritual and immortal mankind.

At a mass meeting at Saratoga on August 19, 1840, Mr. Webster, after attributing to political opponents the origin of a reproach that Candidate General William Henry Harrison had been born in a log cabin, went on to say:

“It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snowdrifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man’s habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them.

“I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive

abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

On October 11, 1828, Mr. Webster wrote a letter on "Local Associations" to his friend, Jacob McGaw, who had written to him about a trip to Kingsbridge, White Plains, Benn's Heights and other historic places he had recently visited. He wrote:

"I never knew a man yet, nor a woman either, with a sound head and a good heart, that was not more or less under the power which these local associations exercise.

"It is true that place, in these things, is originally accidental. Battles might have been fought elsewhere as well as at Saratoga or Bennington. Nevertheless, here they were fought; and nature does not allow us to pass over the scenes of such events with indifference, unless the scenes themselves have become familiar by frequent visits to them. For my part I love them all, and all such as they."

And again, to Chancellor James Kent, on June 5, 1832, concerning the former's speech at Mr. Irving's dinner, Mr. Webster wrote:

"One line for the purpose of saying that the speech is a delightful little thing, just, sweet, affectionate. When I read the paragraph in which you prefer what relates to the blue hills and mountain glens of our own country to sketches of foreign scenes and foreign countries, I wanted to seize your hand and give it a hearty shake of sympathy. Heaven bless this goodly land of our fathers! Its rulers and its people may commit a thousand follies, yet Heaven bless it! Next to the friends beloved of my heart, those same hills and glens and native woods and

native streams will have my last earthly recollections.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Moved by this same kind of inspiration which always controlled Mr. Webster, as well as by a sense of neglected duty towards the humble home of their greatest public man, citizens of New Hampshire, aided by many friends elsewhere, have at last rescued his birthplace from private control and—either in the hands of our Association or belonging in trust to the city of Franklin—the little building as it was in 1782 and as you now see it, with the 130 acres of the farm of Captain Ebenezer Webster, wherein were born Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, children of Abigail Eastman (not in the log cabin in which were born their brothers and sisters, the children of Mehitable Smith)—will stand in the far future a precious and attractive reminder of perhaps the most noted orator and statesman of this or any of the nations of the highest civilization in the world.

The log cabin in which the brothers and sisters were born was located upon the same home-house-lot and the site is to be so marked by a boulder and a suitable tablet giving the result of the latest careful research.

It is intended by the Association to improve and make pleasing the buildings you see—the birthplace building, the larger mansion and the large barn; and also to beautify the 130 acres by walls, gateways and modest monuments as well as by landscape gardening so as to make the whole most attractive to visitors from near and far away during all time to come.

The next Webster home was three miles away, down on the banks of the Merrimack and known as the Elms Farm; and the last was at Marshfield, in Massachusetts, on the shores of the "sounding sea," where Mr. Webster so much indulged his pleasure in nature, and where he died on October 24, 1852.

It is not my province at this time to speak at any length

of the public life of Mr. Webster. It has been my privilege to do so on two occasions: in the senate on December 20, 1894, upon the presentation by New Hampshire of the Stark and Webster statues to the National Gallery in the Capitol at Washington; and upon the presentation, on January 18, 1900, of the statue of Webster to be placed by Stilson Hutchins, a native of New Hampshire, on Massachusetts Avenue of the Capital City.

Senator Gallinger took part in the proceedings in the senate and had hoped to be here today. Our principal speaker is a son of Dartmouth, Representative Samuel W. McCall, who has studied and eulogized Mr. Webster and his works with discrimination, power and eloquence.

[At this point, upon the understanding that, when the proceedings of this day shall be published in final form, each speaker is privileged to extend his remarks by a general and generous "leave to print," Mr. Chandler brings to attention, at some length, two episodes in Mr. Webster's career which he characterizes as epochal in their nature—as national events rather than orations in the career of a great orator.]

The first of these, naturally, is Mr. Webster's contest against the right of a state to leave the Union and in vindication of the power of the nation, within constitutional limits, to impose its legislative will upon the several states. This episode of Mr. Webster's labors for the Union and the Constitution culminates in the reply to Hayne which, Mr. Chandler declares, destroyed the doctrine of nullification. In support of this declaration he quotes the words of Secretary John D. Long when, as the President's spokesman, he received for the nation the statue of Webster to which reference has already been made, joining with his praise of Webster's overwhelming arguments in the senate the luminous judgments of John Marshall on the bench; and saying of the Constitution framed by George Washington and his associates, that to Webster and Marshall "we owe its development, by interpretation and con-

struction, into the great charter of powers which now constitute the national authority. They illuminated its letter with the national spirit. They breathed into its frame the full life of national sovereignty. . . . As they prevailed, so they made the United States indissoluble by internal convulsion and equal to the emergencies of the future which confronted them or which confront us."

The second event to which Mr. Chandler refers is Webster's connection with and support of the compromise measures of 1850, indicated by the "Seventh of March Speech" of that year.

The reply to Hayne, he says, brought to Webster nothing but fame and honor. The Seventh of March speech produced severe condemnation from the North and resulted in Webster's failure to secure the nomination to the presidency in 1852, which, Mr. Chandler asserts, should have been his.

Mr. Chandler contends that the contemporary criticism of Webster in 1850 has no justification for its continuance now; for he argues, no one at that time believed that, as a sequence, would follow the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the abandonment of the Wilmot proviso, the struggle in Kansas and at last the war for secession, while on the other hand every reasonable human being hoped that continued conciliatory legislation would in time come to find a wise solution of the problem of slavery in the United States.

Mr. Webster's course was based, says Mr. Chandler, upon an honest motive; and in this is to be found a perfect answer to the criticism of the moment—which shculd long ago have disappeared, he urges, in the further light of the certain knowledge that Webster, had he lived, would have supported Lincoln and the Union and the war to preserve it, no less earnestly than did Stephen A. Douglas, the destroyer of the Missouri Compromise.

[Mr. Chandler here referred to the emancipation of the slaves and to a history of American slavery contained in an address of his before a Grand Army Post at Nashua, N. H., on May 30, 1889, now printed as an appendix, and said:]

God hardened Pharoah's heart so he would not let the children of Israel go until there had come the plagues and the slaughter of the first born of Egypt. So an overruling Providence may have ordered the Compromise measures of 1850. Without them Secession would then have been attempted with as many slave states as free states in the Union and the result might have been two American republics, one slave and one free. The delay of ten years and the destruction of the Missouri Compromise by an infatuated south may have been necessary to arouse the north and give it victory, with Abraham Lincoln to destroy slavery. So if General McClellan had won victories in 1862 and captured Richmond the war might have ended with slavery not destroyed as a consequence thereof. McClellan was defeated and retreated to a gunboat on the James to write a letter to Mr. Lincoln telling him how the war ought to be conducted with slavery preserved, which singularity Mr. Lincoln told me he at once regarded as showing McClellan's expectation to be a candidate for President in 1864. It is impossible to estimate the importance of the ten years' delay of the crucial struggle from 1850 to 1860. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform!"

Mr. Chandler's closing words were these, spoken in behalf of the Webster Birth Place Association.

With appreciative thanks for all aid we have received and for the attendance this day, we promise that this sacred spot shall be preserved and made attractive to all the future generations of New Hampshire men and women and shall be made an historic spot of sentiment and affection to all true Americans.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The political animosities of the early years of the republic were more bitter than those now on the stage of public life can easily appreciate.

Though Webster was at times at variance with the sentiment of the political majority of the state, and though the state was early obliged to yield him to the larger field furnished by Massachusetts, as whose representative his fame as a legislator was won, the state has always claimed him and his glory as hers and has placed his figure with that of Stark in the Statuary Hall of the Nation. The fault of the legislature which neglected the opportunity to purchase the birth place of which I have spoken is atoned by the liberal appropriation for the purposes of the Association made at the last session. I take this opportunity to express the satisfaction of the Association with such approval of its purposes, and, in its name, to thank the representatives of the legislature and the executive here present therefor.

New Hampshire is now honored in the executive office by a prominent member of Webster's profession, like him a graduate of Dartmouth College. I have the honor and the pleasure of presenting the Governor, His Excellency Samuel Demeritt Felker.

ADDRESS BY
GOVERNOR SAMUEL DEMERITT FELKER.

In the summer of 1839 there appeared in the streets of London a man five feet ten inches tall, weighing less than one hundred and ninety pounds, who attracted universal attention, and who was pointed out by the common people with the remark, "There goes a king." Sidney Smith exclaimed when he saw him, "Good heavens, he is a small cathedral by himself." Carlisle said of him, "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the noblest of all your notables. He is a magnificent specimen. As a logic fencer,

advocate, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world."

Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, so high. Certainly his was a great body, and a great brain. Whence came this man? In what mould was he cast? What were his surroundings and what state produced him?

Ebenezer Webster, his father, a man of no mean ability, was born in the southern part of this state in 1739, descended from the Puritans of Scotch extraction. When of age he enlisted in the Rogers Rangers who in desperate forest fighting had no equals. Webster, strong and daring, did his full share. When the war closed in 1763 he settled in this town, then the farthest outpost of civilization. He was a splendid product of ancestors who had been yeomen and pioneers for generations. His wife died ten years later, and in 1774, he married again. Soon after his second marriage the alarm of war with England sounded and Ebenezer Webster raised a company of two hundred men and marched at their head to Boston. He was high in the confidence of Washington, by whom he was consulted about the state of feeling in New Hampshire. When there was treason, and rumors of further treason, caused by Arnold's treason, Washington said to him, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you," and he was placed in command of the guard before Gen. Washington's headquarters the night after Arnold's treason.

His neighbors trusted him and he held practically every office within their gift. He came very near being elected to Congress. He sat as one of the judges in the courts of New Hampshire. Such was this man, practically without education, whose native genius and common sense raised him to such a plane. From such a father, with such force of will, mind and character, did Daniel Webster spring. His mother was Abigail Eastman, a woman of good sturdy New Hampshire stock, who was willing to make all sacrifices necessary for the education of her children.

Webster was a sickly child and for that reason was not

required to work like other children of the household and it was during these years that he imbibed the love of country life and country sports that ever after clung to him. He walked two and a half miles to school in the winter months and for a short while was sent by his father to Exeter Academy, a school which had just started, and finally he was under the instruction of Rev. Samuel Wood of Boscowen for a brief period.

He was fifteen years of age when his father first made known to him his intention to send him to college. "I remember," says Mr. Webster, "the very hill we were ascending in the old sleigh when my father made known to me this purpose. I could not speak. I thought of the large family and limited circumstances of my father and how could he incur so large an expense for me. A warm glow ran all over me and I laid my head upon my father's shoulder and wept."

In Webster's freshman year in college his studies were Ovid, the *Aeneid*, the New Testament in Greek, and algebra. There has been a good deal said about Webster's indifference to the college curriculum and that he followed a desultory course of reading by himself. However, his moral character and his devotion to duty have received the highest commendation from his teachers and classmates. As a writer and speaker he had no equal. Webster, while not the ranking head of his class, had the broadest mind and influence of any of its members. His advantages in his boyhood were very limited and it is amazing that he was able at the age of nineteen to lead his class in depth of thought and elegance of literary expression. During his junior year in college, when a lad of only eighteen, he was invited by the townspeople to deliver the Fourth of July address which is still extant and shows some of the power which he afterwards exercised so potently.

After graduating from college he read law with Christopher Gore of Boston, a man of ability, and a United States

senator. He was admitted to the bar in 1805 and practiced for two years at Boscowen, where he was referred to by Judge Jeremiah Smith, on listening to his mere stating of a case, as "the most remarkable young man I have ever met."

He moved to Portsmouth in 1807 and practiced law there for the next eleven years. He was fortunate in having for an opponent Jeremiah Mason, a man fifteen years older than himself, whom Webster in after years said, he considered the best lawyer he had ever known. The fact that he had to contend with a man older than himself and of such great legal acumen as Mr. Mason, put Webster upon his mettle, so to speak, and we find that during those ten years, he may be said to have reached the very acme of his power, standing at the head of his profession, and being the leading practitioner in the highest state and national courts. During this period he had served two terms as New Hampshire's representative in Congress and had become the leader of his party, and had attained a national reputation. He was a Federalist and opposed to the Embargo Act, and the War of 1812 with Great Britain.

Within four years after he left New Hampshire to go to Massachusetts, he had made his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case, secured the vindication of the Kenistons in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and delivered the Plymouth oration, which placed him in the first rank of advocates and orators. His appearance before the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dartmouth College case, was his first effort before that august tribunal, and by that argument he stepped, with a single stride, to the foremost position at the bar of that court. History presents no parallel.

Webster's strides in material prosperity were very marked after he went to Massachusetts. He was, indeed, the idol of Boston and of Massachusetts, certainly up to the time of the Seventh of March speech, 1850. He ap-

peared in nearly every large case before the United States Courts. He served in Congress of the United States nineteen years, and was secretary of state under Tyler and Fillmore.

Webster was for a sound currency, and at first for a low tariff. As the interests of Massachusetts changed in regard to the tariff his views changed. Although rather inclined to be independent, yet after the Whig Party came into existence he supported its policies.

In the Plymouth address of 1820 Mr. Webster made an attack on slavery and the slave trade which he little dreamed would be quoted thirty years thereafter against him as an inconsistency. Webster's position with reference to the constitution was that there was no constitutional right for a state to withdraw from the national union. He did, like other great New Englanders who believed with him, look upon the Federal constitution as a series of compromises among conflicting interests and argued that under such a constitution national politics at every crisis ought to be governed by the same spirit of concession which made the constitution possible. In the great debate, in his reply to Hayne, and throughout his whole life, he maintained that the constitution was above the state and should be obeyed by each individual in his individual capacity, and by each state as well.

He was by temperament extremely conservative. He was not a radical nor a reformer. He lacked the initiative.

The great secret of Webster's strength as a speaker lay in the fact that he made it a point to understate, rather than to overstate his confidence in the force of his own arguments and the logical necessity of their conclusions. Webster's speeches, addresses, arguments and state papers read today as fresh to his readers as they were to his hearers; Henry Clay's need the grace and animation of the speaker; while Calhoun held his hearers by the easy, flowing sentences that were designed to support his fine spun theories.

Webster had strongly given the public the impression while combating the disunion sentiment of the South that he was also against slavery as it existed under the constitution, and they little realized how he could be consistent and vote for the compromise of 1850. Let us see what that was. After the war with Mexico and a large amount of territory had been ceded by Mexico to the United States, it was proposed by the Wilmot proviso that no territory obtained by the United States should allow slavery or involuntary servitude within its boundaries. This was extremely obnoxious to the South, and six or seven Southern states were prepared to secede; these states had all passed secession resolutions. There had also sprung up in the North the abolitionists or free soilers some of whom sought the dissolution of the union and declared themselves enemies of the constitution and friends of the new confederacy of states where there should be no union with slave holders.

At this juncture Henry Clay, then past seventy-two years of age, came forward with his last great compromise; to admit California as a free state and to establish territorial government for the rest of the territory without any provision for or against slavery. Webster supported this proposition on the ground that the condition of the soil and industries of the territories were such that it would be practically impossible to employ negro labor, and that it would avoid offending the South by settling the same for all time in advance; thereupon was raised around his head a storm of opprobrium and calumny.

If the Seventh of March speech had not been made, Webster probably would have been the idol of the new free soil party.

That Daniel Webster justly believed there was real danger to the country was sufficiently proved by the Civil War. That he acted from patriotic motives those who reviled him the most have since admitted. Practically every Republican senator, who abandoned in 1861 the provision of the Wilmot proviso when organizing the

territories of Colorado and Nevada, had in 1850 heaped reproaches upon Mr. Webster for not insisting upon the same provisions for the same territory. The danger to the union, which they found a good reason for receding from their position had been cruelly denied to Mr. Webster as a justifying motive.

"My paramount purpose," Lincoln wrote to Greeley, "is to save the Union. If I could save the Union without freeing any of the slaves I would do it, and if I could save the Union by freeing all of the slaves I would do it." Suppose the South had accepted Lincoln's proposition to Greeley and returned to the union with the full promise and understanding that they were to keep their slaves. What would have been Lincoln's position in history, and would any of the calumny heaped upon Webster have been Lincoln's share? It may be idle to inquire but it all shows that the people, and not Mr. Webster had changed. The radicals North and South were in control, and were governed by the impulse which a little later expressed itself in the lines:

"Not another word, try it with the sword,
Try it with the blood of your bravest and your best."

Could Webster have been at the field of Gettysburg this summer and seen the reunion of the blue and the gray, could he have seen the Constitution honored and obeyed in all the length and breadth of this land; could he have seen a reunited country without one star dimmed and their number increased from thirty-one to forty-eight, he would, indeed, think he had not lived in vain. His was not the eloquence of an expiring nation, but the eloquence which told of future victory, of future glory, and of future greatness.

We are honored by the presence of the head of Webster's Alma Mater; and, likewise, by the representative of that sister state, once part and parcel of the body of this state, to whom were it more fitting that Webster should turn,

when leaving his native state, for the broader field, for the expression of his masterly efforts; and again by representatives of that great and lasting national Congress wherein Webster served for nineteen years; and yet again by many other noble and patriotic citizens who will address us; to these, as to all others here present, I extend the greetings of the State of New Hampshire.

It is highly fitting that this primitive abode of the great expounder of the Constitution, the greatest orator of all times, a product of our soil, should be preserved as an object lesson to our children and our children's children to the remotest time.

To those, to whose patriotic spirit and admiration for that which is good and great in the public service, is due the formation and completion of the plans whereby this historic spot has been preserved against further encroachment and the house restored to its former site and condition, the Sovereign State of New Hampshire extends its fullest appreciation and gratitude. It is deeply indebted to you, and not alone for the mere immediate results which you have here produced, but more for the lasting and permanent spirit which your works will tend to induce and foster in the coming generations, finding its expression in the greater admiration of the foremost of all her sons, Daniel Webster.

POEM BY MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The presiding officer introduced Honorable Henry H. Metcalf to read a poem on Mr. Webster by Miss Edna Dean Proctor.

Mr. Metcalf said: Mr. President, I do not know any basis of propriety upon which I am selected to read this poem of Miss Proctor except the fact that I am a kinsman of hers and that our maternal great grandfathers, before the Revolution, settled on the soil of Hopkinton, where, many years later, Daniel Webster courted Grace Fletcher.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

*At his birth place, Salisbury (Franklin), New Hampshire,
August, 28, 1913.*

Hail to the home that reared him! hail to the hills, the stream,

That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest dream!

A place it is for pilgrimage—for gratitude to shrine

A name and fame whose grandeur will never know decline;
And with honor and remembrance and reverent accord,
For his greatness and his service we bless and praise the Lord.

From his own Kearsarge and Katahdin to Shasta's dome
of snow,

From Superior's pines to the tropic Gulf where the palm
and the orange grow,

He loved his land and in dreams beheld the splendor of its prime—

A mighty nation nobly dowered for a destiny sublime;
And he strove to weld the States in one with a strength
no power could sever,

For the cry of his heart was, Liberty and Union, now and forever!

We think of him as a mountain peak that towers above the lea,

Where sunshine falls and lightnings flash and all the winds
blow free;

And his voice comes back like the swelling chant, within
some minster old,

That floods the nave and thrills the aisles and dies in a strain of gold!

So lofty his eloquence, grand his mien, had he walked the Olympian plain

The listening, wondering throngs had thought great Zeus
come down to reign;

For beneath the blue or in stately halls, he swayed the
 hearts of men,
 As the boughs are swayed by the rushing wind that sweeps
 o'er wood and glen—
 As the earth is swayed by the primal fires that burn beyond
 our ken.
 And when nor plea nor prayer availed war's awful strife
 to shun,
 His fervor glowed in the flag aloft and nerved each North-
 ern gun,
 And above the roar of battle and the rage of mad endeavor,
 His cry still echoed, Liberty and Union, now and for-
 ever!

Do we look alone at the wounding thorn when the crimson
 rose waves high?
 Do we hear but the one discordant note as the symphony
 rolls by?
 The clouds on his fame are like morning mists in the path
 of the full-orbed sun,
 For his glorious, deathless words will shine
 Down the years with a light divine till dawns and days are
 done!
 And whatever world has gained him it will be a heaven to
 him
 That the Union lives, resplendent, not one star lost or dim.

Hail to the home that reared him! hail to the hills, the
 stream,
 That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest
 dream!
 And while the skies enfold Kearsarge and the meadows
 Merrimack river,
 From sea to sea, shall our watchword be
 His patriot heart-cry, Liberty and Union, now and forever!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Daniel Webster and Dartmouth College are names woven together in the legal mind of America. It is difficult to think of one without the other. Webster's success in the Dartmouth College case at Washington gave the college national fame, while the breach with the state authorities thereby created has long since been closed.

I present with honor and pleasure, Ernest Fox Nichols, President of the College which Webster loved.

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT NICHOLS.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Governor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered here at Webster's birth place. The place of Webster's intellectual birth and of the first awakening of his greatest powers was Dartmouth College. Here was the home of his childhood; there the surroundings and formative influences which developed his manhood and gave direction to his growing purpose. The college called out his best.

Great loyalty to his college, faith in her, love for her, Webster showed in ways which few men have been given power to display. Throughout his life the influence of the college was ever strong upon him. There are several stories extant of Webster's life in college, which, if true, reveal the growing strength of his personality and his firm determination to fight his own way in the world, always with loyalty to his ideals but without other fear or favor. I shall relate but one of these stories. I know not whether this story be true or no, but it is one which at first thought you might perhaps least expect me to tell.

Webster's college course was ended, so the story runs. The Commencement exercises of the class of 1801 were over, and together with his classmates Webster had received his diploma. As the assemblage passed out of the church Webster turned aside, walked round behind the

church, and there tore his diploma in shreds, saying, "If I cannot succeed without this, I would rather fail." Here it may be noticed that in destroying his diploma, if he did so, Webster in no way diminished nor altered the education he had received. All the opportunities he had so esteemed and so earnestly worked for, opportunities which his father and his family had made such great sacrifices to secure for him—he had profited by them all and bore their fruits within him. The alleged act was but a protest against the all too common custom of young men of relying too largely upon letters of recommendation for opportunity and success.

Many young men in our colleges today are there, consciously or unconsciously, to gain college recognition, to get a diploma for the distinction, social and other, which that certificate from a good college always confers. The matter of getting an education in the true sense, of quickening, rectifying, strengthening, their mental powers is by some boys considered as either incidental to getting a diploma or synonymous with it.

This confusion of ideas was quite as noticeable in Webster's day as in ours, but his mind was clear, he saw the difference. He realized that power comes through knowledge, that understanding grows with knowledge and knowledge with understanding, that a diploma is but an outward and visible assertion of another's inward and invisible stores. He felt the upbuilding which his college training had wrought within him and he felt his competence to prove it to any man. He wanted no letters of introduction. He would make his own way without leaning on the high reputation of his college, nor would he use her name and influence to forward his personal fortunes. Who better than he knew what the college had given him, and who better than he understood the high uses of that gift? If that did not suffice it were better to remain unknown. True to his ideals, chivalrous as a knight of old, he would

not proclaim his mistress until he could do her both honor and service.

In the life of every man there are two incidents of large significance, two things which broadly determine his allegiance. One is the place of his origin, the other the institution which educates him. New Hampshire claims, not only Webster's birth place, but Webster's college as well.

Fortunately there has been but one short period in the long life of college and state when a divided allegiance was possible. On that occasion Webster did not hesitate to defend the charter of his college by using all his magnificent powers of logical argument and persuasive oratory in one of the greatest appeals ever made before a court of justice. He carried all before him and gained one of the most sweeping decisions ever pronounced by the Nation's highest tribunal.

Dartmouth College joins most heartily in the spirit of this celebration and as one of the oldest residents of New Hampshire expresses gratitude and appreciation for the interest and generosity of the members of the Webster Birth Place Association, whose labors have made possible the preservation of this memorial to the greatest son of not only New Hampshire but of Dartmouth College also.

Added note: Between the speaking of this address and the printing of it, facts and records have been brought to my attention which wholly disprove the story of Webster's destroying his diploma. Yet viewed in its true light this anecdote is so typical of Webster's personality, independence of character, and chivalrous impulsiveness, it is small wonder the story once invented found wide circulation.

ORATION BY HONORABLE SAMUEL W. McCALL FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: You have already been told through Mr. Chandler that Congressman McCall is to make an address.

New Hampshire has done so much for Massachusetts by sending down men to hold office there and furnishing summer homes for them in which to recuperate from the stress of life in Massachusetts that we feel little compunction in drafting a Massachusetts man when we have special need of service.

New Hampshire did not furnish McCall to Massachusetts. She only educated him at New Hampton and Dartmouth and lets him live here more or less in the summer. At the celebration of Webster's graduation at Dartmouth some years ago, Mr. McCall gave an elaborate address and more recently he assisted in the same way at the dedication of the Historical Society Building at Concord.

Mr. McCall has done and is doing so much for us that it seemed to me I ought to find something especially nice to say about him in presenting him to this audience. I have done my best but I cannot improve upon what was said twelve years ago by the first citizen of New Hampshire, William J. Tucker. I use that with appreciation, not apology:

"Samuel Walker McCall, student of men and events, who reads the issues of the times not in the glare of the hour, but in the light of history, steadfast in conviction, strong in utterance, in action above expediency."

I present, Samuel Walker McCall of Massachusetts and Lancaster, New Hampshire.

MR. McCALL'S ORATION.

You do me an honor which would much more worthily be borne by a son of New Hampshire, when you ask me to speak to you on an occasion especially commemorating the kinship between Daniel Webster and this splendid little Commonwealth. She is the proud mother of many great sons. In art, in letters, in oratory, in statesmanship and in whatever contributes to our civilization, the nation, indeed, owes her a heavy debt. But I think I may say without disparagement of the others that we meet today to do honor to the greatest of her children. Proud as you are of Webster, you recognize that his fame is no mere local concern of your own but is a precious possession of the whole nation. And you consecrate this place today as a national shrine to which all Americans may come and have their patriotism rekindled.

It is a very human trait that leads us to commemorate on all suitable occasions the lives of great men. We celebrate their birthdays. We look for the anniversaries of great happenings associated with their fame and commemorate them. We seek out the spots where they were born, the houses in which they lived and we affectionately mark them. And the Scotch, as if shrewdly to note the event which makes reputations secure, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the death of their great poet. It is a good trait but it would be a better one if men would not so often fail to show their appreciation while the object of it still lived. It is poor requital that the loving homage of later generations can make for the cold neglect which contemporaries have bestowed upon some man of genius.

THE COMING OF WEBSTER.

But among all the occasions of the character of which I have spoken there is none that comes quite so closely to the heart or so vividly brings the life of a great man before

us again as that which we observe today. It is more than an occasion based upon the calendar when we strive for a brief moment to arrest the steady and resistless flight of time. When we celebrate the birth we celebrate the dawning of a fame. It may have been a birth under most unpromising surroundings, shadowed by poverty and want. It may have been upon a bleak hillside in some poor country whose boundaries hold none too good opportunities even for its most favored children. But it is given those who follow to see the end from the beginning and not to be shut in by the doubt and darkness that envelop the cradle. Thus it is that the Christian world takes its inspiration from the manger at Bethlehem. Thus it is that we seek out the little hut where Lincoln was born as marking the spot where heaven touched the earth and wrought a prodigy. And so today you bid us come to the birth place of Daniel Webster and to gather strength from looking upon the same hills and fields and valleys that he first looked upon on his coming into the world. Here and in the near neighborhood he made his home until he came to manhood. Spread out before you are the fields over which his young feet sped. Not far away you may hear the plashing of the river and the singing of the brooks where the old English sailor taught him to fish. Here were his father and mother and his brother, Zeke, between whom and himself there was a comradeship which may serve forever as an example to brothers. All these scenes were absorbed by his young spirit and became a part of the fibre of his being. How our patriotism is stirred as we consider the wondrous destiny that was wrought out between the first glimpse of the world, taken upon this spot and the last weary look out of the Marshfield windows.

It surely was not an unpropitious beginning of a career. Poverty there was in plenty. But there was a certainty that hard work would wring a living from the soil, and there were great stores of health in the bracing air of these hills. Poverty of that sort is far better than the luxury which

pampers and cloys the child of fortune. It sets the mind and body at work and gives them the necessary discipline of labor. It awakens the combative energies and fosters self-reliance, independence and fertility of invention. There was a fitness in the time of his birth. It was almost coincident with the birth of the nation, with the infinite possibilities that lay before it and with its political mechanism still to be shaped and developed so that it might serve the chief ends of government both in peace and war. And so his great work waited for his coming. He learned the history of his country first-hand from a father who had fought in two wars, had served under the eye of Washington and borne an honorable part in winning our independence. He was reared in a home that was pure and sweet. He could have been brought up with no sturdier stock of men than those who lived about him and his contact with them strengthening his native qualities of self-reliance and courage. He was sent to two noble institutions of his own State, Exeter and Dartmouth, already strongly established, and he was educated for the bar under happy auspices. He must then be accounted fortunate in the beginnings of his life and the early associations which clustered about him. He was not, to use Burke's phrase, "rocked and dandled into a legislator," but he was disciplined in a far better school for a youth of heroic mould and it may be doubted whether any great man was ever better born and nurtured to be a statesman.

WEBSTER STRONGER THAN EVER.

To do him justice today one has only to speak the general acclaim of his countrymen. His life left no hard riddle. It did, indeed, end in bitterness and sorrow. But no calumny could mar the brightness of his day and the half dozen decades that have rolled away since his death show him to be one of the mountain summits of our history. In the swift movement of that time how many of the lower levels have sunk below the horizon? How quickly even

great men have disappeared from the common view. But Webster glitters in the air. He looms up even more grandly than he did a half century ago. We can comprehend more clearly now the greatness of the work he did and we can see that his fame is destined to increase with the growth of the nation he did so much to fashion and to preserve.

MANY UNIQUE DISTINCTIONS.

He had more than one unique distinction. For more than a quarter of a century he was by general consent the leader of the bar of his country. His superb argument in the Dartmouth College case, made when he was thirty-six years old, set a new standard even in our highest tribunal and thence onward his services were sought in the most important cases before the Supreme Court and especially in those involving constitutional questions. He acquired a weight second only to that of the court itself and his opinion is cited today as high authority. His argument in the Knapp trial, remarkable in its effect upon those who heard it, will, in its published form, defy comparison with any other argument ever made to a jury. If he had never become distinguished in other fields his preëminence at the bar would insure him an enduring fame.

PREËMINENT AS AN ORATOR.

But his preëminence as a lawyer was the least of his great distinctions. As an orator he attained a place alone among his own countrymen and it is doubtful if he is surpassed by any orator who ever lived. He will stand the dual test of the immediate effect and the permanent value of what he said. He is preëminent as an orator—judged by either test alone and judged by a combination of the two I do not know where his rival may be found. The immediate effect of speech is of the first importance in fixing the quality of an orator but the agitation of small matter with great wit, the vehement displays of passion will not make a great orator even if the listeners at the

moment are stirred to the point of frenzy. On the other hand, we should not accord the rank of a great oration to a literary masterpiece delivered in a decorous and drowsy fashion and leaving the audience in a condition for slumber rather than action. Much as we should prefer the literary masterpiece to the empty declamation, the former would have failed at the moment, just as the latter succeeded even if it had succeeded also in cheapening a cause for the next day and all subsequent time. A great speech must make a deep impression at the time of delivery. It must also bear permanently the marks of real intellectual power. Mere leaders of mobs cannot take their place among the great orators, however effective they may be at the moment. Neither passion nor reason can bear the palm alone but great speaking, as Macaulay said, must show a fusion of both. It is difficult to exaggerate in the imagination the immediate effect of the speaking of Webster when he was fully aroused. George Tichnor, who was far from emotional, said of the Plymouth speech, "His manner carried me away completely—it seems to me incredible. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood." Opinions like this might easily be multiplied concerning his other great speeches. His manner kindled great crowds as it did Tichnor.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL ENDOWMENT.

We must take account of his physical endowment for speaking. His voice ran the whole range, from the high penetrating tones to the rich organ notes, and its power enabled him to address men in acres. The majesty of his appearance lingers in his portraits and can be seen in every kind of art which has perpetuated his features. He had no need to pose since the highest effect he could hope to attain could be no more impressive than the natural expression of himself. The black eyes, big and brilliant, the massive and noble head, with wide arched brows, the

strong and stately figure, the face looking as if carved out of granite and yet speaking in every line, all gave the idea of tremendous power. No other figure of his time was comparable in the impression it made upon the general mind. He seemed much larger than he was. William Lloyd Garrison, who differed from him very widely, speaks of his "Atlantean massiveness" and adds, "his glance is a mingling of the sunshine and lightning of heaven; his features are full of intellectual greatness." To the same effect but more picturesque were Sydney Smith's characterizations, a "steam engine in trousers" and "a small cathedral all by himself." Many similar opinions might be cited from Carlisle, Hallam, Theodore Parker and other notable men upon both sides of the Atlantic. This magnificent appearance was fully matched by the character of his speech, and when he was deeply stirred and animated by a dramatic talent which was almost the greatest of his qualities, one does not need to be told by his contemporaries that the effect of his speaking was astounding.

NONE OF THE TRICKS OF LITERARY ART.

Fox's epigram upon Thurlow that no man could be as great as he looked, was often leveled at Webster. But when one regards the high mark Webster sometimes reached in his speeches one can wonder whether any man could look as great as he was. The speeches of his mature years show most strikingly the literary quality, and yet they had no trace of the spoken essay. First and foremost and throughout them all they were speeches and showed none of the tricks and pedantries of the literary art. His first object had come to be to give suitable expression to his thought and his style became simple and majestic because his thought was simple and majestic. It was shaped by the multitude of occasions which he encountered and mastered. He was never consciously constructing masterpieces and painfully fashioning built-up periods for succeeding generations to admire. If he made a great speech

it was because a great occasion demanded it. He never wasted his oratory or tried to speak better than he could but he naturally arose to the demand that was made upon him. If the occasion was a commonplace one, he did it the justice not to exaggerate it, and if it was a very great one he never fell below it. Thus his swelling flow of speech moves on like a mighty river seeking its level under the certain impulse of the law which governs it, now spreading itself out in languid flow, now rising to meet the obstructions in its path and rushing on, splendid and resistless over every obstacle.

THE BEST OF ENGLISH PROSE.

From the eighteen volumes of his works that have been preserved one can extract much that is not literature and never was intended to be literature. He can find a good deal of dry reading. When he was writing his farmer about the planting of crops or making a speech upon a ceremonial occasion, he did not assume the grand manner. But from those volumes may be gleaned a great mass of genuine literature, perhaps a greater mass than can be credited to any other American, and some of it deserves to rank with the best prose in the English tongue. But in judging it we must remember that far the greater part of it was in the form of speech, and he would have fallen short of being the great orator he was had he subordinated the orator to the essayist. Literary pyrotechnics were little to his taste, neither would they have served his purpose which was usually the severe one of swaying the judgment while he banished the prejudice of those who heard him. Rarely did he permit himself to make an appeal to prejudice, but he sought to influence the action of men through an appeal to reason.

The difference between a speech which is real literature of its kind and a speech which is literature of another kind may be seen by reading a great speech of Webster's by the side of one of Burke's. Take the speech of the former,

ambitiously called the “Constitution and the Union,” but which has made the Seventh of March as famous as the Ides of the same month, and which will always be named from the day on which it was spoken. I am not now referring to the controverted questions put in issue by that speech but to its form and structure, and in form and structure, while it was not his greatest speech, it was yet a very great one. It is simple, conversational and yet condensed in style, consecutive and reasoned from beginning to end, rising naturally to heights of eloquence, and one can read every word of it at a single sitting and feel his interest increase to the very end. If the same severe test be applied to a speech of Burke’s of equal length one will find himself disposed to hurry over parts of it. He will, indeed, become enraptured by magnificent outbursts here and there but he will find it discursive, amplified with the completeness of a philosophical essay and lacking the simplicity and driving force necessary to command the attention in a speech. If one could leap from peak to peak he would find Burke’s speeches delightful reading, but if he must toil painfully across the intervening ravines and valleys he may easily understand how it was that that superb rhetorician and philosopher came to be called “the dinner bell of the House of Commons.”

THE BATTLE NOTE IN DEBATE.

The great debating speeches of Webster reflect the battle note. One can appreciate the enormous difficulties upon him when he arose to reply to Hayne and can understand the concern which was felt by his New England friends. As he proceeded we see these difficulties vanish one by one until he has surmounted them all with ease. His reply to the personal attack upon himself was crushing in its effect. Instead of widening the sectional breach by the character of his defense of New England he outshone his antagonist in the eloquence with which he eulogized South Carolina and, trampling sectionalism under his feet, he made his

immortal plea for nationality and union. Judged by its immediate effect, by its intrinsic quality and the momentous influence it exerted upon the development of the nation it must be accorded the first place among all speeches of statesmen. As a maker of history it must rank with the few great decisive battles of the world.

As an intellectual product the reply to Hayne was at least equaled by others of his speeches. When was there such another plea made to a jury as that in the White murder trial? A great lawyer once said to me that he placed this speech by the side of Macbeth. It has the rapidity of motion, the dramatic fire, the passion, and the command of the springs of human action which bring to mind the greatest of tragic writings.

THE VISION OF THE POET.

He had the vision of the poet as well as the grasp of the statesman. There is, indeed, a vast richness of the sane imagination in such passages as that on the greatness of England or in the speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument, of which he said: "Let it rise, let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming. Let the earliest light of the morning gild it and parting day linger and play on its summit." There is no redundancy here. There is no pretence, but the upward sweep as unerring, strong and darting as the flight of an eagle. He never seemed to labor. He attained the great heights easily and without effort. When extravagance of expression was the rule he practised a severe restraint. He did not indulge in the style of oratory which expends superlatives upon trifles and leaves little for the great emergencies of the State. Such an example was never of greater moment than at a time when every economic difference is apt to be exaggerated into a momentous issue, has lavished upon it all the passionate declamation which should be reserved for threatened liberty, and when the cause of every self-seeking candidate is made synonymous with the stability of our

political and social structure. His reason and imagination worked together and he sometimes ventured on prophecies which were fulfilled with startling literalness. Ten years before the Civil War, in speaking at the laying of the cornerstone of the extension of the Capitol, he addressed "the men of western Virginia" and asked: "Do you look for the current of the Ohio to change and to bring you and your commerce to the tide waters of the eastern rivers? What man in his senses can suppose that you would remain part and parcel of Virginia a month after Virginia had ceased to be part and parcel of the United States?" Virginia was declared to be out of the Union on May 23, 1861, and the legislature of West Virginia was organized on July 2 of the same year.

LITERARY QUALITY IN WRITING.

His literary quality is shown not merely in speech, but in writings which were never meant to be spoken. Mr. William Everett quotes Samuel Rogers, whom he terms "a remarkably fastidious judge," as saying he knew nothing in the English language so well written as Webster's letter to Lord Ashburton upon the subject of impressment of seamen. Whether this praise be too high or not, I do not know where there can be found in English a state paper that is its equal in dignified and restrained power and in overwhelming weight of argument. It was followed by no treaty, but it put an end to the discussion of a question which had been a serious one for more than half a century and had brought about one war. Nothing remained to be said upon the subject.

MOST STATELY FIGURE OF HIS TIME.

But great as were Webster's attainments as a lawyer, orator and master of English style, yet if we thought of him in a single relation it would be as a statesman. Undoubtedly much was due to the harmonious blending of all his great qualities, and the lawyer and the orator were in

large part responsible for the statesman. But he possessed a peculiar quality of mind which made him right upon the mightiest issue in our history, and he had that dignity and distinction of character which ennobled every cause he touched and helped put our government upon a loftier plane. He was not merely the greatest orator, but the most stately figure in the politics of his time. He was national-minded. Without seeking expansion through imperialism and conquest, he inevitably took that view of his country and its institutions compatible only with its unity and greatness. There was an affinity between the aspirations of his nature and a great and free country, and it is impossible to imagine him upon the side of a national government with no real power and subject to all the discords and varying whims of a score of little sovereigns.

ALWAYS ON SIDE OF NATIONALITY.

Our political literature was full of support for nullification. Calhoun's belief in it had been strengthened, if, indeed, he did not first learn it, in New England itself. There was no state in which it did not find lodgment and in some portions of the Union it was the prevailing belief. In the loose thinking of the day there seemed a necessary connection between individual liberty and the exalted notion of state sovereignty which made the Constitution a mere compact, and not the charter of a Nation. Webster inevitably ranged himself upon the side of nationality. He became its prophet. All his splendid talents he devoted to its service. He spoke in the very crisis of our history, when difficulties were appalling, and when the development of our institutions might easily have put nullification in the ascendancy, and he spoke with an effect which was augmented with the flight of time. It is not extravagant to say that had it not been for him we should not today be one nation. What more glorious distinction than that could a statesman have?

A LIMIT TO AMBITION.

And then there is the dignity with which he bore himself. If the statesman's calling shall ever be put upon the level of the auctioneer's, as sometimes seems not unlikely, it will be only after the influence of Webster's example shall have ceased. He had an instinct for public service, but he had high notions concerning the lengths to which he should go to enter it. He weightily declared that solicitation for high public office was inconsistent with personal dignity and derogatory to the character of the institutions of the country. He lived up to that declaration. He retired from the House of Representatives and twice again from the Senate. He resigned as secretary of state to take up his law practice. He had an ambition to be president, but he destroyed his fairest chance of winning the office when he was asked for a pledge by a powerful body of men, regarding appointments to office, and he refused to make it. "It does not consist," he said, "with my sense of duty to hold out promises, particularly on the eve of a great election, the results of which are to affect the higher interest of the country."

IGNORED THE LITTLE POLITICIAN.

More than once his motives were assailed but, excepting when he turned upon one slanderer and annihilated him, his only answer was to elevate his office by the manner in which he carried himself. He had nothing in common with the little breed of noisy politicians who defame their own virtue by always vaunting it. During the five years when he represented our government before other nations as secretary of state he elevated his country in the eyes of the world. If Carlisle was willing to back him "as a Parliamentary Hercules against the whole extant world," his matchless series of state papers from that on Impressment to the Hulsemann letter establishes his equal preëminence in that field.

He believed profoundly in popular government and his democracy was bred in the bone. The Democrats were not democratic enough, he once declared. They were aristocrats. He was opposed to the caucus because it made "great men little and little men great. The true source of power is the people." The theme of his noble Greek speech was against the theory that society should not have a part in its own government. But he believed in a popular will worked out in laws passed by representative assemblies, and was against anything resembling autoocracy. The contest of the ages, he once said, has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. He seemed the embodiment of the ideal of the Greek poet, "the ordered life and justice and the long, still, grasp of law, not changing with the strong man's pleasure."

THE SEVENTH OF MARCH SPEECH.

I shall not reopen the controversy which so long disturbed the country over the Seventh of March speech. If the making of the speech is conceded to have been a mistake one can find comfort in the saying of Mr. Thomas B. Reed that the man who never made a mistake never made anything. But I fancy that some of the worst things said about that speech were said by those who never read it. Whether or not the speech did much to avert disunion at that time it is, I believe, amply sufficient to fight its own battles. But from the standpoint of his happiness, it would have been better far for him if his good angel had led him out of public life before he made it. It set upon his track the cry of calumny as it has rarely followed any man. Except as it embittered his last hours how petty it all now seems. With so much falsehood and so little truth how secure and impregnable it leaves his fame.

LASTING AND PRICELESS FAME.

His faults were those of a great and lavish nature. If he sometimes forgot to pay his debts he often forgot to

demand his own due. They said he was reckless in expense. But instead of squandering his substance at the gambling table according to the common vice among the statesmen of his day, his extravagance consisted in the generous entertainment of friends, in choice herds of cattle and in the dissipation shown in cultivated fields. If he put Story under tribute to serve him upon public questions he himself would neglect the Senate and the courts and for nights and days watch by the bedside of a sick boy. His faults did not touch the integrity of his public character and were such as link him to our humanity. If he had been impeccable, incapable to err, with no trace about him of our human clay, a Titan in strength but with no touch of weakness, we should be dedicating today the birth place not of a man but of a god. A superb flower of our race, he was still a man and he is nearer to us because he was a man. Product of this soil and these mountain winds, of this sky, the sunshine of the summer and of the winter snows, the hardships of the frontier, the swift-moving currents of his country's life, the myriad accidents that envelop us all, we reverently receive the gift and thank God today for Daniel Webster as he was. We who meet here may speak for the millions of our countrymen when we do this homage to his memory. We reverence the great lawyer, the peerless orator and the brilliant literary genius. But most of all we honor the memory of the statesman who kindled the spirit of nationality so that it burned into a flame, who broke through the strong bonds of sectionalism and taught men to regard their greater country, and whose splendid service in making his country what she is and what she may hope to be has won for this son of New Hampshire a lasting and a priceless fame.

ADDRESS OF
UNITED STATES SENATOR GALLINGER

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: In comment upon the proposed celebration we are now holding, a Boston newspaper queries whether Franklin is now raising a senator for Massachusetts' use. If that was intended a slur upon the ability of this community with Webster gone, the answer is that since Webster's time Franklin has furnished from its citizens a senator of the United States, and Salisbury is also now doing so. Upon yonder hill Senator Gallinger makes his home. He has been interested in the Association from its inception, and has been active and helpful in every way. He consented to take part in these exercises and would be with us except for the imperative demand for his presence in Washington. He had prepared, in expectation that he might be able to be with us, an address which will be read by the Honorable James O. Lyford, Naval Officer of the Port of Boston, whom I now present.

SENATOR GALLINGER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On this obscure and historic spot one of the few really great men that the world has produced was born. In this age of great opportunity it is difficult to fully realize the obstacles that stood in the pathway of this remarkable product of more than a century and a quarter ago. His brave father had fought under Stark at Bennington, and so far as his limited means would allow had given the son the advantages that the schools of that day supplied. Private instruction was supplemented by the teachings of Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, the latter then a struggling institution of learning in the wilds of New Hampshire. Webster graduated from Dartmouth

111 years ago, and to the day of his death cherished a love that was sublime for the old college. At one time he was under the private tutelage of Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscowen, a famous scholar and preacher, and it is related that on a certain occasion, to punish Webster for some infraction of the rules, he was given an unusual task in Latin to be learned in a specified time. Doctor Wood did not believe that the boy could accomplish the task, but it is said that at the end of the allotted time Webster rattled off the lines that were given to him to commit, and continuing without interruption recited as many more.

This was perhaps the first practical demonstration of the great intellect that in later years thrilled the world with its wonderful power and genius.

It would be presumptuous in me, a layman, to attempt to discuss the place that Webster should hold in the profession of the law. Others better qualified than I will discuss that matter. It is sufficient for me to say on that point that impartial history will place him among the great constitutional lawyers, not only of this but of all countries, and beyond a doubt his fame as a jurist will last throughout the ages. Who can tell the extent of the influence that Webster's reply to Hayne had on the result of the Civil War? Who can estimate how many intelligent Northern soldiers, recalling Webster's unanswerable defense of the Union and the Constitution, looking in the heat of battle at the flag which typifies our national strength, and which stands sponsor for the institutions built up under the protection it gives, fought more desperately than they would have fought had not those thrilling words of Webster, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable" been ringing in their ears. The truth is the battle that Webster fought in 1830 in behalf of constitutional government had a mighty influence upon the outcome of the Civil War, if, indeed, it did not make the success of the Union arms possible. In his reply to Hayne, Webster struck a death blow to the doctrine of nullification, which

South Carolina, in the interest of slave labor and free trade, advocated, and which President Jackson summarily dealt with.

CHIEF PRIZE DENIED HIM.

Webster was a great lawyer, a great secretary of state and a great senator, but the chief prize for which he contended—the presidency of the United States—was denied him. That he would have graced that exalted position as he graced the various high places which he filled during his eventful and remarkable career, no man doubts, but in the economy of things the presidency was for others and not for him. Just how much that disappointment tinged his later years it is not for us to know, but beyond doubt that indomitable spirit and unequaled intellect keenly felt, with some degree of bitterness, the blow that shattered his highest ambition, and may have had something to do with his famous Seventh of March speech, delivered two years before his death, and which alienated from him a large proportion of his most devoted friends, and yet it may well be questioned whether or not even that speech, which created such an intense feeling throughout the North, accompanied by the most severe denunciations, cannot be interpreted to mean that Webster considered it his last effort to save the Union from dissolution. He saw with true insight the coming storm that burst ten years later, and apparently was willing to make any possible sacrifice to avert it.

SEVENTH OF MARCH SPEECH.

In that speech he made concessions to the South that were entirely foreign to anything that he had ever declared in previous years, and it is not to be wondered at that the people of the North looked upon it as a compromise with the South, and a practical surrender of his anti-slavery convictions. True, after a little there was a change of sentiment to a considerable extent. Men like Rufus Choate, B. R. Curtis, Prescott, the historian, and many

other men eminent in business and literary pursuits, joined with others, the total being 987, in a friendly letter to Mr. Webster concerning which Theodore Parker, in his Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster, said:

"You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow, the anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that eighteen days after his speech nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had 'pointed out' the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation."

In that last great speech it is related by Mr. Sydney George Fisher, in his book entitled "The True Daniel Webster," that Webster rose in his usual cool, indifferent way, passed his hand over his brow, surveyed his hearers with that master eye, thanked the gentleman who had given him the floor, and then spoke that exordium which has always been considered so beautiful and touching.

FOR THE UNION.

These were his words:

"I wish to speak today not as a Massachusetts man nor as a Northern man, but as an American and a member of the senate of the United States. . . . The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole seas into commotion, to toss its billows to the sky, and disclose its profoundest depths. . . . I have a part to act, not for my own security, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear for many days. I speak today for the preservation of the Union. 'Hear me for my cause.' I speak today out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the

restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony, which make the blessings of this Union so rich and dear to us all."

In his reply to Hayne, which has been known as the Great Debate, Webster gave utterance to the following splendid outburst, showing that at all times and on all occasions the preservation of the Union was uppermost in his mind:

"I came into public life, sir, in the service of the United States. On that broad altar my earliest and all my public vows have been made. I propose to serve no other master. So far as depends on any agency of mine, they shall continue United States; united in interest and affection; united in everything in regard to which the constitution has decreed their union; united in war for the common defense, the common renown and the common glory; and united, compacted, knit firmly together in peace, for the common prosperity and happiness of ourselves and our children."

A PERMANENT MEMORIAL.

Desirous of establishing a permanent memorial to Daniel Webster at the place of his birth, a few of his New Hampshire admirers purchased the farm and planned the restoration of the house. Equally admiring friends, the country over, contributed to the work of restoration, and the birth place of the illustrious man, whom we today honor, is restored to its original form. It is placed on the ancient foundations, and stands today in every respect precisely as when erected by the father of the great senator. A large proportion of the structure is the original building and the addition is a perfect reproduction of the part that at some time was destroyed. Here let the birth place stand—a memorial and a shrine—where patriotic Americans and lovers of liberty from all lands can gain inspiration for the duties of citizenship and renew loyal devotion to the fundamental principles of a government that typifies what the great Lincoln declared it to be, a government "of the people, for the people and by the people." Had it not been for

the matchless defense of the Constitution and the Union on the part of Webster we might not be privileged to live under such a government today, but thanks be to Heaven, New Hampshire supplied the champion, and to borrow the words of Garfield, uttered on a solemn occasion, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." Long may we as a Nation be led by that same divine hand, and long (indeed, while time lasts) may the memory and the deeds of Daniel Webster be cherished in the hearts of all who honor intellect, admire greatness, and acknowledge with reverence the heroic deeds, splendid achievements, and patriotic services of this greatest of all Americans.

LETTERS FROM GUESTS INVITED TO SPEAK.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HOKE SMITH.

United States Senate,
Washington, D. C., August 26, 1913.

HONORABLE WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Waterloo, New Hampshire:

My dear Mr. Chandler—It is with sincere regret that I am unable to attend the exercises on the twenty-eighth.

During childhood I was taught to reverence the marvelous intellect of Mr. Webster. My father had heard him speak, and knew him personally, and from my father my earliest recollection is rich with stories of the boyhood of this marvelous man.

It may well be claimed that no man with greater intellect ever lived, but his devotion to his country was greater than his intellect.

At times he differed with his political associates, but this was due to devotion to his country dominating his life.

I cannot but feel how my own father would have appreciated my presence on such an occasion as that which you are about to celebrate, and this adds to my regret that my duties in Washington prevent me from being with you.

Very cordially yours,

HOKE SMITH.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY F. HOLLIS.

United States Senate,
Washington, D. C., August 14, 1913.

HON. J. H. GALLINGER,
United States Senate:

My dear Senator—I am greatly obliged for your kind letter of August 11, asking me to be present and make a brief address at the Webster celebration August 28.

You will realize, I am sure, that it will be impossible for me to be present on account of the Tariff Bill. Every Democratic Senator has to be on hand until that bill is disposed of.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY F. HOLLIS.

United States Senate,
August 26, 1913.

THE WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION,
Franklin, N. H.:

Gentlemen—I regret exceedingly that the pendency of the Tariff Bill prevents my attendance at the Webster Birth Place on Thursday, August 28.

Ordinarily I could leave for two or three days, but the political situation is extremely critical at just this time so that my presence is imperatively required. I have already visited the Birth Place, and I shall do so again at the first opportunity in order to note the changes that have been made by your Association.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY F. HOLLIS.

REPRESENTATIVE RAYMOND B. STEVENS.

House of Representatives, U. S.,
August 14, 1913.

HONORABLE J. H. GALLINGER,
United States Senate:

My dear Senator Gallinger—I should like very much to attend the celebration planned for August 28 at the Daniel

Webster birth place but the Banking and Currency Bill will be reported to the House soon and consequently I shall be unable to leave Washington.

Sincerely yours,

R. B. STEVENS.

REPRESENTATIVE EUGENE E. REED.

House of Representatives, U. S.,
August 12, 1913.

HONORABLE J. H. GALLINGER,
United States Senator, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Mr. Gallinger—Appreciating your splendid courtesy of August 11, I regret to say I fear it will be impossible for me to attend the celebration in honor of Daniel Webster on August 28. Yesterday the Currency Bill was introduced in Democratic caucus. Its consideration will, no doubt, consume a period of two weeks, after which it will undoubtedly be taken up in the House. I, therefore, feel I must forego the pleasure of a visit to New Hampshire.

With sincere regards, I am,
Cordially yours,

EUGENE E. REED.

HON. WILLIAM D. SAWYER, [CHAIRMAN NEW YORK LOCAL COMMITTEE.]

New York, N. Y.,
August 27, 1913.

TO HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, PRESIDENT WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION:

It is a great disappointment that imperative and unpostponable professional duties hold me here. I join in with you in tribute to the great man whose monumental services to his country are fittingly recalled in this time of apparent distrust of the great instrument of liberty which he defended so nobly.

WILLIAM D. SAWYER.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Webster, while the greatest, was not the only great man that has gone out from Salisbury. The locality has produced many strong men who made marks upon the times in which they lived.

Brother Rolfe in his history of Salisbury gives a long list which he calls the roll of honor, the Bartletts, the Eastmans, the Haddocks, the Pettengills, the Pingrees, the Smiths, the Sawyers, the Gales, and others. One of that number went out of Salisbury north instead of south, but he did not escape office by going to Vermont instead of Massachusetts.

I present the Honorable Samuel Everett Pingree, of distinguished military fame and at one time Governor of Vermont.

ADDRESS BY EX-GOVERNOR SAMUEL E.
PINGREE OF VERMONT.

Your Excellency, Mr. Chief Justice, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It gives me a peculiar pleasure and a joyful state of feeling that I have very seldom, if ever before, enjoyed, to come back to my native town from the hills of Vermont and see such a demonstration as I see here today in honor of one of my old townsmen, and for the perpetual preservation of the birth place of Daniel Webster.

In my busy life and in various lines of it, it has been my pleasure and my duty to be present at social functions and on historic occasions quite a number of times, but I want to say, that, though this may be my last, it is certainly the most agreeable to my soul of any kindred occasion that I ever had the honor of being present at. When I stand here on what was once the soil of my native town, when I think over the names of those ancient families on these four town ranges through Salisbury, when I think of the Pettengills, of the Bartletts, of the Eastmans,

of the Fellows, of the Greeleys, the Dunlaps, the Websters, and the Scribners and Smiths,—oh, I could tell you of a long catalogue of notable men whom my boyhood knew seventy years ago, and they were most of them the personal acquaintances and friends of Daniel Webster. From my youth up until I left this region, I have had occasion to hear of that wonderful man from the lips of these and other men that knew him well; and now to come here to his birth place and see an audience that we could count rather by thousands than by hundreds—to see the interest that they feel in commemorating and perpetuating the sacredness of that birth place; and when I see this distinguished galaxy of gentlemen from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, many of whom I have known in middle life and in old age, but none in youth, save one, because they are much younger than myself generally—I feel the greater gratification that I have come down from the New Hampshire Grants to assist, in my small way, in this pious public duty.

And I want to say, fellow-citizens, that I stood here until this service was fairly opened and I could see no man on this stand that I did not rank in years. I made up my mind that I was the dean in years of this occasion, though in nothing else, but pretty soon I saw trip across this stage my beloved old friend, Judge Cross of Manchester, that dear old man whom I have known well over seventy years, and who at the Dartmouth Commencements, now-a-days, has to march at the head of the procession, and it made me feel young again to yield the honor to him, the grand old man of the alumni of his Alma Mater.

Fellow-citizens, I was written to by my old friend, William E. Chandler, to come down here today and shake hands with you gentlemen, and he added: “If the spirit moves you I want you to talk about five minutes to the people.”

I assured him that I did not expect I would be able to do that, but although I am so deaf I have heard but little

that has been said here today by these distinguished gentlemen, yet I could see the inspiration of the occasion and it lifted me up to say something. I have jotted down for the sake of greater accuracy a few brief words that I wanted to say to you concerning Daniel Webster, not that I knew him well personally, for, although I have come to my eighty-second year, I never was personally acquainted with Mr. Webster. I never saw him but once and that was from the rear, and I will tell you how that happened.

My father and I were riding from Franklin Village down to what we now call the Orphans Home, or Webster Place, and we met a distinguished gentleman—evidently distinguished from the company he kept—riding in a carriage, and as soon as we passed by, my father said to me, “Samuel, did you know that gentleman?” I said no. “That was Daniel Webster,” he replied.

I turned my head and saw him from the rear. Now if you want to know why I did not see Daniel Webster face to face I will tell you. It was because a colored person was driving with him. He had his negro servant along and he was the first darkey I ever saw, and I couldn’t distinguish Mr. Webster while he was in sight. I have always regretted more than I can express that I never saw that arching brow, those cavernous eyes, and that god-like head.

I desire to say to you in a few words some of the things that give my impressions and my historic acquaintance with Daniel Webster as an American, as a man who loved the American Union, and I do not intend to touch on any other of his great virtues, as I know his every characteristic will be justly presented by distinguished orators.

In all his great orations—that one at Plymouth Rock commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims—those two at Bunker Hill when the cornerstone of the monument was laid and when the capstone was fitted—in the great eulogies on Adams and Jefferson—in the great debates on nullification and secession—and as much as any in

that great Seventh of March speech—the principal theme of all is most conspicuous in his expression of adoration of our matchless Constitution and his love for the Union.

While he loved the state of his nativity, and while he loved the state of his adoption, his great concern on all occasions was to embrace *his whole country* in his expanded heart. Daniel Webster was in every sense an American.

His public action and speech seem, as they are reviewed here today, like the statesmanship and patriotism of almost his only democratic prototype, that great Athenian orator whose platform always was that “in a republic the constant aim of the good citizen should be the dignity, permanency and preëminence of the commonwealth and at all times and under all circumstances his spirit should be truly loyal.” Daniel Webster was as much that as ever Demosthenes was.

No man in public or private life from 1820 to 1850 knew better the true and growing temper of both North and South than Daniel Webster, and fully and prophetically realizing the true and dread fruition of these conflicting sentiments to the integrity of the republic, he did and said, in all his public utterances, all that could be done and all that could be said by any man to cultivate and strengthen the sentiment and bonds of that *nationality* that bound the states together and made them one.

It would seem as if the most conspicuous idea which was made more sacred than any other by the golden circles of his expressive oratory, that idea which was the pole star of his political faith and the touchstone by which his standard of patriotism and statesmanship was measured, was the idea that the United States of America was *one nation*.

He believed that without this basic idea as the cardinal doctrine and political life of all sections and all men, the success and perpetuity of American republican institutions were no longer possible.

He believed that the claim of the right of secession at

the will of a state, the right to snatch a star from the blue field of the old flag, the right to repudiate all or any of the sacred obligations which bound the states together and made them one—was the outgrowth of a *fatal heresy*, a political *Demon* which should be *exorcised* by all the eloquence of his might and main, and to this effort his life was divinely consecrated, and through his efforts to this end, the heresy was long suppressed.

As the champion of the Union in the time of its earliest perils, and as the expounder and defender of the Constitution, when first assaulted, no man in American history, North or South, of today calls his preëminence in question.

All those great sallies of patriotism never lost power and control over the hearts and minds of men in his day and generation, but they continue to burn and live through the terrible throes of those years when, as he prophesied and deprecated, “the land was rent with civil feuds and drenched with fraternal blood,” and the spirit of those great orations will continue to “still live” so long as country love continues to inspire the hearts of Americans.

That last infirmity which our fathers had to deal with so tenderly and which ever filled their minds with the deepest concern, weighed as heavily on the soul of Daniel Webster sixty and seventy years after the formative compromise of our Constitution, as it ever did on the souls of Washington and Adams and Hancock and Jefferson and Jay and Madison, and this spirit shows forth in that beautiful and inspired apostrophe and prayer of his closing plea for the Union in the United States Senate:

“When my eyes shall behold for the last time the sun in Heaven may they not see it shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds and drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood, but rather let them behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster in every land and on every

sea and in every clime under the whole Heaven, bearing upon its ample folds no such miserable motto as 'What is it all worth?' or those other words of delusion and folly 'Liberty' *first* and 'Union' *afterwards*; but everywhere streaming on its ample face that other sentiment dear to every American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' "

Fellow-citizens, one of the first speeches I ever learned was the one of which that is the conclusion. If I ever read anything outside of the Holy Writ that has been an inspiration from my youth to my age, to make me love my country it is that speech, and every one of our children from generation to generation ought to have it by heart just as they do the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

ADDRESS BY HONORABLE DAVID CROSS.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: With the exception of Mr. Carr, Vice-President of the Association who has the close, we have now heard all whose names appear upon the program that are with us. You have noticed Judge Cross is with us, who more than any one here present reaches back to Webster's time and can give us personal recollections of the period, if not of the man. I have asked Judge Cross to say a few words and although no time for preparation has been allowed him, he has granted my request.

Ladies and Gentleman, Judge David Cross.

JUDGE CROSS' ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We meet to memorialize the birth place of Daniel Webster. As we look upon this small country house, in form and locality exactly as in 1782, a feeling stronger than for any one man touches our hearts; and we wish to know

about Ebenezer Webster, the father, his wife and children living here when Daniel Webster was born.

It is 150 years since Ebenezer Webster left Kingston and made his way through deep forests and by untraveled paths to this place, and built a log house, and provided for himself and family a home.

Ebenezer Webster, as historians say, "came of a race of commonwealth builders who for a century had lived and fought on the soil of New Hampshire, and was himself a splendid type of sturdy and vigorous manhood." His youth was spent in the exciting times of what is called the King George's War, when the French and English were continually at war, and he himself an officer in the famous corps known as "Rogers Rangers."

To make a livelihood from such a soil and in such a climate as this was of itself difficult. Before he had time to remove forests and cultivate the land, he was called and left his home, and was a leader in the battles of Concord, Bunker Hill, Bennington, White Plains and Ticonderoga.

The marvel of it is that this man, never inside a school-house as a pupil, educated himself so that he held for years all the offices in the town, as selectman, moderator, member of the legislature and of the Constitutional Convention, and one of the "side judges" in Hillsborough County. He was a leader in battle and a leader in all the building of the town, the State, and the Nation.

In 1789 eight states had voted to adopt the Constitution of the United States and five had voted against it. It required two thirds of all the states to agree to its adoption. At the winter session of the Convention at Exeter Ebenezer Webster, under instructions of his constituents, voted against its adoption. The Convention adjourned to the June following. Mr. Webster advised his constituents to reconsider their action and allow their delegate to vote as he thought best. This was a critical period in the Nation's history. If New Hampshire should vote again as before, the chances were that the Constitution would

be rejected, and that each state would be an independent nation of itself, or part of a weak and useless confederacy.

The voters of Salisbury reconsidered their action. Mr. Webster returned to Exeter in June, made a speech which turned the tide, a large majority voted to ratify the Constitution, and New Hampshire was hailed as the "ninth star" in the constellation of the thirteen United States.

Curtis in his life of Webster says, at one time Daniel Webster, referring to this speech of his father, repeated it word for word, expressing for it much pride and admiration. Allow me to give here this speech exactly as reported:

"Mr. President, I have listened to the arguments for and against the Constitution. I am convinced such a government as that Constitution will establish if adopted,—a government acting directly on the people of the states,—is necessary for the common defense and the general welfare. It is the only government which will enable us to pay off the national debt—the debt which we owe for the Revolution, and which we are bound in honor fully and fairly to discharge. Besides, I have followed the lead of Washington through seven years of war and I have never been misled. His name is subscribed to this Constitution. He will not mislead us now. I shall vote for its adoption."

This speech of Ebenezer Webster, in immediate effect and in results following, ranks with that of his son, Daniel Webster, in his reply to Hayne; in its beautiful simplicity and comprehensiveness it reminds one of the address of Lincoln at Gettysburg. If at some future day a statue of John Langdon shall be placed in our state house yard, there should stand by its side the statue of Ebenezer Webster, equally worthy with Langdon of such a position.

Here 150 years ago commenced a Puritan New England home, and if hereafter men and women shall come from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West, and from Foreign Lands, they will look upon yonder house not simply as the birth place of Daniel Webster, but as a

typical New England country home of the Colonial and Revolutionary days.

Daniel Webster was the product of this New England home.

A New England home! What was it? What has it been and what has it done for this State, for the Nation, for the world for the past two hundred years. I wish I had the time and the ability to recite the marvelous, yet beautiful story of the New England home. I wish I could bring before you something that would enable you to see as I see in yonder house the family of Ebenezer Webster in 1782.

As I look I seem to hear in that old house the clang of the loom, the whir of the wheel, and the song of the mother at her work. Some of us had a New England home in childhood and know what it was. I remember, as if but yesterday, more than ninety years ago, my childhood home, the loom, the spinning wheel, the books, the prayers, and the rich "counter" voice of my mother in cradle song and old religious hymns.

Daniel Webster once said he could not remember the time when he could not repeat the whole of Watts Hymns, Cowper, and Pope, and a large part of the Bible, learned at his mother's knee.

Daniel Webster was great as a lawyer, great as a statesman, great as a diplomatist, great as an orator, remarkable in his varied knowledge in many departments. In the combination of all these qualities he had no superior, and I believe no equal. Yet, as I recall his life, he is more to be loved as a man than in anything he achieved. He carried into his mature life, even to his last day, the keen sense of humor and the joyous spirit of his college life. He was my Dartmouth brother. He refounded Dartmouth College. His love for Dartmouth was expressed before the United States Supreme Court at Washington, in a tribute of matchless power and eloquence. I saw and heard him at Orford in 1840 in a political speech for "Tippe-

canoe and Tyler Too." I heard him at Bunker Hill in 1843. I saw and heard him in Court, and in the Senate of the United States.

I have not time to do justice to his achievements, but I ask that you read the three volumes, of five or six hundred pages each, of the letters—letters written when he was in college, while a student at law, while practicing law in the court, while a member of the Senate of the United States, letters written during his whole life. Read the volumes of speeches, especially read the volume of six hundred pages or more, entitled "The Great Speeches of Daniel Webster." There is nothing in literature more delightful or more profitable to read than these letters and these speeches. I have read them many, many times and year after year I return to read and enjoy.

Rufus Choate, being asked to criticise one of Webster's speeches said, "I would as soon think of correcting the Psalms of David." Edward Everett, being invited to criticise or say wherein was any fault in the Plymouth address, said "I would as soon think of wiping the apple of my eye with a crash towel."

In 1821 Ex-President John Adams wrote to Mr. Webster in part as follows: "If there is one American who can read your Plymouth oration without tears I am not that American. This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century and indeed at the end of every year forever and forever."

New Hampshire is proud of her mountain scenery, her valleys and hills, lakes and rivers, but she points with more pride to her illustrious sons, Ebenezer and Daniel Webster.

I heard Rufus Choate in his Eulogy of Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College in 1853. In all the records of such literature you cannot find its equal. Listen to a few words out of its sixty-four printed pages.

"Such a character was made to be loved; it was loved!

His plain neighbors loved him and one said, when he was laid in his grave, how lonesome the world seems. Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the Gospel, the general intelligence of the country, the masses afar off, loved him. They heard how tender the son had been, the husband, the brother, the father, the friend and neighbor; that he was plain, simple, natural, generous, hospitable, the heart larger than the brain; that he loved little children and revered God, the Scriptures, the Sabbath Day, the Constitution and the law, and their hearts cleave unto him."

Men and women of New Hampshire, remember this typical New England, Puritan home. Make your homes such as Ebenezer Webster made his. Teach your children to work for the upbuilding of the town, the State and the Nation as did Ebenezer Webster. Teach your children to defend constitutional government and the Union of the States, "one and inseparable," as did his illustrious son, Daniel Webster.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Most New Hampshire men who leave the state acquire prominence in their new homes, and hold office. Probably it is easier thus, because there is less New Hampshire competition. In the adjoining town of Andover resides a distinguished native of New Hampshire who did not have to leave the state to get office.

I present the Honorable Nahum J. Bachelder, not long since Governor of the state.

ADDRESS BY
EX-GOVERNOR NAHUM J. BACHELDER.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I assume that I am honored with a place in the program on account of other reasons than ability to make an extended address. I assure you I shall not attempt it and will detain you but a moment.

No state excels New Hampshire in her contribution to the list of leaders in social, educational, political and industrial affairs of the Nation, and the name of Daniel Webster easily heads that list.

We have listened today to a recital of facts connected with his marvelous mental development, his great self-reliance and the great achievements which are sure to follow such a combination of qualities. This is well, for there may be among the granite hills of New Hampshire today some youth who will be inspired by the stories told upon this occasion to become as illustrious in his day and generation as was Mr. Webster in his. And further, you will allow me to emphasize in a word what has been so well said here in regard to Mr. Webster's interest in agriculture.

The Daniel Webster plow with which he turned the rugged soil of his New Hampshire farm has more than a national reputation, and the incident of his oxen being driven past his windows when he was lying upon his dying bed, that he might look into their peaceful eyes, was a pathetic event in the life of this great statesman.

Doubtless, while engaged in those great conflicts in national affairs, his mind reverted to the pastoral scenes which he loved so well, thereby deriving inspiration and furnishing force to his expression. When these conflicts, one after another, ended, he found solace and comfort, and inspiration for other battles, in turning the soil of his New England farm, among his farm animals which he

loved to caress, and in mingling with the country folk for whom he always entertained the highest respect.

History tells us that all the great leaders of the world have ever manifested an interest in husbandry, and without attempting to make an address I will, in closing, paraphrase that sentiment uttered by Daniel Webster upon an important occasion which reverberated around the world, and so was well typified in his own life: Agriculture and patriotic public service, one and inseparable, now and forever. I thank you.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: I also have the pleasure of introducing the Reverend Arthur Little whose right to speak I place on the fact that he spends the summer time in the town of Webster. Our right to hear him rests upon other grounds.

ADDRESS BY REV. ARTHUR LITTLE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

There have been very few men in the country or in the world large enough to go round, so that all could have a share. Daniel Webster is an exception. Born in New Hampshire, adopted by Massachusetts, he was restricted to no state lines. More than any other man of his time he belonged to the whole nation and to the world. He lived and thought and spoke in terms of national expansion, greatness and renown.

He is the gift of New Hampshire to the world. His preparation for college and his early career as a lawyer were in Boscowen, my native town. For this reason, among others, his name has been a household word in my home from my childhood. His brother, Ezekiel, was my father's personal friend. Boscowen has always cherished his name as a most precious asset in her notable history. Among the great men who have given distinction to the town are

Daniel Webster, Ezekiel Webster, Gen. John A. Dix, Charles Carleton Coffin, Gerrish Farmer, and Moody Currier, once governor of New Hampshire.

Personally, it gives me great pleasure to share in the services of this memorable occasion. They are most appropriate. I rejoice in the splendid work of discovery and restoration done by this Association. It has thus discharged a debt long overdue, and deserves the gratitude not only of the citizens of New Hampshire, but also of the nation.

The generous homage to the memory of Mr. Webster, shown by the presence of the vast assemblage of men, women and children, is spontaneous, sincere and well deserved. His faults have been condoned or forgotten, while his virtues and achievements will live and shine with ever increasing lustre, as long as the American Union, which he more than any other man helped to preserve, shall stand.

There are two impressions of this day that ought not to be forgotten. The first is that, with all his greatness, with all his transcendent gifts, and noble companionships, he never lost his fondness for the farm and his neighbors. He had the utmost respect for an honest farmer. A majority of this audience are farmers. Mr. Webster loved the farm. He was to the manor born. He was familiar with the shovel and the hoe, with summer's heat and winter's cold, with hard work and meagre returns for exacting toil. He was one with you. This touch of nature brings the great man whose memory we revere into veritable kinship with those in the humbler walks of life.

Another thing. We live under the only flag and in the only country where a man, born amid surroundings so obscure and disadvantages in early life so great, ever could hope to rise to such sublime heights as he attained. This is the glory of America. This is the glory of the American Union, whose maintenance and defense became the master passion of his life. This more than ever is the glory of our

country today. Equality of opportunity is the claim we make.

There is not a boy in Salisbury or in Franklin, or in Boscawen, or Webster, or any other town in the state of New Hampshire who, if he realizes his opportunities, his advantages, his possibilities in this greatest of all the years, 1913, may not attain a position of honor, of usefulness, of influence among his fellowmen quite commensurate with his capacity. Boys, get fresh inspiration here this afternoon from the story of this great life! You will never hear it recited again with as much minuteness and clearness and distinctness and correctness as you have heard it today. You will never meet on another occasion that will have in it half the inspiration that comes to you this hour. Go home, and if you haven't a copy of Webster's life and speeches, send or go to a library and get one and familiarize yourselves with his great career!

We do not half realize the power of great memories to stir the heart, quicken the conscience, reinforce the will and kindle afresh our patriotic zeal and love for our country. I am glad to have had a share in the stirring memories that have enriched this occasion. They will give fresh impulse and incentive to our daily life.

“Such spots as this are Pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no creed or sect confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

And let us cherish the hope that this may become a Mecca towards which we shall turn with unreluctant feet, not once in a lifetime, but, if possible, once a year, and stand with bowed heads and thankful, loving, appreciative hearts by this sacred spot—the birth place of Daniel Webster.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER—CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS: My part in the day's work is now over. When the next speaker

begins, the presiding officer is through. We have kept the best for the last.

I present the Honorable Clarence Edgar Carr of Andover, Vice-President of the Association.

ADDRESS BY CLARENCE E. CARR.

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Before I proceed to a consideration of the great subject of this occasion, there is another to which I wish to call your attention.

“Things seen are temporal; things unseen are eternal.”

Before you are the temporal evidences of the place where one of the greatest American statesmen was born. In your minds and hearts, and in the minds and hearts of the American people have been inculcated those principles for which Webster stood and which are of the “unseen and eternal.”

It is not our purpose to absorb to ourselves all the credit and honor of replacing these buildings as an everlasting monument to the great man who was born here and the things for which he stood. Therefore, we extend the privilege to you and all others. Instead of investing in the stocks of railroads which may fluctuate, of industrials which you know not of, and in other things which have a material value, I ask you in behalf of the Webster Birthplace Association, to see its treasurer and buy some of its stock, thereby helping to preserve the birthplace and memory of Daniel Webster which have an unseen and eternal value.

Invest in this stock to preserve this shrine where all true men and women and patriots may come to renew their pledges of devotion to our common country, and honor New Hampshire’s Jove-like son who struck such blows for you and me and liberty.

We are here to testify to our appreciation of the spirit and purposes of Daniel Webster.

His love of liberty, his struggle for the Union and his devotion to the government as constituted by the fathers for the protection of liberty and the perpetuity of the Union endear him to every heart and place us under obligations we can only requite by being good, patriotic American citizens.

The statesman born here blazed our way. From the argument in the Dartmouth College causes to his Seventh of March speech, Webster's vast and varied statesmanship was constructive and evolutionary, sane, splendid, and vindicated in the main by subsequent events. More clearly than any of his fellows he saw the future possibilities of this country. His spirit infused into the hearts of a people made Appomattox possible. His thought was the foundation idea of this nation.

He battled for American democracy. "The basis of a successful democracy is moral sovereignty." "American democracy is still on trial." While we believe in the ultimate fulfillment of the promise of the Republic, its success is not yet fully attained. If we disregard the lessons of history, if we are careless of our rights and duties, if ambition and greed reign, if the Caesar idea waxes and the Jesus idea wanes in our national life, again in coming times and on coming issues, as in '61, we may have to cut the political dykes which surround us and once more purge our land with the red waters of the sea of battle. God grant this may not happen! Pray God we may be true. May we so understand the logic of events that our industrial independence will be as beneficent as our political independence. May we know our opportunities and meet our responsibilities. May we not forget the Lincoln lesson that, however strong, no man is as strong as the law; however good, no man as good as justice; and however wise, no man possesses the wisdom of mankind. May we also heed the further lesson that

the American people will not long accept as matter of charity that to which they are entitled as matter of right.

Let us be true to Webster's idea of Union, true to his spirit of Liberty, true in our devotion as was he to our republican government, with all it implies, through which alone the ultimate triumph of American democracy is possible.

The fundamental principles of our government for which Webster stood were Union and Liberty.

What kind of Union?

The moulding together of independent commonwealths, best calculated when independent to conduct their domestic affairs, and best calculated as a common whole to give national strength, to exercise a dominating influence for good among nations, and to protect our people in the enjoyment of the blessings of freedom and opportunity—"an indissoluble union of indestructible states."

What kind of Liberty?

It is that divine liberty which alone can make a nation's influence immortal. Its spirit is in these hills and mountains amid which Webster was born. He caught it from the echoes of the American Revolution. He read it in the story of Marston Moor and Runnymede, and in the waters set free in the Netherlands by William the Silent. He found it in those legends which showed the yearnings of men's hearts in the German forests when Caesar with Roman arrogance bordered the Rhine, and built his wall across an island in the sea. He found it in the wisdom and experience of mankind, as, reiterated by the Master on Sinai's heights, it floated down through the ages in the language of the Second Commandment.

Its source is Justice; its ends, equal rights, equal opportunities, beneficent laws and equal protection under them.

How mightily Webster strove to make his idea the ruling passion of a people, we know; with what success, our devotion and that of coming generations will answer.

From this platform this afternoon you have heard

a distinguished representative from Massachusetts, Mr. McCall, suggest that the Seventh of March speech might have been omitted. Permit me to say, God forbid. When He who rules over the destinies of nations sought for some hand in this world of ours which would strike a blow for liberty that would ring down the ages, he came in the language of the old legend to this modern Arthur, and placed in his hands the sword of the Union—the excalibur of our liberties—and charged him—

“Use it well and guard it well,
So that after time may tell
Of thy country and of thee,
Blazoned on whose shield shall be
Might and right and liberty.”

And so my friends, I would not expunge one single word or letter or mark from the Seventh of March speech, which taught and is teaching American youth that there is something beyond power, something beyond place, and that is love and devotion to the American Union.

Dominated by Webster's thought, animated by his spirit, and dedicated to the principles which he gave the strength of his life to defend, let us go hence determined to preserve upright and transmit pure our Constitutional-Republican-Representative Government whose strength is Union and whose object is Liberty!

So may Webster's work have its fulfillment and Webster's vision come true. May we and our children, and our children's children so live as to make possible the triumph of American democracy, and history record that “ours came among the nations of the world as the Christ came among the sons of men.”

Our Father, God, benign, supreme,
Whose light for all the worlds doth beam
The centuries through, whose hand doth roll
Their records in an endless scroll,

We come to Thee in faith and trust
To show us what we ought and must.
Our fathers Thou hast guided well,
And may the ages later tell

Of us, their children, strong to save
The nation that through Thee they gave;
A sacred trust that will endure
Preserved upright, transmitted pure.

For all the steps by progress made,
For all the power for good arrayed,
For men courageous, steadfast, free,
Co-workers in our land with Thee,

We give our thanks. And from the stars
That shine beyond our prison bars,
With simple hearts Thy love to feel,
Thy purposes, O God, reveal!

And when with vision larger grown,
In time we comprehend Thine own,
Thy children, still Thy servants meet,
Let us, in love, before Thy feet

Pour forth the prayer of virile men,
And strive toward heights beyond our ken
With faith in life, and love, and Thee,
And in Thy blessed Liberty.

BENEDICTION BY
REVEREND HENRY C. McDougall.

Holy Father, may Thy eternal blessing and Thy
love rest upon and abide with us, now and forever. Amen.

ORGANIZATION OF THE WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION.

This organization was made on October 26, 1910, under the corporation laws of New Hampshire in behalf of thirteen members, who had decided to become purchasers of the birth place, being Frank N. Parsons, William E. Chandler, Alvah W. Sulloway, Warren F. Daniell, Edward G. Leach, Omar A. Towne, John W. Staples, Augustine R. Ayers, Jacob H. Gallinger, Clarence E. Carr, John R. Eastman, Henry M. Baker, and Charles S. Collins. Five persons being enough to start such a corporation the articles were signed on the above date only by the eight members first above named.*

The movement originated with the Franklin Board of Trade on March 14, 1910, as appears in the *Journal-Transcript* of March 17 as follows:

WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE.

COMMITTEE NAMED TO ACT ON CONSERVATION OF THE PROPERTY.

At a meeting of the Franklin Board of Trade, Monday evening, March 14, 1910, a resolution regarding the conservation of the Daniel Webster birth place was offered by Hon. Edward G. Leach, and was adopted by unanimous vote. By the terms of this resolution, following a preamble defining its purpose, it falls upon the President of the Franklin Board of Trade to appoint the committee called for by the resolution.

WHEREAS, the Franklin Board of Trade are of the opinion that the present is a most favorable opportunity to take action toward the permanent conservation of the birth place of Franklin's most illustrious son, Daniel Webster, in an appropriate manner;

*A previous birth place organization had been made under the laws of New Hampshire on January 21, 1904, by Arthur C. Jackson, Omar A. Towne, Augustine R. Ayers, Barron Shirley, John W. Staples and Charles S. Collins, but all the rights of that corporation and the birth place lands and buildings have been duly acquired by the present Webster Birth Place Association organized on October 26, 1910.

Resolved, That a committee of nine citizens of Franklin and vicinity be selected, of whom the President of this association shall be one, and the others to be selected by him, as a committee to consider and formulate such plan of action as they may consider most appropriate for the accomplishment of the desired object.

After due consultation and consideration the President of the Franklin Board of Trade has appointed the following committee: Hon. Frank N. Parsons, Chief Justice Supreme Court; Hon. William E. Chandler, Ex-Senator of the United States; Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, United States Senator; Hon. John R. Eastman, Trustee of Dartmouth College; Hon. Edward G. Leach; Hon. Alvah W. Sulloway; Hon. Clarence E. Carr; Omar A. Towne, Editor *Journal-Transcript*. John W. Staples, President Franklin Board of Trade.

In the *Journal-Transcript* of March 24 appears the following:

"The committee appointed by Dr. John W. Staples, President of the Franklin Board of Trade, to take action toward the permanent conservation of the birth place of Daniel Webster, met Tuesday afternoon, March 22, at the law office of E. G. Leach. No definite action was taken and adjournment was made to a later date when it is expected all the members of the committee will be present and visit the birth place. Those at the meeting Tuesday were Hon. Frank N. Parsons, Hon. A. W. Sulloway, Judge O. A. Towne, Dr. John W. Staples, Hon. E. G. Leach, Prof. John R. Eastman and Hon. Clarence E. Carr. Senator Gallinger and ex-Senator William E. Chandler were unable to be here."

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION AND BY-LAWS.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Office of Secretary of State.

I, EDWARD N. PEARSON, Secretary of State of the State of New Hampshire, do hereby certify that the following and hereto attached articles of association of the Webster Birth Place Asso-

ciation have been recorded in "Records of Voluntary Corporations," Vol. 15, pages 230-231, at Concord, this 31st day of October, 1910.

In Testimony Whereof, I hereto set my hand and cause to be affixed the Seal of the State, at Concord, this 31st day of October, A. D., 1910.

EDWARD N. PEARSON,
Secretary of State.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

We, the undersigned, five persons of lawful age, associate ourselves together agreeably to the provisions of Chapter 147 of the Public Statutes of the State of New Hampshire to form a corporation by the following articles of agreement:

1. The name of said corporation shall be the Webster Birth Place Association.
2. The object of said corporation is the purchase, and preservation and improvement of the farm in Franklin, N. H., upon which Daniel Webster was born, the collection and preservation of personal property formerly owned by or associated with him and by such means or any other to preserve and honor his memory.
3. Its place of business shall be Franklin, New Hampshire.
4. Said corporation shall have no capital stock, but may acquire, by gift or otherwise, and hold, real and personal estate for the purpose of its organization. All property owned by it shall be held solely for that purpose. In case, however, the said corporation having acquired said property shall be dissolved or become unable to carry out the purpose of its organization the property of the corporation shall belong to the City of Franklin to be held for the purpose above set forth.
5. The members of said corporation shall consist of the undersigned and such others as may be elected to membership at the first meeting, or afterwards, in accordance with the by-laws.
6. The first meeting of the corporation for organization, election of members and officers, and adoption of by-laws shall be held at the office of F. N. Parsons in Franklin, N. H., on Wed-

nesday, October 26, 1910, at two o'clock in the afternoon. At this meeting a majority of the signers hereto shall have full power.

Franklin, N. H., October 26, 1910.

Frank N. Parsons, Main St., Franklin, N. H.

W. E. Chandler, Concord, N. H.

Warren F. Daniell, Franklin, N. H.

Edward G. Leach, Franklin, N. H.

Omar A. Towne, Franklin, N. H.

John W. Staples, Franklin, N. H.

Augustine R. Ayers, Concord, N. H.

Alvah W. Sulloway, Franklin, N. H.

Franklin, N. H., Records. Received and recorded October 29, 1910. Corporation Book, pages 59 and 60.

Attest:

FRANK H. DANIELL,
City Clerk.

BY-LAWS OF WEBSTER BIRTHPLACE ASSOCIATION.

Article I.

Members.

1. Any person approved by the Executive Committee may become a member of the association upon payment of ten dollars and continue such membership by the payment of such annual dues as may be voted.

2. All persons contributing one hundred dollars or more each shall be continued as members without payment of annual dues.

Article II.

Meetings.

The annual meeting of the corporation shall be held on the second Saturday in October in each year at such hour and place as may be designated by the President. Special meetings may be called at any time by the President and shall be called by him upon the request in writing of seven members. Notice of meetings and of the business to be transacted shall be given by

the Clerk by publication in the *Journal-Transcript* six days before the day of the meeting. At any regularly called meeting the members present shall constitute a quorum.

Article III.

Officers.

1. The officers of the corporation shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, Clerk, Treasurer and a Board of Trustees consisting of the officers named and nine trustees. The President, Clerk, and Treasurer shall be chosen each year at the annual meeting. Three Trustees shall be chosen annually at said meeting, who shall hold office for three years each.

2. The Trustees shall fill by appointment any vacancy occurring in their number or any office of the corporation, such appointee to hold office until the next annual meeting.

3. The Trustees shall be the Board of Management. They shall have all the powers of the corporation not required by law or these by-laws to be exercised by the members. The trustees may appoint an Executive Committee of five persons, who shall have all the powers of the trustees and shall hold their positions at the pleasure of the trustees.

4. The Clerk shall be clerk both of the corporation and the Board of Trustees.

Article IV.

Amendment.

These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting, notice of the proposed amendment having been given in the call of the meeting.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

AN ACT EXEMPTING FROM TAXATION THE DANIEL WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

SECTION 1. That the Daniel Webster birth place at Franklin, N. H., having been purchased by the Webster Birth Place Association for the sole purpose of preserving the same in suitable

manner for the benefit of the people, and said association having provided that the same should revert to the city of Franklin whenever said association shall fail to properly care for the same, is hereby exempted from taxation together with any fund that may be raised for the perpetual care thereof by said association.

WILLIAM J. BRITTON,
Speaker of the House of Representatives,
ENOS K. SAWYER,
President of the Senate.

Approved March 14, 1913.

SAMUEL D. FELKER,
Governor.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

JOINT RESOLUTION for Aid in the Restoration and Maintenance of the Birth Place of Daniel Webster.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

That the sum of fifteen hundred dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of aiding in the restoration and maintenance of the birth place of Daniel Webster, said sum to be paid to the treasurer of the Webster Birth Place Association and expended under the direction of said association; and the governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant for said sum out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved May 21, 1913.

OFFICERS OF THE WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION.

President, William E. Chandler.

Vice-Presidents, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons, Clarence E. Carr and F. G. Webster.

Treasurer, John W. Staples.

Clerk, Omar A. Towne.

Trustees, Alvah W. Sulloway, Jacob H. Gallinger, Edward G. Leach, John R. Eastman*, Augustine R. Ayers, Frank R. Woodward, Warren F. Daniell*, [Denison R. Slade has taken the place of Professor Eastman and Warren Fisher Daniell the place of his father], Frank Proctor and Charles S. Collins.

* Deceased.

LOCAL COMMITTEES.

BOSTON—Charles K. Darling, chairman, Lewis A. Armistead, secretary, Chief Justice John A. Aiken, Samuel L. Powers, Melvin O. Adams, James O. Lyford, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Ralph S. Bartlett, Louis A. Coolidge.

NEW YORK—William D. Sawyer, chairman, George William Burleigh, Philip Carpenter, Newbold Leroy Edgar, George S. Edgell, Joseph H. Emery, Amos Tuck French, William B. Greeley, Luther B. Little, Edward H. Peaslee, Ruel W. Poor, Philip A. Rollins, Edwin W. Sanborn, Gilman H. Tucker, Charles N. Vilas.

FRANKLIN—Mayor William W. Edwards, chairman; Thomas F. Clifford, secretary; Edward G. Leach, Frank Proctor, Omar A. Towne, John W. Staples, Rev. Alva H. Morrill, Rev. Rufus P. Gardner, Hon. Enos K. Sawyer, president state senate, ex-Mayor Seth W. Jones, Frank R. Woodward, Warren F. Daniell, Jr., Richard W. Sulloway, Augustus B. Sawyer, Councilman Arthur M. Hancock.

LETTER OF APPRECIATION.

WATERLOO, N. H.
August 30, 1913.

HON. W. W. EDWARDS:

Mayor of Franklin and Chairman of the Local Webster Birth Place Celebration Committee:

My Dear Mr. Mayor: It was a great relief and pleasure to me on my sick bed on Thursday afternoon to hear of the large attendance and gratifying success of our celebration; and it has added to my delight to hear from many commendations how much is due to the complete organization of your committee and to the fidelity and energy of every sub-chairman and member thereof.

Where all did so well I cannot discriminate. Through you I give the warmest thanks of the Webster Birth Place Association to yourself and to your committee for what they have done to make the restoration of the Webster birth place house of January 18, 1782, and the celebration of that event on August 28, 1913, a credit to our Association, to the people of Franklin, Salisbury and the grand old towns round about, and to our friends and assistants from all directions.

A delayed duty has been, at last, well performed.

Very respectfully,

WM. E. CHANDLER.

President of the Webster Birth Place Association.

CONCORD—Frank S. Streeter, chairman; Harry J. Brown, secretary; Charles J. French, Samuel C. Eastman, James W. Remick, Benjamin A. Kimball, William M. Chase, Charles R. Cornning, George H. Moses, Alvin B. Cross, Benjamin W. Couch, William J. Ahern, William F. Thayer, John D. Bridge, Henry H.

Metcalf, Allen Hollis, Edson J. Hill, William D. Chandler, Charles R. Walker, Burns P. Hodgman, David E. Murphy, Joseph S. Matthews, Edward C. Niles.

WARNER—Edward H. Carroll, chairman; Mason T. Ela, Fred H. Savory, Arthur H. Fish, George W. Benee, Andrew J. Hook, Henry Runnels, Elmer Bartlett, C. M. Adams, Charles H. Hardy, Frederic S. Howell, Fred C. Brockway, Winfred J. Chase, Fred A. Clark, Robert F. Oliver, Charles H. Dow, Carl L. Cutting, John P. H. Chandler, Walter H. Craig, Edward Lee Carroll, George W. Rogers, Edward J. Trask, John J. Shurtleff, Seymour Colby, J. E. Sanborn, Herbert N. Lewis, secretary.

LANCASTER—Irving W. Drew, chairman; Chester B. Jordan, Moses A. Hastings, Fred C. Cleveland, W. H. Leith, Henry P. Kent, Rollin E. Webb, W. H. McCarten, George M. Stevens.

TILTON—Charles E. Tilton, William H. Moses, Otis Daniell, Arthur S. Brown, J. E. Smith, Arthur T. Cass, Harris A. Morse, Charles P. Herrick.

BERLIN—George F. Rieh, Daniel J. Daley, Robert H. Chamberlin, Herbert I. Goss, Abraham M. Stahl, John B. Gilbert, Holman A. Drew.

LISBON—Augustus A. Woolson, Fred E. Thorpe, Miss Mary R. Cummings, Dr. Edgar O. Crossman, Mrs. C. C. Moore, Miss Nettie L. Kelsea, B. S. Webb.

HILLSBOROUGH—Hon. J. B. Smith, S. W. Holman, K. D. Pierce, R. G. Smith, G. W. Haslet, W. H. Manahan, W. P. Bailey, Rev. R. W. Wallace, Rev. J. G. Leclerc, Rev. J. N. Seaver.

HANOVER—Prof. E. J. Bartlett, Mr. P. R. Bugbee, Prof. J. F. Colby, Prof. C. F. Emerson, Prof. H. D. Foster, Dr. J. M. Gile, Prof. Craven Laycock.

WHITEFIELD—Frank P. Lewis, W. G. Hadley, D. C. Woodman, C. M. Grey, Dr. Anninna C. Rondinella, Dr. G. H. Morrison, L. O. Shurtleff, Dr. J. W. Warden, C. C. King, F. W. Page, G. L. Crockett, M. J. Lyster, Dr. Gertrude A. Walker, Dr. R. E. Wilder, Dr. H. M. Wiggin, H. A. Graves, A. F. Stoughton, J. C. Trikey.

PORTSMOUTH—Hon. Alfred F. Howard, Col. E. Perey Stoddard, Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, Hon. Charles A. Hazlett, Hon. Calvin Page, Hon. John Pender, Hon. True L. Norris, Hon. Woodbury Langdon, Rev. Alfred Gooding, Dr. John H. Neal, Hon. Benjamin F. Webster.

NEWPORT—William F. Richards, Jesse M. Barton, G. Harold Edgell, D. Sidney Rollins.

DUBLIN AND VICINITY—George B. Leighton, Dublin; John E. Allen, Keene; Wallace Mason, Keene; Charles G. Shedd, Keene; E. H. Kidder, Dublin; John C. Gray, Dublin; George D. Marcom, Dublin; Henry White, Dublin.

BRISTOL—Fred A. Spencer, Dr. George H. Calley, Richard W. Musgrove, Henry C. Whipple, Frank N. Gilman, Fred H. Ackerman, Henry C. Field, William C. White, George B. Cavis, Ira A. Chase.

MANCHESTER—G. Waldo Browne, L. Ashton Thorpe, Charles J. Hadley, Fred W. Lamb, Harry T. Lord, Frank W. Sargeant, H. Fox Davis, William P. Coburn, John Dowst.

PETERBOROUGH—Robert P. Bass, Miss Mary Morrison, George E. Adams, Prof. William H. Scofield, Mrs. Jennie H. Field, A. W. Noone, Major James F. Brennan.

LACONIA—Woodbury L. Melcher, Samuel B. Smith, Charles W. Vaughan, Edwin P. Thompson, Stephen S. Jewett, Edmund Little, James S. Smith, Henry B. Quinby, William F. Knight, James H. Story, George D. Mayo, Oscar L. Young, Dennis O'Shea, William Wallace, Oscar A. Lougee, Frank H. Lougee, Lawrence Baldi, Henry B. Tilton, True E. Prescott, Henry B. Clow, Lewis S. Perley, Charles G. St. Clair, Bert S. Dearborn.

CLAREMONT—H. W. Parker, F. P. Maynard, George A. Tenney, George H. Stowell, J. D. Upham, F. H. Foster, E. A. Quimby, H. B. Glidden, W. H. H. Moody, H. O. King, A. W. Hawkes, H. G. Sherman, T. W. Fry, E. A. Noyes, I. G. Colby.

SALEM—Wallace W. Cole, Fred C. Buxton, Dr. V. N. Sikorsky, F. D. Wilson, W. L. Duntley, Charles F. Kimball, F. P. Woodbury, Dr. L. F. Soule, C. P. Bennett, Dr. E. A. Wade W. D. Pulver.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE SENATE SPECIAL COMMITTEE

Charles B. Rogers, Pembroke; James B. Wallace, Canaan; Samuel H. Edes, Newport; John Scammon, Exeter; Frank J. Beal, Plymouth.

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SPECIAL
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A. T. Burleigh, Franklin; Henry J. Van Vliet, Manchester; W.
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*Henry M. Baker, Bow.
Clarence E. Carr, Andover.
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W. Murray Crane, Dalton, Mass.
*Warren F. Daniell, Franklin.
Jacob H. Gallinger, Concord.
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Frank Proctor, Franklin.
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Edward Tuck, Paris, France.
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William Whitman, Boston.
Levi Woodbury, Washington, D. C.
Frank R. Woodward, Hill.

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Anderson, Mrs. Lars, Boston.
Ayers, Augustine R., Concord.
Abbott, Olivia B., Concord.
Aiken, Charles W., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Adams, William H., Campton.
Adams, Melvin O., Boston.
Arminstead, Lewis A., Boston.

Bass, Robert P., Peterborough.
Branch, Oliver E., Manchester.

* Deceased.

Browne, A. B., Washington, D. C.
 Blair, Henry W., Manchester.
 Blair, Henry P., Washington, D. C.
 Brown, Elisha R., Dover.
 Bingham, George H., Manchester.
 Barnard, F. E., Boston.
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 Cross, David, Manchester.
 Corning, Charles R., Concord.
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 Duffy, W. F., Franklin.

Estabrook, Fred W., Nashua.
 Edwards, Arthur M., San Francisco.
 *Eastman, John R., Andover.
 Edgell, George S., Newport.

* Deceased.

Edgell, G. Harold, Newport.
 Edson, John J., Washington, D. C.
 Eastman, Samuel C., Concord.
 Entwistle, Thomas, Portsmouth.
 Edgar, Newbold LeRoy, New York City.
 Emery, Joseph H., New York City.
 Edwards, William W., Franklin.
 Ellis and Ellis, Franklin.

French, George B., Nashua.
 Foote, James L., Slatington, Pa.
 French, Amos Tuck, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Gile, John M., Hanover.
 Gile, Mrs. John M., Hanover.
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 Goldsborough, R. H., Washington, D. C.
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 Griffin, E. L., Franklin.

Harrison, Charles E., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Howard, Alfred F., Portsmouth.
 Hoitt, Charles W., Nashua.
 Hamilton, George E., Washington, D. C.
 Hollis, Allen, Concord.
 Henderson, John B. Jr., Washington, D. C.
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 Hale, Edwin P., Boston.
 *Harrison, Mrs. Phebe B., Everett, Mass.
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 Hancock, G. L., Franklin.

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Kelley, John W., Portsmouth.
 King, Clarence P., Washington, D. C.
 Kellogg, William P., Washington, D. C.
 Kimball, Benjamin A., Concord.
 Keith, W. E., San Jose, Cal.
 Killeen, Mrs. Jessie Gove, Concord.
 Kennedy, Crammond, Washington, D. C.

*Deceased.

Leach, Edward G., Franklin.
 Little, Cyrus H., Manchester.
 Larner, John B., Washington, D. C.
 Lisner, A., Washington, D. C.
 Leiter, Joseph, Washington, D. C.
 Leddy, John, Epping.
 Livermore, Arthur L., New York City.
 Lyford, James O., Concord.
 Little, Luther B., New York City.

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 McLean, John R., Washington, D. C.
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 Moses, Arthur C., Washington, D. C.
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 McVeagh, Franklin, Dublin.
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Neale, S. C., Washington, D. C.

O'Brien, Robert Lincoln, Boston.
 Oyster, James F., Washington, D. C.

Parsons, Frank N., Franklin.
 Peaslee, Robert J., Manchester,
 Parker, Myron M., Washington, D. C.
 Parker, Hosea W., Claremont.
 Powers, Samuel L., Boston.
 Peaslee, Edward H., New York City.
 Poor, Ruel W., New York City.
 Perry, R. Ross, Washington, D. C.
 Pingree, Samuel E., White River Junction, Vt.

Richards, William F., Newport.
 Rudolph, Cuno H., Washington, D. C.
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 Rollins, E. H., Sons, Boston.
 Rogers, George S., Lebanon.
 Rollins, Philip A., New York City.
 Rossiter, William S., Concord.
 Robie, Samuel H., Chelsea, Mass.

Smith, John B., Hillsborough.
 Staples, John W., Franklin.

Shepard, Marion T., Canton, Mass.
Stevens, Henry W., Concord.
Shurtleff, A. J., Concord.
Stellwagen, Edward J., Washington, D. C.
Snow, Leslie P., Rochester.
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Stahl, A. M., Berlin.
Stevens, George M., Lancaster.
Sargeant, F. W., Manchester.
Sullivan, R. G., Manchester.
Smith, Thomas W., Washington, D. C.
Smith, Converse J., Oakland, Cal.
Sawyer, William D., New York City.
Sanborn, Edwin W., New York City.
Sullivan, Richard W., Franklin.
Slade, Denison R., Center Harbor.

Towne, Omar A., Franklin.
Thorne, John C., Concord.
Taylor, E. W. B., Haverhill, Mass.
Treat, Frederick H., Wayne, Pa.
Tuttle, James P., Manchester.
Tenney, George A., Claremont.
Thayer, William F., Concord.
Thayer, William W., Concord.
Tucker, Gilman H., New York City.
Taylor, Charles H., Woburn, Mass.

Upham, J. Duncan, Claremont.

Vilas, Charles N., New York City.

Woodworth, Mrs. Mary, Concord.
Weeks, John W., Newton, Mass.
Wallace, J. B., Concord.
Worthington, A. S., Washington, D. C.
Woodward, S. W., Washington, D. C.
Walker, Reuben E., Concord.
Wallace, Sumner, Rochester.
Webster, C. P., Franklin.
Worcester, Franklin, Hollis.
Worthen, T. W. D., Hanover.

Young, John E., Exeter.

LETTERS TO SENATOR GALLINGER FROM
VARIOUS MEMBERS.

JAMES F. OYSTER, Washington, D. C.:

"I hope some day to be able to tour New Hampshire, and it would give me great pleasure to hunt up the old-fashioned residence of the great Daniel Webster. I thank you for the opportunity of participating in this great work."

S. W. WOODWARD, Washington, D. C.:

"I am glad to be associated with the movement."

LEVI WOODBURY, Washington, D. C.:

"I am heartily in favor of the movement of the Webster Birth Place Association."

HENRY P. BLAIR, Washington, D. C.:

"An opportunity to participate in something worth while, in which I am glad to have a part. My father is also interested."

HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND, Washington, D. C.:

"I take a deep interest in everything that relates to the greatest American lawyer who never sat on the bench."

A. B. BROWNE, Washington, D. C.:

"Since my school-boy days I have been a great admirer of Daniel Webster. I have a portrait of him which hangs on my library wall in company with Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall and Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. My deep regret is that we do not have a modern Webster."

JOHN B. LARNER, Washington, D. C.:

"I believe that it will be a great thing to preserve suitably Daniel Webster's birth place at Salisbury, N. H."

J. J. DARLINGTON, Washington, D. C.:

"I have long been an admirer of Mr. Webster, and his portrait has for many years hung upon the walls of my office."

S. C. NEALE, Hot Springs, Va.:

"It is a most commendable undertaking to thus preserve the birth place of one of the greatest men our country has produced."

We are too apt to forget in these days those who, by their wisdom and ability, have made to a large extent the history of the United States."

WILLIAM H. ADAMS, Campton, N. H.:

"I feel proud to become a member of the 'Webster Birth Place Association' of New Hampshire. I am much interested in the Websters, as I am myself a remnant from the Thomas Webster family, by the marriage of Sarah Webster to Thomas Bartlett whose daughter, Sarah Bartlett, married Col. Winborn Adams."

CUNO H. RUDOLPH, Washington, D. C.:

"I consider it quite a privilege to aid in the good work of the Webster Birth Place Association."

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF THE CELEBRATION AND NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE CELEBRATION ON AUGUST 28, 1913, AT FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Notice is hereby given of the above celebration of the restoration of the house in which Mr. Webster was born on January 18, 1782, in Salisbury, now a part of Franklin, about two and one-half miles west from that city. The work of restoration has been done in the name of the Webster Birth Place Association, and a visit to the farm of about 130 acres, the small birth place house and the later and larger old-fashioned residence close by, will fully repay the journey by railroad and highway, and especially by automobiles.

The Northern Railroad from Franklin to Grafton was opened on the 28th of August, 1847, and Mr. Webster attended and made an address at Grafton; and the exercises on August 28, 1913, to recall the career and patriotic services of Mr. Webster will, it is believed, be worthy of the occasion. A program will be published shortly.

Remarks will be made by officers of the Association. Governor Samuel D. Felker will speak for the State and Honorable Samuel W. McCall for Massachusetts. Representation has been requested from Dartmouth College, the Empire State and some Southern State, and President Wilson has been asked to come over from his cottage at Cornish.

The officers of the Association now request immediate preparation for a full attendance by local organizations not only in New Hampshire and Massachusetts but everywhere north and south where the citizens of the present generation appreciate and admire the great qualities of Daniel Webster.

CONCORD, N. H., July 21, 1913.

IN MEMORY OF WEBSTER.

SUCCESSFUL CELEBRATION HELD BY THE WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION.

[From the Franklin *Journal-Transcript* of September 4, 1913.]

The memory of Daniel Webster was appropriately honored Thursday, August 28, 1913, when a large number of citizens of New Hampshire and prominent visitors from other states attended the patriotic exercises held in Franklin to celebrate the completion of the restored birth place of Webster. The exercises were held on the hill near the old Webster farm and the program included a number of historical and patriotic speeches by distinguished orators from this and other states, honoring the memory of Webster and expressing satisfaction that the great statesman's birth place was to be suitably preserved.

Not for years, if ever before, has Franklin entertained so large a crowd. Ideal weather conditions prevailed. The day was perfect. Hardly a cloud appeared in the sky and a gentle breeze prevailed on the hill, where the exercises of the day took place.

Early Thursday forenoon Franklin began to take on a holiday appearance. At 12 o'clock the stores and business places closed for the day. Many blocks and private dwellings exhibited stars and stripes.

The first event of the day was a free band concert on the High School grounds at 10 a. m., by Nevers' Second Regiment Band of Concord.

Transportation between Franklin and the birth place began early in the forenoon and every method of conveyance was used. A number of automobiles were pressed into service and were used for conveying the general public. Many went by team and others on bicycles. A number walked the entire distance. The only disagreeable feature of the entire day was the trip to and from the birth place. As a result of continued dry weather and the large amount of traffic the dust was very thick.

The exercises at the birth place commenced at 1 o'clock with a concert by the band. This was followed by speaking by some of New England's prominent men.

A large tent was erected on the brow of the hill. Under the

tent were placed more than 500 chairs. The sides of the tent had been removed and hundreds of people stood surrounding those who were seated. The speakers' stand was at one end of the big tent. The stand was covered and was attractively and appropriately decorated with red, white and blue bunting and flags. Two flags floated in the breeze from two new flag poles near the tent. Upon the stage was a large picture of Webster. The speakers stood behind Webster's dining room table which was taken from the Elms Farm, now the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, for the occasion. On the stage, also, was the Webster pew, which many years ago was in the Village Congregational Church in Franklin. Many of the chairs upon the platform were old fashioned and dated from Webster's time.

Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of Franklin, first vice-president of the Association, presided over the exercises, in the absence of Hon. William E. Chandler, the president of the Association, who was detained at his summer home in Waterloo by illness. General expressions of regret were heard upon all sides in regard to Mr. Chandler's enforced absence. It was largely due to his interest and efforts that the work of restoring the birth place was carried out. The Webster celebration was also planned by him.

The opening invocation was given by Rev. Rufus P. Gardner of Franklin, superintendent of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home.

Remarks were then made by Chief Justice Parsons.

On motion of Hon. Clarence E. Carr of Andover, second vice-president of the Association, a rising vote was taken expressing regret at the absence of Mr. Chandler and the hope that he would soon be returned to his former good health.

Mr. Chandler's introductory remarks written by him for the occasion were read by Hon. George H. Moses of Concord, late United States minister to Greece.

An original poem by Edna Dean Proctor of Henniker was read by Hon. Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, state historian.

The opening address was given by Governor Samuel D. Felker of New Hampshire. He was followed by President Ernest Fox Nichols of Dartmouth college.

The orator of the day was Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, ex-member of Congress, who in answering felicitous introduction of the presiding officer explained that the New Hamp-

shire chief justice and he used to room together when they were members of the class of 1874 at Dartmouth College.

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of Concord was unable to be present, being detained in Washington, and his address was read by Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord, naval officer of the Port of Boston.

Letters of regret were read from Senator Henry F. Hollis of New Hampshire, Congressmen Eugene E. Reed and Raymond B. Stevens of New Hampshire and Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia. A telegram of regret was also read from Hon. William D. Sawyer, chairman of the New York City committee.

Ex-Governor Pingree, the next speaker, is a native of Salisbury and at the time of the celebration was 81 years old. During his very interesting address he referred to once seeing Webster. Mr. Pingree, then a boy, was driving with his father from Salisbury to the Webster Place, Franklin. On their trip they met a gentleman and his coachman. After the two teams had passed Mr. Pingree's father told him that the distinguished looking man they had just met was Daniel Webster. Mr. Pingree turned around and got a good back view of Webster. He explained that the reason that he had not noticed Webster when they met was the fact that the coachman was the first darkey he had ever seen and boy-like his attention was glued to the colored coachman.

Mr. Pingree was followed by Judge David Cross of Manchester, New Hampshire's grand old man. Judge Cross, 96 years old, made one of the hits of the day. He was easily heard by all and spoke with wonderful force. He referred to having seen and heard Webster on several occasions and gave a very interesting word picture of the great statesman. In closing he made a strong plea for the New England family, saying that the Webster family was typical of New England. Judge Cross was followed by ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder of New Hampshire; ex-Governor Bachelder was followed by Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Dorchester, Mass., a native and summer resident of Webster.

Vice-President Clarence E. Carr of the Birth Place Association gave the closing address. Benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. C. McDougall, and was preceded by the audience joining in singing the first and last verses of America, the singers being led by the band.

It is seldom that a speaking program of such length sustains

itself at so high a level of excellency. The presiding officer, although summoned hastily to take the chair, was most happy both in his opening address and in the brief characterizations with which he presented the several speakers. The speakers in turn took up the salient features in the great career which made the celebration possible.

The large and representative audience fully met the fondest expectations of the managers of the celebration. It is conservatively estimated that there were between 3,500 and 4,000 people present.

The arrangements were carried out in a very dignified manner. There were no vendors on the grounds. Light refreshments were sold by Messrs. Joyce and Young, the caretakers of the property, who had the exclusive privilege. They also sold post card views of the birth place.

George G. Williams of Littleton conducted a sale of photographs of Daniel Webster.

Great interest was taken in the Pathé moving picture company's representative, Frank Morris, who came on from St. Louis to take views of the celebration. The Governor, President Nichols of Dartmouth College, ex-Congressman McCall, ex-Governor Bachelder, Gen. Frank S. Streeter and other distinguished guests posed for the "movies."

Those present in Governor Felker's party were members of his council, William H. Sawyer of Concord, Lewis G. Gilman of Manchester, Albert W. Noone of Peterboro, Daniel W. Badger of Portsmouth and George W. McGregor of Littleton and their ladies, and Major Charles E. Tilton of the Governor's staff and Mrs. Tilton of Tilton.

Just outside the door of the restored birth place was placed a register for the names of visitors. Owing to the crush of guests many did not tarry to write their names, but during the day nearly 1,500 registered. An illustration of the wide interest that was taken in the birth place is the fact that on the four days following the celebration 400 more visitors, who called to view the premises, registered in the new book.

The parking arrangement for automobiles and teams was admirably carried out under the direction of D. Ned Davis and W. F. Daniell, Jr., of the transportation committee. The

400 automobiles were parked in the large field in front of the house. Teams were also arranged so that there was no delay in leaving the grounds after the exercises were over.

Hardly an accident happened during the entire day to mar the arrangements. There was a collision between Clarence Shaw's automobile and a car from the Prescott garage, slightly damaging a fender and lamp on Mr. Shaw's car. No one was injured.

When Daniel Webster was born on January 18, 1782, the humble home in which he first saw the light of day was in Salisbury, now a part of Franklin, as when Franklin became a town by taking parts of Salisbury, Northfield, Andover and Sanbornton in 1828, that part of Salisbury upon which the birth place was located was included in the portion of the town that became Franklin. Tradition says that when Daniel Webster was born the clearing around his father's home was the furthest north in New Hampshire. There was only a bridle path to the place and the house was located so as to face the old saw mill at the dam at Punch brook. This accounts for the back side of the house facing the present highway. When Daniel was three years old his father, Captain Ezekiel Webster, moved to the Elms Farm at Webster Place, now the New Hampshire Orphans' Home.

After Webster's father had moved to the Elms the old house in which Daniel was born was moved across the road and attached to the big two-story farm building as an ell. The cellar of the birth place was filled in and its location forgotten.

On October 26, 1910, in the office of Chief Justice Parsons, at Franklin, N. H., the Webster Birth Place Association was formed and the birth place property was later purchased. The old house was restored to its original appearance and moved back to its original foundation. The old fireplace with its big iron crane was rebuilt in the kitchen or living room and the house now looks as nearly as possible as it did when Webster was born. The fireplace is built of bricks excavated from the cellar.

It was viewed with great interest by the thousands of visitors at the celebration. The house had been equipped with many interesting souvenirs and relics of Webster's time. There was a continual stream of visitors passing through the restored birth place all day.

In the big farm house across the yard one room was under the charge of members of Abigail Webster Chapter, D. A. R., of

Franklin. Here were shown many Webster reliques, a glass show case being filled with souvenirs of the great statesman.

A number of the visitors arrived in Franklin in the forenoon and took dinner at The Odell, Landlord Vittum furnishing a special dinner for the occasion. More than 125 were present at dinner and over 200 registered during the day. A souvenir menu was furnished. Among those who registered at The Odell were Governor Felker and party, Earl Annis and wife, Mrs. R. Annis, M. Barnes and Edwin C. Kirk, and wife of Manchester, A. R. Kittredge of Dover, Judge Cross of Manchester, Allen E. Cross of Brookline, Mass., Henry S. Roberts of Wolfeboro, Henry P. Kent and R. E. Webb of Lancaster, Mrs. S. M. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kidder, Miss Katherine Kidder, Miss Edith Richards, William F. Richards of Newport, Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle of Cambridge, J. H. Whittemore of Boston, Francis Bingham White of Wellesley, William J. Ahern of Concord, State Treasurer George E. Farrand of Concord, William J. Starr of Manchester, J. B. Tennant of Concord, Attorney General James P. Tuttle of Manchester, George P. Hadley of Goffstown, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Bagley of Lexington, Levi Woodbury and sister of Washington, D. C., Harry T. Knight of Boston, H. A. Elliott and wife and son, R. A. Elliott and wife of Des Moines, Iowa, Lois Perkins of Norwich, Alfred J. McClure, Jr., of Concord, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wason of Haverhill, Mass., Mrs. H. R. Frost of Boston, Miss F. I. Rogers of Derry, E. Percy Stoddard of Portsmouth, Col. Daniel Hall, Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Owen of Dover, Gen. J. N. Patterson of Concord, Fred Jones of Lebanon, William Beaman of Cornish, Frank Cabot of Windsor, Vt., Walter Saxe of Windsor, Vt., W. E. Kinney of Claremont, William H. Draper and wife, H. K. Draper and wife, H. K. Draper, Jr., of Canton, Mass., M. J. Wentworth of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Lepham, Miss Phillis Lepham of Providence, Cornelia W. Proctor of Boston, Edward M. Cogswell of Concord, Warren Staples of Burlington, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Baker of Brooklyn, Prof. James F. Colby, Prof. Chas. N. Emerson and Perley R. Bugbee of Hanover, William H. Mitchell of Aeworth, George H. Richter of Boston, E. F. Baker of Suncook, John C. Thorne of Concord, E. L. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Ela of Warner.

Other well known New Hampshire men at the celebration were Gen. Frank S. Streeter of Concord, ex-Senator Henry W. Blair

of Manchester, Judge Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball of Concord, Frank P. Carpenter of Manchester, Charles W. Varney of Rochester, Harry J. Brown, Esq., of Concord, Postmaster Julian F. Trask of Laconia.

Among the out-of-town newspaper men present were Editor S. H. Robie of the Chelsea, Mass., *Evening Record*, Owen Flanders of the *Boston Post*, H. C. Pearson of the *Concord Monitor*, Edward J. Gallagher of the *Concord Patriot* and Editor Olin H. Chase of the *Newport Republican Champion*.

The officers of the Daniel Webster Birth Place Association are President, William E. Chandler.

Vice-Presidents, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons, Clarence E. Carr, F. G. Webster.

Treasurer, John W. Staples.

Clerk, Omar A. Towne.

Trustees, Alvah W. Sulloway, Jacob H. Gallinger, Edward G. Leach, John R. Eastman,* Augustine R. Ayers, F. R. Woodward, Warren F. Daniell,* Frank Proctor and Charles S. Collins.

Franklin Local Committee—Mayor William W. Edwards, chairman, Thomas F. Clifford, secretary; Edward G. Leach, Frank Proctor, Omar A. Towne, John W. Staples, Rev. Alva H. Morrill, Rev. Rufus P. Gardner, Hon. Enos K. Sawyer, ex-Mayor Seth W. Jones, Frank R. Woodward, Warren F. Daniell, Jr., Richard W. Sulloway, Augustus B. Sawyer, Councilman Arthur M. Hancock.

The guides included Miss Addie E. Towne, Miss J. Estelle Clifford, Miss Florence Kelley, Miss Louise Kelley, Miss Gladys Webster, Miss Maude Judkins, Fred Durham, Louis Judkins, Carl H. Prescott, Donald Gilchrist, James McDougall and John Holmes.

The messenger boys were Donald Walton, John Shirley, John Partelo and Robert Daniell.

The Daily Patriot.

The *Patriot* of August 28 gave an account of the celebration and published portions of the speeches; adding:

Among those from Concord who attended were Rev. and Mrs. O. C. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morton, Joseph S. Mat-

*Deceased.

thews and family, General Frank S. Streetér, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Moses, William J. Starr, W. D. Chandler and family, H. C. Pearson, J. Irving Holt, E. J. Gallagher, William J. Ahern, Howard Kimball, Major Arthur Chase, William H. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin B. Cross, Frank J. Sulloway, Dr. Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens, Harry J. Brown, George E. Farrand, Attorney-General Tuttle, H. H. Metcalf and James O. Lyford.

The Manchester Union.

FRANKLIN, Aug. 28.—A grand celebration today marked the completion of the task undertaken several months ago by the Webster Birth Place Association to restore to its original likeness the house in which Daniel Webster was born. It is conceded that few, if any, movements of the kind were ever more successfully carried out than the achievement of this Association under the guiding hand of ex-Senator William E. Chandler, president of the organization, and his able coterie of officers.

BUILDING IS RECONSTRUCTED.

The birth-place building had been somewhat dismembered and its original location nearly lost. The Association located the building site, and having a large portion of the house, placed it on the old foundation walls, reconstructed enough new structure from old building material to restore the house to its original size. The material for the fireplace and chimney was also at hand to use in the reconstruction.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE.

Hundreds of the citizens of this state, and big delegations from other states, gathered for the celebration; Governor Felker and his council and staff, President Ernest Fox Nichols and a delegation from the Dartmouth College faculty, and many celebrities from cities and towns of this state and Massachusetts were on hand and several orators of renown contributed brilliant speeches.

SPEECHES BY PROMINENT MEN.

Ex-Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts was the leading speaker of the afternoon. Governor Felker contributed

a fine oration. President Nichols, ex-Governor Pingree of Vermont, ex-Governor N. J. Bachelder of this state, Hon. Clarence E. Carr, vice-president of the Association, Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Boston, and Hon. David Cross of Manchester, also contributed eloquent speeches. Judge Cross of Manchester, whose speech was not on the program and was of an impromptu nature, was one of the best-received of the afternoon.

Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of this city presided in the absence of ex-Senator Chandler, kept away by illness.

A poem written for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor was read by Hon. H. H. Metcalf.

The Boston Globe.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—The celebration today at the birth place of Daniel Webster proved one of the greatest events in the history of Franklin. Fully 5,000 gathered at the restored birth place to listen to the exercises.

Some of New England's most noted men were on the list of speakers, including Samuel D. Felker, President Ernest Fox Nichols of Dartmouth College, ex-Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, ex-Governor Samuel E. Pingree of Vermont and ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder of New Hampshire. The orator of the day was ex-Congressman McCall.

The exercises opened at 10 o'clock with a band concert on the Franklin High School grounds. People had been gathering at the birth place, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from this city, all of the forenoon. At 1 o'clock the band gave a concert at the birth place, a stand having been erected on the top of a hill back of the Webster barn, and at 2 o'clock the exercises proper began.

A large tent had been pitched on the hill and this was packed, while hundreds stood outside. The speakers' stage contained Webster's dining-room table, and by this the addresses were delivered. Also on the platform was the Webster pew, taken many years ago from the Congregational Church in this city.

Then follows an account of the speeches.

The Boston Journal.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—Several thousand people gathered at the birth place of Daniel Webster today to pay honor to his

memory and to observe the formal opening of the restored Webster farmhouse. Commemorative exercises were begun today with addresses by former Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, Governor Samuel D. Felker of New Hampshire and others.

The Webster estate, which covers about one hundred and thirty acres, is situated about two miles west of Franklin. At the time of Webster's birth, January 18, 1782, the house stood in what was then the town of Salisbury. In 1828 Salisbury became a part of Franklin.

Then follows an account of the proceedings.

The Boston Herald.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—Commemorative exercises at the birth place of Daniel Webster, together with the formal opening of the restored Webster farm, were begun today and will be concluded tomorrow.

Several thousand people from neighboring cities and towns in central New Hampshire attended the exercises.

The introductory remarks, which were to have been made by former United States Senator William E. Chandler, were read in his absence by George H. Moses of Concord, while James O. Lyford performed a similar service for United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger.

The principal speakers today were Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons, first vice-president of the Webster Association; Clarence E. Carr, second vice-president, who read many letters, and Governor Samuel D. Felker. Remarks were also made by President Ernest F. Nichols of Dartmouth College and the principal oration was delivered by former Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts.

Congressman McCall said, in part:

Then follows Mr. McCall's speech.

The Boston Herald.

OUR GREATEST SENATOR.

In Franklin, N. H., today, admirers of Daniel Webster will set apart, with appropriate ceremonies, his birth place as a permanent memorial. Samuel W. McCall, whose capacity as a public

speaker is equaled by few present-day statesmen, will deliver the oration. Others of national reputation will contribute to the success of the occasion.

With the flight of time and the changing perspective in which the world holds its great historical characters, Webster still retains several titles to preëminence that seem secure. He remains our greatest senator. Nobody attempts to pay tribute to the upper branch of our national congress as an institution without calling it "the Senate of Webster, Clay, Calhoun," etc. The lists of names appended in such a phrase as this vary with the times, the locality and the point of view, but every list begins with Webster. He thus symbolizes the Senate, at a great period, and one likely to be long considered its greatest period. Steel engravings of the Senate, seen on the walls of public edifices and in private homes, almost invariably picture that body with Webster in action. And yet he was not a long-time senator. He served less than twenty years in all. He held other offices, twice that of secretary of state, in rather acute crises of our politics and history. But few people think of him as our minister of foreign affairs. It is as a great senator that he stands out.

This is because it was in the Senate that Webster found the forum for the exposition of the point of view with which his name will be forever associated. He gave the American people a sense of national unity. To that idea they did not come naturally. An emphasis of the rights of states grew logically out of the individual assertiveness of the revolutionary period. At the opening of the last century we were all, North and South, as occasions invited, more or less reliant on state sovereignty. And we usually referred to our structure of government as a confederacy.

At about the right time Webster came along, and with an imagination which pictured the national aspiration, drilled that into the American people in a series of orations, the stately eloquence of which has rarely been equaled and never excelled. The Washington monument was in building in the great days of Webster. Its memorial blocks, contributed by various states, municipalities and civic bodies, still bear silent testimony to the extraordinary power of the Massachusetts senator over the thought of his time. To the national idea he asked not only the states to subordinate their individual interests, but to it he subordi-

nated his own native intuitions in regard to human slavery. On the altar of the Union he thus placed a great sacrifice.

Dying in 1852, Webster was not permitted to see the land rent in that fratricidal strife which he, better than any other man of his time, had foreseen. But when that struggle came, the national spirit which his eloquence had aroused beat in the hearts of the armies of the Union. Even the great Whig states of the South, because loyal to his teachings, entered into the confederacy reluctantly or not at all. And everywhere that the appeal to the Union arrested the wandering steps of men it was because of that national sentiment which Webster, more than anybody else, had through the years been building up. Verily he was the "Defender of the Constitution."

The Boston Advertiser.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—Commemorative exercises at the birth place of Daniel Webster together with the formal opening of the restored Webster farm took place today.

Several thousand people from neighboring cities and towns in central New Hampshire composed the main portion of the gathering, while the formal exercises included addresses by a number of well-known speakers.

Then follows an account of the proceedings and Congressman McCall's speech under the head "McCall Depicts Webster's Greatness."

The Boston Evening Transcript.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—Commemorative exercises at the birth place of Daniel Webster, together with the formal opening of the restored Webster farm, took place today. Several thousand people from neighboring cities and towns in central New Hampshire composed the main portion of the gathering, while the formal exercises included addresses by a number of well-known speakers.

We publish the whole of the principal address, that of Congressman Samuel W. McCall.

The pious labors which were consummated today in the dedication of the rescued and restored house in which Daniel Webster was born at Franklin, N. H., should receive the reward of national appreciation, for if Webster was a son of New Hampshire he was

the guardian of that conception of American nationality which we all today accept. . . .

The house which is dedicated at Franklin today can have been in its best estate but a typical dwelling of a New England yeoman of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It must derive its impressiveness entirely from associations, scanty as it is in dimensions and bare of architectural attractions. Yet it well may be among the shrines of American pilgrimages, for it is the birthplace of him who did more to shape and fix the political faith of America than any other man between Washington and Lincoln.

The Providence Journal.

"Massachusetts, there she stands!" But the great senator who said this, was born in New Hampshire; and that state does well to claim a part of his fame by setting apart and dedicating his birth place as a permanent memorial. It will be a national shrine, for Daniel Webster belongs to the whole Nation.

The Franklin Journal-Transcript.

The Webster celebration is not a state or city affair. It is something of national importance. Men from all sections of the country have contributed money. The celebration is the conception of Hon. William E. Chandler. Through his large national acquaintance it has been possible to accomplish what a man of more limited influence could not possibly have done. The consummation of the movement is something which will be very gratifying to all admirers of noted men.

The Newport Champion.

The celebration being held at the birth place of Daniel Webster, in Franklin, formerly Salisbury, today has not only a sentimental significance but a moral which is capable of practical application as well. Testimonials to the memory of the dead are practically useful only as they serve as lectures to the living. The possibilities of the life of Webster as a subject for moralizing are almost beyond calculation. But perhaps the most obvious and beneficial lesson taught by his extraordinary life is the degree of existence of possibilities in the surroundings of every American boy who is

mentally and physically sound. Born in an obscure locality and reared in circumstances which to the average boy of today would be classified as in the pale of poverty, with almost no opportunity for youthful education, and forced to seek employment at an early age, he rose, by diligent effort and persistent application, to the position which makes his memory on the present day a subject for reflection.

The exercises at the Daniel Webster birth place celebration at Franklin last week were befitting the occasion, and the occasion demanded something out of the ordinary. The memory of Daniel Webster is one of the precious heritages of New Hampshire, and to keep it alive is one of the duties of the generations to come.

The Nashua Telegraph.

The services commemorating the restoration of Webster's birth place in Franklin were admirably expressive of the veneration of the state. Mr. McCall's depiction was eminently artistic in the high lights in which Webster's characteristics were set forth with such simplicity, felicity and restraint. To re-create the familiar with such an impress of freshness and originality of handling is an essay which is here shown with surpassing success.

From now on the attraction to this old homestead will be unfailing. The birth place of Daniel Webster can never cease to be of moving affection to his countrymen. Another memorial of world-wide interest has been added to the treasures of New Hampshire.

The Keene Sentinel.

The opening of the birth place of Daniel Webster to the public was recently accomplished with a wealth of oratory and eloquence. The restoration of the old house has been brought about by admirers of the great statesman, and the house will be open as a memorial for the use of the public who care to visit it. It is a worthy object, a memorial to the great nationalist and defender of the constitution. He prepared the loyal citizens of our country for the great civil war, although he did not live to see the struggle between the two sections.

The tributes of the speakers and the writers at the memorial exercises were worthy of their themes. Among the best stands that of former Congressman McCall of Massachusetts, eulogist

of Webster at the anniversary exercises at Dartmouth College several years ago.

The Dover Democrat.

That was a great and notable celebration they had at Franklin Thursday in honor of the memory of Daniel Webster, when formal exercises were performed in dedicating the restored birth place of New Hampshire's greatest son. The historical and patriotic speeches were first class and did honor to the man for whose memory they spoke. New Hampshire now has the real thing to show visitors. It may not rival Virginia's Mt. Vernon, or Monticello, but as the years pass, and the men who actually saw Daniel Webster have passed on, this uniquely restored birth place of the greatest orator America has produced will grow more precious with the succeeding years.

The Concord Monitor.

THE RESTORATION A GOOD THING.

It is good to hear that since the dedication of the restored Daniel Webster birth place there are many visitors to it daily and that a large percentage of the motor tourists through the Merrimack valley make the detour of a few miles at Franklin which is necessary to reach the site.

It is good to hear this because it shows that the spirit of veneration is not yet dead among us; that we still hold in respect the great names of our history and are interested in the places connected intimately with their lives and achievements.

It is good to hear this, also, because it shows that far from all of our tourist visitors are chiefly interested in getting over our good roads and incidentally wearing them out, as fast as possible, without much regard for anything but the comparative excellence of the chefs and cuisines at the morning, noon and night stopping places.

Many of the increasing thousands who come to us every spring and summer and autumn are genuinely appreciative of such of the attractions of New Hampshire as are brought to their attention. They admire our magnificent scenery and they take a real interest in our history when they come to know about it.

The restoration of the Daniel Webster birth place, with the

wide publicity which has been given to the good work, has done great service in thus enlightening the public. There are many other ways in which it could and should be further carried on.

To mention but one way, which a local hotel has successfully initiated, the hotels, boarding houses, restaurants, tea rooms, garages and other places visited and patronized by the traveling public should have for distribution printed lists of the sights worth seeing in their immediate vicinity. A party's stay for an hour may thereby in many cases be prolonged for a day or for several days.

And that is what we all should wish and work for—to have our visitors stay with us long and get as well acquainted with us and as interested in us, our people, our state and our history as possible.

The Concord Monitor, August 25, 1913.

The birth place of Daniel Webster is today restored to its original site and its original form, and thus the hopes of those active in this patriotic project are at last realized. The birth place and other buildings on the Webster place are to be held in sacred trust by an incorporated association of public-spirited men of New Hampshire, to be cared for and permanently preserved. To this place, as to a patriotic shrine, coming generations will wend their way, here to learn something of the hardships of the early generations of our nation's history, here see a typical home of that period of frontier life with its privations as well as its dangers. The place and its surroundings will peculiarly illustrate the modest home of by-gone days, where all the domestic virtues were developed and filial and fraternal ties strengthened—and where from the well-conned pages of the Holy Bible was procured, as promised to all who seek, the sought-for light, and from which was generated the warm atmosphere of mutual love and devotion, wherein, as a result, peace as well as high purpose did abound and abide.

It will be a weak and witless man who, coming here, has not spread before him a page of our nation's history that is of inestimable as well as of ever-increasing value—who takes not with him a keener and truer insight into the danger and the struggle of patriotic sires—and comes not away with an appreciation hitherto unknown of the cost if not the value of liberties regulated

by law from ocean to ocean, from lakes to the gulf,—with one common language and one common national aspiration, to wit (as uttered by another homely but no less true American than was here given birth), that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

New England holds within her borders many historic shrines, precious in the sight of every liberty-loving American. Each one in turn awakens memories which excite a thrill in and quicken the beating of every patriotic heart. It thus holds Plymouth Rock and Provincetown. It holds Boston, and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. And this celebration commemo-rates the dedication to the American people for all time of another historic place, to which thoughtful parents will bring their sons and their daughters, here to learn lessons, and from which will be drawn inspirations not suggested by any other place.

The South has its Mount Vernon, made forever sacred by the dust of Washington there reposing. The historic Potomac River lies very close to the heart of the American people, for its waters once reddened by the blood of a bitter Civil War lash the shores of that beautiful estate, in perpetual requiem of this greatest of good men and the best of great men. From that stately mansion of wealth and power, and the nearby place of sepulture, the visitor comes away with his intellect stirred by the high aims faithfully adhered to throughout his marvelous career of opportunity, by reflection upon the wisdom and the wonderful influence upon his associates and contemporaries, and more than ever strengthened in the belief that only by the aid of a kind Providence was this austere man given to bring deliverance to this nation in the germinal period of its existence.

New Hampshire today presents to the Republic a shrine hardly less sacred,—but where not only the intellect but the kindest impulses of the heart are stirred and which, as with Mount Vernon, will grow more precious with each succeeding year; the Republic, whose present form may well be said to be due to the powerful influence and great example of Washington, stands before the world today, higher in honor than ever before in its history, an example to every people of the globe, a light and inspiration to mankind. Not a stripe of its flag has been erased, not a single star has been obscured. This happy condition, pictured by Mr. Webster as no other public man of his day was able to present

it to the American people, is now realized. Love of an inseparable and indissoluble union of the states was with him a passion. Great and powerful and learned and eloquent as he was he inspired the thoughts and aspirations of his time as no other man in any country in the written history of the ages was enabled to do, but at the sacrifice of high ambitions and life-long friendships; at the hazard of losing the love and loyal devotion of life-long adherents throughout the Republic won by a long life of high endeavor and great achievement, he strove hard to avert the on-coming conflict. He truly was a prophet, for he saw into the future with further ken than any other man of his day, a future not far distant—which would not only engulf the nation in civil and fraternal strife, but bring distress and death to almost every home in the land, his own household among the number.

In this present happy condition of a united country, with the blessings of a union which he strove to perpetuate unbroken, and all the greater because of the civil strife now fast fading from memory, its resentments fast becoming obliterated, and with its disturbing cause forever removed, the people of this nation are today able to see the modest habitation restored to its first condition in which was born to humble parents, and where the first lessons in life struggle were learned, a man whose labors, supplementing those of the revered Washington, have placed his memory under the perpetual debt of the American people.

The Concord Monitor.

The fates were kind to the Webster Birth Place Association on Thursday in all respects save one—the single regret being that former Senator William E. Chandler was unable to be present to witness the success which has crowned his efforts in bringing the Association's work to fruition.

Mr. Chandler's preponderant share in the undertaking was fully recognized by all and was fittingly characterized by Chief Justice Parsons in his opening address. It was given further recognition just prior to the reading of Mr. Chandler's prepared address when the Hon. Clarence E. Carr moved that the thanks of the Association and of the audience be sent to Mr. Chandler for his work in behalf of the cause and that the gathering voice

its best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery from the illness which kept Mr. Chandler at home.

A unanimous rising vote carried this motion.

The only speakers not previously announced in the program were two veteran sons of New Hampshire, Judge David Cross of Manchester and the Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Newton, Mass. Their vigorous discourses gave much pleasure to their hearers.

It is seldom that a speaking program of such length sustains itself at so high a level of excellence. The presiding officer, though summoned hastily to take the chair, was most happy both in his opening address and in the brief characterizations with which he presented the several speakers; and they, in turn, whether speaking from preparation or impromptu, took up, with little overlapping of thought, the salient features in the great career which made the celebration possible.

The central feature of the program, of course, was Mr. McCall's oration; and in it he once more, to use Senator Chandler's phrase, "eulogized Mr. Webster and his works with discrimination, power and eloquence."

The attendance was large and representative; and fully met the fondest expectations of the celebration's managers.

Much credit is due to the Franklin committees of arrangement, who planned with admirable forethought to meet all the needs of the occasion. To the Rev. Rufus P. Gardner of the Orphans' Home at Elms Farm, the large audience is especially indebted for the excellent planning which made them so comfortably situated for the long program of oratory and music.

The Concord Monitor.

There is still a chance for all to aid in the good work of preserving the Daniel Webster birth place by joining the Association and contributing to its permanent fund.

Incidentally it may be remarked that Dartmouth College had the splendid representation which was appropriate for it on the Daniel Webster birth place program. President Nichols and that distinguished alumnus, Hon. Samuel W. McCall, were both at their best on the great occasion.

The New York Tribune, August 29, 1913.

DOING HOMAGE TO WEBSTER.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 28.—Exercises celebrating the restoration of the house in which Daniel Webster was born on January 18, 1782, took place today.

The homestead is a small wooden structure, about two and a half miles west of the business district of Franklin, and was fast falling into decay when it was acquired by the Webster Association, which took over the whole Webster estate of about one hundred and thirty acres.

When Webster first saw the light, the home stood in what was then the town of Salisbury, but in 1823 the place was incorporated in the town of Franklin.

Among the speakers today were Governor S. D. Felker and ex-Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts.

The Youth's Companion.

The issue of August 21 has a sketch by Park Pressey of the restored birth place with exquisite pictures of the same, and as it was before restoration when it stood as it had been used for a part of the larger mansion house, also with a picture of the Webster house at Elms Farm.

APPENDIX TO MR. CHANDLER'S REMARKS.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS OF WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, ON THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1889, AT NASHUA, N. H., BEFORE JOHN G. FOSTER POST NO. 7, G. A. R.

[Extracts from Part Relating to History of Slavery.]

It would not be wise, within the limits of this discourse, to attempt to give a history of American slavery. From its feeble inception, and its recognition in the Constitution of 1788, the authors of which instrument did not venture there to call it by its dishonoring name, down to its final destruction, in 1866, by the 13th amendment of that Constitution, an outline of events will suffice for present purposes.

At first slavery assumed somewhat the character of a paternal institution. Its evils were a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It seemed unnatural to America, and our forefathers believed that it would gradually disappear at no distant day. But at last it became the great, overwhelming national evil, the sum of all villainies, dominating all other interests, by reason of the acquisition of the slave regions of Louisiana, and the invention by Eli Whitney of the cotton gin, which caused an increased adaptation of slave labor to the production of the great American staple. Cotton becoming the chief American product for exportation, the South grew rich and prosperous through its culture. Cotton became king. The cotton lords became the wealthiest class in the country.

But wealth was not the only advantage which slavery came to give to the South. It was also soon discovered by the slave-owners that slavery, thus made so profitable, would give them overwhelming political power in the government, such as the framers of the Constitution had not imagined when they provided that in fixing the basis of representation in the Presidential Electoral College and for representatives in the popular branch of the National congress, there should be added to the total white population three fifths of all other persons, meaning the slave population. As the inevitable result the South took control of

the government. A slave aristocracy grew up which dominated the nation with inexorable power. It controlled every congress; it selected all Presidents, it took possession of the supreme court; and when the Northern conscience concerning slavery—found to be thus protected and favored by the Constitution—began to show itself, the slave-owners resisted all attempts to restrict or limit the institution, or to place it where the founders of the Constitution believed it should be placed—in a condition of progress towards final extinction.

The declared policy of the slaveholding interests soon came to be this,—that the slave states should exceed, or at all events equal, the free states, so that there should never be a majority from the free states in the United States senate; and that whenever in the growth of the nation new states should be added to the Union, if the slave states could not be kept in the majority, there should, at least, be admitted a slave state for every free state, so that there should be no opportunity afforded by legislation for weakening slavery in its intrenched position in the National government.

The thirteen original states had arranged themselves seven free, six slave. Louisiana, with slavery, became a state in 1812; and the free and slave states were thus made equal. Thenceforth the slave power took care that new states should come in only in pairs:—Kentucky and Vermont; Tennessee and Ohio; Indiana and Mississippi; Illinois and Alabama; Maine and Missouri (the free states here gaining the Missouri Compromise, dedicating to freedom in the future all the Louisiana purchase, except Missouri, north of 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude); Arkansas and Michigan; Florida and Iowa. When Mr. Polk became President, fifteen states had been admitted—eight slave and seven free; and the states were twenty-eight in number—free fourteen, slave fourteen. Next the Mexican War, unjustifiably waged to enlarge the area of slavery, gave to the Union the slave state of Texas; but the free state of Wisconsin was close at the door and kept the balance even.

But in proportion as slavery, through the facilities which it afforded for acquiring wealth, and through the political power which it gave to ambitious men, strengthened its hold upon the South and the nation; so hatred of slavery, based upon its inhuman and unchristian character, grew stronger at the North.

Widespread agitation began; the privilege of free speech was fully exercised; and that great anti-slavery conflict ensued, the accounts of which must form the greater part of our history during our first hundred years; and this conflict, from the very constitution of human nature, could end only in the destruction of slavery or in its complete and overwhelming ascendancy in the nation.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward are both recorded as having said that it was impossible that this country could long exist half slave and half free. At Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, Mr. Lincoln said,—“A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all another. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

At Rochester, New York, October 25, 1858, Mr. Seward said,—“It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation, or entirely a free labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise only, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men.”

In 1850 the contest over slavery assumed such proportions and such bitterness that good men of all parties found their fears lest there should be a dissolution of the Union reaching a culminating point. As a result of this crisis of fear the compromise measures of that year were adopted, and during the presidential canvass of 1852 both political parties of the country acquiesced in them, and declared them to be final and perpetual. But the result of the election of 1852, when a pro-slavery president was chosen

from New Hampshire, indicated to the slave interests that the Northern people, in their fears that the slavery conflict would bring a dissolution of the Union, would submit to almost any measure for the protection of slavery which might be demanded by its advocates. The compromises of 1850 had also proved unsatisfactory to the South. Although it had obtained the passage of a fugitive slave law, it had been compelled to consent to the admission of the free state of California, which had suddenly through the discovery of gold sprung into being as a great and prosperous commonwealth, and this admission, without that of any counterbalancing slave state, had at last broken the Southern scheme and made the Union of states one containing sixteen free states to fifteen slave states.

From these two conditions—the belief that the North would submit to every demand of slavery, and the dissatisfaction of the South because it had lost the balance of power—came the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which repeal, it was absurdly contended, was a legitimate outcome of the compromises of 1850, whereas it was in fact an absolute violation and destruction of those measures, and opened up to slavery a vast and fertile territory which under the Missouri Compromise had been forever consecrated to liberty and to free institutions.

In aid of the new Southern demand came the Dred Scott Decision, in which the Supreme Court asserted a principle never before seriously contended for by the South, that slavery instead of being an exceptional and local institution was entitled to be universal and national, and that the slave-owner had a right to take and hold his slaves in all the territories of the Union. With this reopening of the anti-slavery struggle, came the memorable conflict on the plains of Kansas to decide whether that territory should become another free state, to give to freedom two majority of the states, or whether it should be wrested from freedom and admitted as a slave state under the Lecompton constitution, to make the slave states again equal in number to the free states.

In this momentous contest the North and freedom triumphed. The dark tide of slavery which had swept from Missouri over the Kansas border, was driven back; free state settlers from New England controlled Kansas, and thwarted all attempts of the slave power to organize its government. The issue, which had become the absorbing national question, was taken into the

presidential election of 1860. The Republican party, which had been formed to resist slavery extension, nominated Mr. Lincoln. The Democratic party broke into two fragments, and Mr. Lincoln was elected President. This election of Mr. Lincoln certainly gave no just cause for war, but the South saw in the result the defeat of their plans for slavery extension, and the destruction of their method of protection for slavery. They determined to resist the new administration facing toward freedom: they organized a Southern Confederacy based on slavery: and thus came our great conflict, a battle on the one side for the dissolution of the Union in order to secure the extension into free territory of the crime of human slavery, and on the other side a contest for the restriction of slavery within its existing limits, the consecration to freedom of all the great unorganized territories of the United States, and the ascendancy of freedom in America through the maintenance unbroken of the Constitution and the Union. Thus it clearly appears that the war was on account of slavery, and did not arise from any other cause.

[Following this page is a fac simile of the poem written for the occasion by Miss Edna Dean Proctor]

Dawn & Melancholy

At his birthplace, Medina Bay (Tremontina)
New Hampshire, August 28, 1919.

How can he come that way? he said to
the River, the Ocean,
that bears his sandiest accents, the sand around
his sandiest dreams!
A place it is for pilgrimage — for quietude
to shine
A name and fame whose grandeur will
never know decline;
And with him and every man and
woman accord,
For his greatness and his silence are always

and promises the land.

From his own rearrange and rearrange to
plant a down of snow,
From Superminus pines to the tropic Gulf where
the palms and the orange groves,
Are covered in canes and in dreams behind the
splendor of the pine -
A mighty nation, nobly downward from a
destiny sublime;

Another stroke toward the States in one night a
strength no power could answer,
and the cry of his people was, Liberty and Union,
now and forever.

We think of him as a mountain peak that
covers all the sea,
where sunshines gather and lightnings flash and
all the winds blow free;
And his voice comes back like the swelling chant
within some minister old,
that floods the nave and thunders the aisles and
dies in a silence of gold!
So lofty his experience, grand his view, had he

4

The listening, enduring things had thought
great years come down to reign;
For beneath the dome, or in stately beller,
Despised the brants of men
As the Conches are despised by the washing wind that
Sculps the wood and green —
As the earth is swayed by the primal fires that
Burn beyond our ken.
And when no proper availed earth
To shield a stranger to shore,
His form glowed in the flag, abject and worn
Each Northern green,
And above the roar of battle and the rage of
wind snatched.

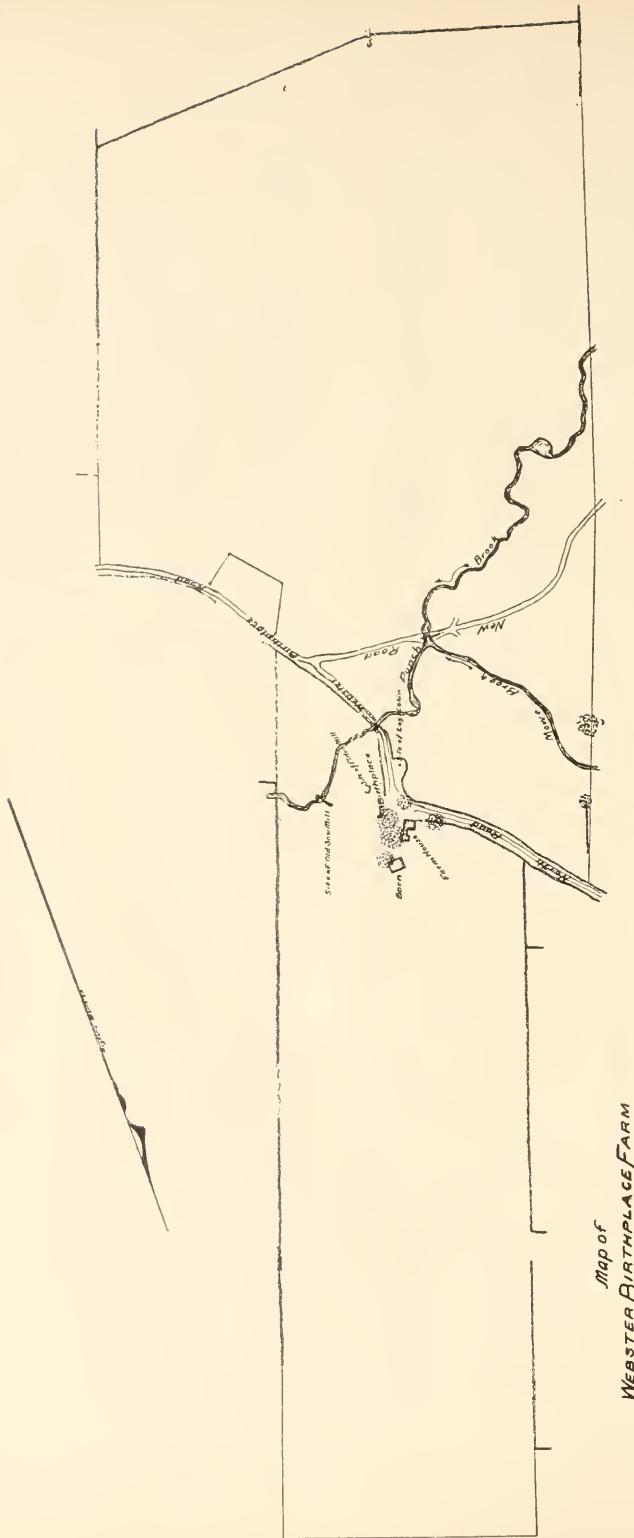
This day still echoes, Liberty and Union, now
and forever.

—
Do we look alone at thy surrounding them
when the crimson wave sweeps high?
Do we hear but the one descendant note on the
symphony rolls by?
The clouds on his grave are like morning
mist in the path of the sun. onward sun,
Thou glorious, deathless words will shine
down the years with a light divine till dreams
and shadows are gone!
And whatever ended has gained him it will be

a bower to him
That the Union lies, dependent, not one
Star lost or dim.

Hail to the lion That scared him! Hail to the
Pillars, the steeds,
That bound his earliest accents, that shamed his
earliest dream!
And when the skies unfold their orange and the
meadows Merrimack river,
From sea to strand our watchword be
No patriotic bent - ery, Liberty and Union, now
and forever.

Edmund Dene Postleth

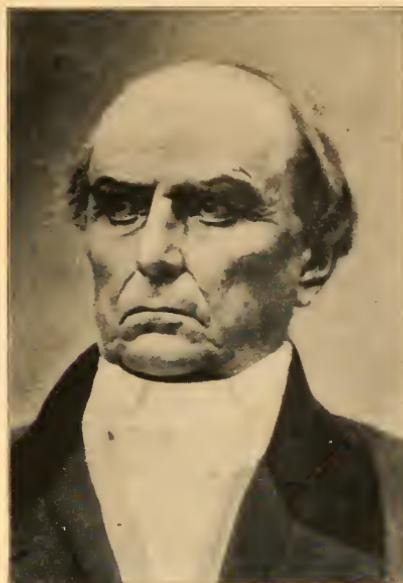


*Map of
WEBSTER BIRTHPLACE FARM
in
Franklin N.H.*

2

THE WEBSTER BIRTH PLACE ASSOCIATION.

OF FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



As will be seen by visitors the large dwelling-house, barn and other buildings are out of repair. Urgent repairs have been made upon them, but much yet remains to be done. The grounds and approaches also call for expenditure beyond the present resources of the Association.

The legislature of New Hampshire at its late session voted aid to the extent of \$1500, and exempted the property from taxation.

The only source of future income will be fees of members and donations. The fees have been fixed as follows:

Life membership, \$100,—with no liability for future dues.

Active membership, \$10,—with only such future gifts as may hereafter be voluntarily paid.

It has been the hope that generous and public-spirited admirers of Mr. Webster, especially from his native State of New Hampshire, would respond by donations. It is desired to raise not less than \$20,000 for the purposes above indicated,—as well as for appropriate and permanent care of the property. The officers of the Association will make public annual reports of all receipts and expenditures,—and also make acknowledgment of all moneys received from every source.

The undersigned have been appointed a committee to solicit new members and contributions. We seek as many life members and donations as we can obtain, but are exceedingly desirous of having as annual members those friends who feel that they cannot afford, or do not care to become life members, and we are much in immediate need of such \$10 memberships as they may be willing to use as their method of now making such contributions even without continuing their memberships. Under the by-laws no one can be made liable for any future payment without his express prior consent. Applications for memberships, with checks, may be sent to the Treasurer, Dr. John W. Staples, Franklin, N. H., or remittances may be made to any one of the undersigned:

ALVAH W. SULLOWAY, Franklin,	}	Committee on Membership.
EDWARD G. LEACH, Franklin,		
CLARENCE E. CARR, Andover,		
JACOB H. GALLINGER, Concord,		
WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Concord,		

October 11, 1913.



THE RESTORED BIRTH PLACE HOUSE.
Photograph by Hon. George B. Leighton, Monadnock, N. H.



THE LARGER MANSION HOUSE.
Photograph by Hon. George B. Leighton, Monadnock, N. H.



Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

THIRTY YEARS OF PREPARATION.

WEBSTER'S FATHER.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, when New Hampshire was a royal province, when the frontier of civilization had not been pushed farther up the Merrimac than Concord, when the French still held the Mississippi valley, the Great Lakes, and the river St. Lawrence, and were about to build their forts at the headwaters of the Alleghany, when events were hurrying on the seven years' struggle that was to settle once and for all who should rule America, a band of hardy pioneers took up land under patent, and, in the heart of the forest, some eighteen miles north of Concord, laid the foundation of Major Stevens's town.

The venture was scarcely started when the storm of war burst upon the country, and not until the victory on the Plains of Abraham gave peace and quiet to the frontier did Stevenstown, soon renamed Salisbury, begin to thrive. Another band of back-woodsmen then made it their home, and among these was a young Indian-fighter of four-and-twenty, Ebenezer Webster. He came of a race of commonwealth-builders who, for a century past, had lived and fought on the soil of New Hampshire, and was himself a splendid type of sturdy and vigorous manhood. Born at Kingston, his youth was passed in the exciting times of King George's War, when the French and Indians were harrying the frontier, and when all New England rang with joy over the capture of the fortress of Louisburg. He was fifteen when the surrender of Fort Necessity opened the Seven Years' War in serious earnest, and before it ended he saw service that was no child's play in a famous corps known as Rogers' Rangers.

The war over, Ebenezer Webster came back to the settlements, selected Stevens-

town as his future home, took up land, and built a log cabin, to which, a year later, he brought a wife. The town was then on the very edge of the frontier, and as his cabin was farther north than any other, not a habitation save those of the red man lay between him and Canada. In this wilderness home five children were born before the mother died, after ten years of wedded life, and the father brought to it as his second wife Abigail Eastman.

Wringing a livelihood from such a soil in such a climate was hard enough at any time, but the task was now made more difficult still by the opening of the long struggle between the colonies and the mother-country, and the constant demand on his time for services, both civil and military. Now we see him, after the fights at Concord and Lexington, hurrying at the head of his company to join the forces around Boston; now home again to serve as delegate to the convention which framed the first constitution of New Hampshire. Now we see him, a true minuteman, resigning his captaincy and hastening to serve under Washington, in an hour of dire need at White Plains; then home again to become a member of a committee to prevent forestalling and to regulate the prices of commodities. Now we behold him at the head of seventy men pushing through the wilderness for the relief of Ticonderoga; now returning when he hears of the evacuation of the fort, and reaching home just in time to lead back another band that fought gallantly at Bennington. Once again at home we find him at the head of more committees to regulate prices, to enlist the town's quota for the Continental army, and finally in command of four companies raised to aid in the defense of West Point. Public services of such various sorts bespeak a man with a will not easily bent, with a capacity

to do equal to any emergency, with a patriotism rising above all considerations of self; a man courageous, resourceful, self-reliant, and commanding the entire confidence and respect of his fellows.

By the time Cornwallis surrendered and the fighting ended, three more children had been added to the little flock. The log cabin had now become too small, and a farm-house was built near by. It was the typical New England farm-house of the day—one story high, clapboarded, with the chimney in the center, the door in the middle of the south side, four rooms on the ground floor, and a lean-to in the rear for a kitchen; and in this house, on January 18, 1782, another son was born, and named Daniel.

When the child was a year and more old the parents moved to the banks of the Merrimac, to Elms Farm, a place of some local interest, for on it, within a cabin whose site was plainly visible in Webster's day, had been perpetrated one of the many Indian massacres that make up so much of frontier history, and near this had stood one of the last of the forts built to protect the inhabitants of Salisbury and the neighboring towns against the savages.

THE BOY WEBSTER.

As the boy grew in years and stature his life was powerfully affected by the facts that he was the youngest son and ninth child in a family of ten; that his health was far from good; that he showed tastes and mental traits that stood out in marked contrast with those of his brothers and sisters; and that he was, from infancy, the pet of the family. Such daily work as a farmer's lad was then made to do was not for him. Yet he was expected to do something, and might have been seen barefooted, in frock and trousers, astride of the horse that dragged the plow between the rows of corn, or raking hay, or binding the wheat the reapers cut, or following the cows to pasture in the morning and home again at night, or tending logs in his father's sawmill. When such work was to be done it was his custom to take a book along, set the log, hoist the gates, and while the saw passed slowly through the tree-trunk, an operation which, in those days, consumed some twenty minutes, he would settle himself comfortably and read.

He was taught to read, he tells us, by his mother and sister at so early an age that he never knew the time when he could not pe-

ruse the Bible with ease. With this humble beginning, his further education was intrusted to the village schoolmaster. The town of Salisbury was then so divided for school purposes that the district in which Webster lived stretched away from the Merrimac River to the hills several miles off, and had within it three rude log school-houses. One stood near the river-bank, another was on the old North Road, and the third in the west end of the township. So little was there attractive in this backwoods community that the wandering schoolmaster seems never to have visited it, and his place was filled by some humble resident who added to the profits of his farm or his store by keeping the district schools, teaching spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic for a few weeks each year, and receiving in return the pittance of a few dollars. It was in the shop kept by one of these teachers that Daniel, while still a mere child, first beheld a copy of the Federal Constitution, printed with gorgeous adornment on a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Attracted probably by the eagle, the flags, and the brilliant coloring, he bought the handkerchief, read the text, and "from this," says he, "I learned either that there was a constitution or that there were thirteen States."

Most parents were then content to send their boys and girls when school was kept in the house nearest to their homes. But the father of Daniel was determined to give his son the best education the land afforded, so he was made to follow the master from place to place. When school was held in the middle house, but a few miles off, he walked to and fro each day; when at the western end of the district, Daniel was boarded out in some family near by. When no schooling was to be had the boy roamed the woods and fields with a rough old British sailor who taught him to row and to fish, and filled his head with stories of bloody fights and strange adventures on land and sea. For Jack had served under Admiral Byng in the Mediterranean; had deserted from the garrison at Gibraltar; had wandered through Spain, France, and Holland; had been arrested and sent back to the army; had fought at Meriden; had come over to Boston with Gage; had thrice marched up Bunker Hill on the ever-memorable day in June; had deserted to the Continentals; had enlisted in a New Hampshire regiment, and, the war over, had built a little cabin on one corner of the Elms Farm.

In 1791, when Daniel had just turned nine,



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

WEBSTER READING IN THE SAWMILL.

a new honor which deeply affected his later career came to his father. The many evidences of confidence and esteem a grateful community had bestowed on Ebenezer Webster in the dark days of the Revolution did not cease with the war. The leader in strife remained a leader in peace, was sent year after year first to one and then to the other branch of the Assembly, was a delegate to the convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, and finally, in 1791, was placed

on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which he resided. These courts were composed of a presiding judge, always an able lawyer, and two side justices, usually laymen of hard common sense and sterling integrity; and it was to one of these side justiceships that Ebenezer Webster was appointed. The office was one of honor and dignity, and carried with it an annual salary of several hundred dollars, just enough to enable the father to go on with his long-

meditated plan for the education of Daniel.

Of his five sons, Ebenezer, David, and Joseph had grown to manhood, were settled in life, and long past the school age. To educate the two remaining, Ezekiel and Daniel, was beyond his means. But if his longing to see at least one son rise above the humble calling of a farmer was to be gratified, it must be one of these, and to choose which cost the father a



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SECOND ACADEMY BUILDING, PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY, AS IT STOOD WHEN ATTENDED BY DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1796.

When he was gone my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a haycock. He said: ‘My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his education I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.’ ‘My dear father,’ said I, ‘you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and we will wear our hands out, and you shall rest.’ And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. ‘My child,’ said he, ‘it is of



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

“WEBSTER'S HOUSE,” DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, WHERE DANIEL WEBSTER ROOMED WHEN A STUDENT.

bitter struggle. He met it with the unfaltering courage which marked the man, made his decision, and one day in 1795 announced his determination. “On a hot day in July,” said Webster, describing the scene many years later, “it must have been in one of the last years of Washington’s administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm-tree. About the middle of the forenoon the Hon. Abiel Foster, M.C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house and came into the field to see my father,



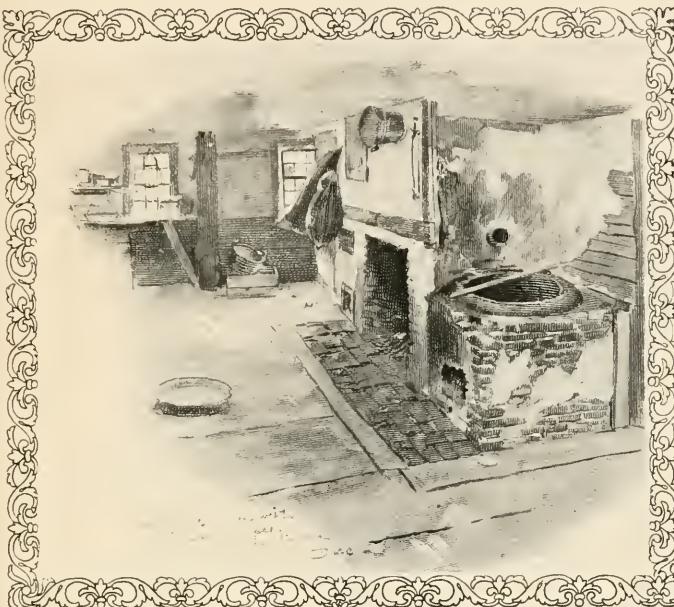
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOUSE IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

doctor, we are told, to conduct the examination of applicants with pompous ceremony, and that, imitating him, young Buckminster summoned Webster to his presence, put on his hat, and said, "Well, sir, what is your age?" "Fourteen," was the reply. "Take this Bible, my lad, and read that chapter." The passage given him was St. Luke's dramatic

description of the conspiring of Judas with the chief priests and scribes, of the Last Supper, of the betrayal by Judas, of the three denials of Peter, and of the scene in the house of the high priest. But young Webster was equal to the test, and read the whole passage to the end in a voice and with a fervor such as Master Buckminster had never listened to before. "Young man," said he, "you are qualified to enter this institution," and no more questions were put by him. The voice and manner so famous in later life were



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

ROOM IN WHICH DANIEL WEBSTER WAS BORN, SALISBURY, N. H.
(PRESENT CONDITION.)

EDUCATION.

ALMOST a year passed, however, before the plan so long cherished was fairly started, and Daniel, dressed in a brand-new home-made suit and astride a side-saddle, rode with his father to Exeter to be entered at the famous academy founded by John Phillips. The principal then and forty years thereafter was Dr. Benjamin Abbot, one of the greatest teachers our country has yet produced. As the doctor was ill, the duty of examining the new pupil fell to Joseph Buckminster, then an usher at the academy, but destined to influence strongly the religious life of New England. It was the custom of the



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALFTONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ELMS FARM, TWO MILES FROM FRANKLIN, N. H., WEBSTER'S HOME AS A CHILD.

S. Buckminster, even then strikingly manifest. But one other gift of nature still lay dormant—he could not declaim. Long after he had become the greatest orator of the day he said to a friend:

"I could not speak before the school. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse in my room over and over again, but when the day came, and the schoolmaster called my name, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

His stay at the academy was short. At the close of the year he was home again, teaching a small class of boys and girls at his uncle's house on the North Road, and while so engaged he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Samuel Wood, minister at Boscombe, some six miles from Salisbury. But Dr. Wood was more than a minister: he was an educator, and in the course of a pastorate covering nearly half a century taught in his own house, often without remuneration and sometimes at the cost of board and lodgings, one hundred and fifty-five young men. That so promising a lad as Webster should be cut short in his school career seemed a pity, and arming himself with the testimony of Dr. Abbot, he went to Colonel Webster, said what he thought, urged that the boy be sent to college, and offered to fit him. Nothing was closer to the father's heart, and the next few months were spent in the house of Dr. Wood.

The doctor took charge of his Latin; a young senior from Dartmouth taught him some Greek; and in August, 1797, Webster became a freshman in Dartmouth College, more through the influence of Trustee Wood than by merit. He had now reached a turning-point in his career. Save during the nine months spent at Phillips Exeter, he had never been so far from home, had never been so completely thrown on his own resources, nor brought in close contact with so many young men of his own age and generation. He was free to make of himself what he pleased, and acted accordingly, following the path of least resistance. Greek and mathematics he disliked and shunned; but he read widely in English literature and in history, acquired Latin and with Latin anything once acquired, was in no sense a student or a scholar, but became the best-informed man in college, and impressed all who met him as a youth of uncommon parts, with promise of being a great man. "So much as I read," says he, "I made my own. When a half-hour, or one hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought over what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect



HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY PETERAITKEN, FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE
PRESENTED TO MISS GRACE FLETCHER (AFTERWARD MRS. WEBSTER) BY MR.
WEBSTER. LENT BY MRS. ETTA LINCOLN PIERCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A YOUNG MAN.



HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY R. C. COLLINS, FROM SILHOUETTE IN THE
COLLECTION OF MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

WEBSTER'S MOTHER.

which I had read something, I could talk very easily so far as I had read, and there I was very careful to stop."

WEBSTER'S FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY ADDRESS.

As time passed, this wide reading stood him in good stead, and for a year he paid his

people of Hanover were casting about for an orator to speak to them on the Fourth of July, 1800, they turned with one accord to young Webster.

Judged by the side of his later efforts, the oration delivered on that day was indeed a weak and school-boy production. Yet it is not beneath the vast mass of patriotic



FROM THE PAINTING BY C. HARDING IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

GRACE FLETCHER (MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER).

board by aiding in editing a weekly newspaper for which he made selections from books and contemporary publications, now and then writing a few paragraphs himself. Nor were his physical characteristics less striking. College mates never forgot his deep-set eyes, the solemn tones of his voice, the dignity of his carriage, and, above all, his eloquence. The old shyness that tormented him so at the academy was gone. At last the greatest of his natural gifts was developing rapidly and was used freely. At first his audience was the Society of the United Fraternity; but his fame spread, and when the

speeches to which our forefathers gladly listened, on fast-days and Thanksgiving days, on the 22d of every February and the 4th of every July, and it richly deserved the honor of publication.

There is plenty of that sort of rhetoric, which was the fashion of the day, and without which any speech, in the opinion of the crowd, would have been but a poor affair. Washington was the man who "never felt a wound but when it pierced his country, who never groaned but when fair freedom bled." Napoleon is "the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt, who will never dictate terms to sov-

ereign America." Great Britain is "haughty Albion." Columbia is now seated "in the forum of the nations, and the empires of the world are amazed at the bright effulgence of her glory." The cannon of our navy is to "fulminate destruction on Frenchmen till the ocean is crimsoned with blood and gorged with pirates." But the bombast detracts in no wise from our interest in the speech. On

from the people, their only origin, and directed to the public good, their only proper object." It was the people of these States "who engaged in the transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approach toward human perfection the political world ever yet witnessed, and which, perhaps, will forever stand in the history of mankind without a parallel."



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. TRUMBULL IN THE HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

CHRISTOPHER GORE.

that day, for the first time in his life, Webster spoke to a popular audience, and to the political doctrine then announced he ever remained faithful. Love of country, devotion to the Union, the grandeur of the Constitution, and the blessings of a free government administered by the people, made his theme. No question of State rights troubled him. "In the adoption of our present systems of jurisprudence," said he, "we see the powers necessary for government voluntarily flowing

This was rank federalism; but that the lad should be a Federalist was inevitable. He had been reared at the knee of a man who had fought and toiled and spent his substance in the struggle for independence, who followed the leadership of Washington in peace with the same unfaltering loyalty that he had followed it in war, and had received from his father a political creed of no uncertain kind. Since coming to years of discretion nothing had occurred to weaken,

but much to strengthen, the belief so inherited. He had seen a foreign power meddling in our domestic affairs, had read the letter in which Adet threatened the vengeance of France if Mr. Jefferson were not elected, and had since beheld that insolent threat made good. He had seen our minister to the French republic rejected, the X. Y. Z. commissioners insulted, and the whole country roused to indignation and ringing with

All these things, in his opinion, took place because a large part of his countrymen had been deaf to the advice of Washington, had quit their own to stand on foreign ground, and had formed in America a party warmly devoted to France. "But why," he asked, "shall every quarrel on the other side of the Atlantic interest us in its issue? Why shall the rise or depression of every party there produce here a corresponding vibration?

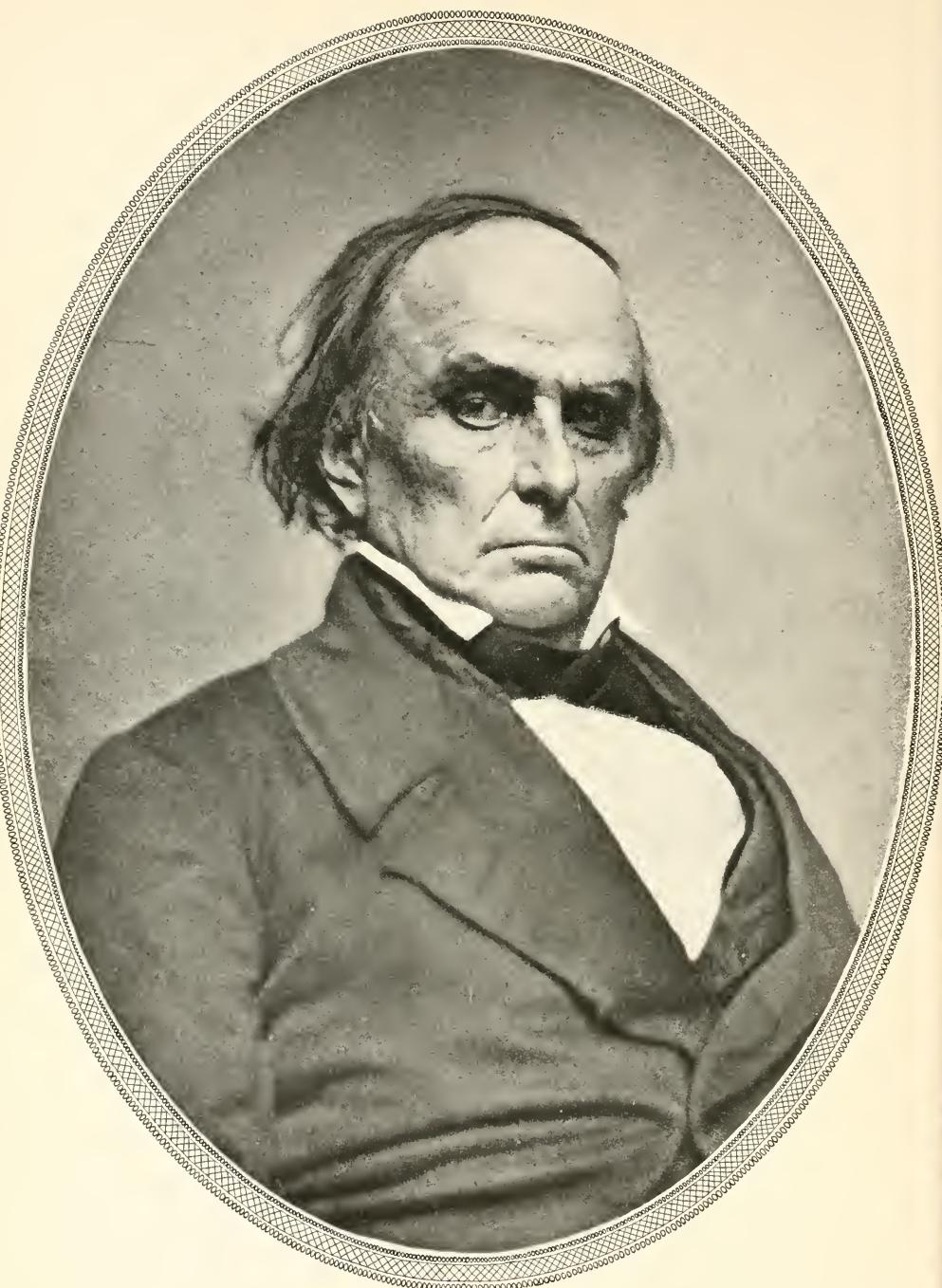


FROM THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHE BY S. G. PUTNAM.

REV. JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER.

the cry: "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute." He had seen a provisional army raised and Washington put in command; he had seen the young men associate for defense, and the old men once again mount the black cockade of the Revolution, as an open defiance to those who, to their shame, wore the tricolor of France; he had seen seaport after seaport arm and equip a vessel of war, and had beheld the little navy so created triumph over every foe and bring France at last to reason.

Was this continent designed as a mere satellite to the other? Has not nature here wrought all operations on her broadest scale? The natural superiority of America clearly indicates that it was designed to be inhabited by a nobler race of men, possessing a superior form of government, superior patriotism, superior talents, and superior virtues. Let, then, the nations of the East muster their strength in destroying each other. Let them aspire to conquest and contend for dominion till their continent is del-



FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY HARRY DAVIDSON

David Weller

uged in blood. But let none, however elated by victory, however proud of triumph, ever presume to intrude on the neutral position assumed by our country." A little later these ideas found expression in the Monroe Doctrine.

STUDIES LAW AND TEACHES.

THE year after his Hanover speech Webster was graduated from Dartmouth, went back to his father's farm, and began the study of law in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, where, six years before, as a barefoot urchin of thirteen, he had served as office-boy and told the clients when they called where Mr. Thompson was to be found. There he read Vattel, Montesquieu, and Blackstone, the histories of Robertson and Hume, and was deep in the plays of Shakespeare and the poetry of Milton, Cowper, and Pope, when his studies were suddenly cut short by the dire need of money. Yielding to his earnest pleadings, his father, who indeed "lived but for his children," had consented that Ezekiel should have the same chance in the world that had been given to him, and the lad had entered Dartmouth College. But the family treasury was empty. Money must be had, and to get it Daniel once more became a teacher, accepted the charge of an academy, and having purchased a horse and stuffed his saddle-bags with clothes and books, rode across country to the little town of Fryeburg, Maine. His salary was to be three hundred and fifty dollars a year; but the county register, with whom he boarded, gave him the work of copying deeds sent to be recorded, and so enabled him to earn a trifle more. Of a long winter's evening he could copy two deeds, for which he was paid fifty cents. "Four evenings in a week," says he, "I earned two dollars, and two dollars a week paid my board." But it did more: it enabled him to save every cent of salary, and at the end of the first quarter he rode across the hills to Hanover and put all of it into the hands of his brother for college expenses.

After teaching for nine months at Fryeburg, Webster went back to the study of law at Salisbury. The academy trustees would gladly have retained him, and offered twice the old salary, a house and a plot of ground; but his father's wish prevailed, and he was soon back again in the office of Mr. Thompson, struggling with poverty, eager for a wider field of action, and longing for the day to come when some "miracle," as he said, would enable him to finish his studies

in Boston. Tired of waiting for this miracle, he finally took the matter into his own hands and went to Boston in search of employment for Ezekiel and himself. Save an old college mate then conducting a private school, he knew not a soul in the city. But it so happened that this friend had just secured a position in one of the public schools, and now offered his own to Ezekiel. The offer was accepted, and, with the money the school produced, Ezekiel was enabled to help Daniel finish his study of law in Boston.

A TURNING-POINT IN HIS CAREER.

ONCE there he set off, without friends or even letters of introduction, to find an office in which to study. The youth who had given his school to Ezekiel went along, and in the course of their search they presented themselves one day to Mr. Christopher Gore, told him that Webster was from the country, had studied law, had come to Boston to work, not to play, was most desirous to be his pupil, and asked that a place be kept for him till letters could be had from New Hampshire. Impressed by the presence and seriousness of the unknown youth, Mr. Gore talked with Webster awhile, and when he was about to go said: "You look as though you might be trusted. You say you come to study, not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may hang up your hat at once and write at your convenience to New Hampshire for your letters." Describing the scene in a letter, Webster declares that when he was introduced by his friend, who was as much a stranger as he to Mr. Gore, his name was pronounced indistinctly, and that he was a week in the office before Mr. Gore knew what to call him. "This," he said, "I call setting out in the world. But I most devoutly hope that I shall never have to set out again."

The acquaintance thus begun fast ripened into a friendship, of which Mr. Gore soon gave a signal proof. The clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Ebenezer Webster was a side justice, having died, the chief justice promptly tendered the office to Daniel. The place yielded, in fees, some fifteen hundred dollars a year, a sum sufficient to enable him to raise the load of family debt, make his father's last days comfortable, be independent, help Ezekiel, and in time lift the mortgage on the farm. Overjoyed at such good fortune, he hurried with the news to Mr. Gore, who astonished him with the remark, "You don't mean to accept it,

surely." "I told him," says Webster, "as soon as I could speak, that I had no thought of anything else. 'Well,' said he, 'you must decide for yourself; but come, sit down, and let us talk it over. The office is worth fifteen hundred dollars a year, you say. Well, it will never be worth any more. Ten to one if they find out it is so much, the fees will be reduced. You are appointed now by friends; others may fill their places who are of different opinions, and who have friends of their own to provide for. You will lose your place; or, supposing you do retain it, what are you but a clerk for life? Go on, and finish your studies; you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on no man's favor. What bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence.'

Webster had now reached another turning-point in his career. The temptation to accept the clerkship was great. "Here," said he, "was present comfort, competency, and, I may even say, riches, as I then viewed things, all ready to be enjoyed, and I was called upon to reject them for the uncertain and distant prospect of professional success." But the advice of Mr. Gore was sound, and was taken, to the bitter regret of the father, whose heart was set on seeing his son clerk of the court. He had long had the office in view for Daniel; to disappoint him was hard, but it had to be done, and Webster with a heavy heart went home to do it. "I got home," he said, when describing the scene in after years, "one afternoon just after sunset, and saw my father in his little room sitting in his arm-chair. He was pretty old then. His face was pale and his cheeks sunken, and his eyes, which were always very large and black, seemed larger and blacker than I ever saw them. He seemed glad to see me, and almost as soon as I sat down he said: 'Well, Daniel, we have got that office for you.' 'Yes, father,' said I. 'The gentlemen were very kind. I must go and thank them.' 'They gave it to you without my saying a word about it.' 'I must go and see Judge Farrar, and tell him I am much obliged to him.' And so I talked about it very carelessly, and tried to make my father understand me. At last he began to have some suspicion of what I meant, and he straightened himself up in his chair, and looked at me as though he would look me through. 'Daniel, Daniel,' said he, 'don't you mean to take that office?' 'No, indeed, father,' said I; 'I hope I can do better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an orator, not a register of

other men's acts.' For a moment I thought he was angry. He looked at me for as much as a minute, and then said very slowly: 'Well, my son, your mother has always said you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her.'

Having thus announced his purpose to be a lawyer, not a clerk, Webster went back to the office of Mr. Gore, was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas in Boston in March, 1815, and opened an office in the little town of Boscowen, hard by Elms Farm, that he might be near his father. There he lived for two years and more, built up a small practice in the three neighboring counties, found plenty of time to read and study, added still more to his reputation as a public speaker, and wrote a couple of essays for the "Monthly Anthology," a Boston magazine from which the present "North American Review" is descended.

AT THE BAR.

CONCERNING his work as a lawyer, innumerable traditions have come down to us. One presents him as arguing his first case before the court of which his father was a judge. Another pictures him as pleading a cause so ably before the chief justice that his Honor remarked, on leaving the court-house, that he had "never before met such a young man as that." A third recalls a famous murder trial in the course of which Webster astonished all present by his deep insight into the workings of the human mind, and depicted the infirmities of human nature with such eloquence that the jury and the bystanders were moved to tears. These tales were told long after Mr. Webster had become famous, and are to be treated accordingly. That he was a good lawyer with a steadily growing practice, was an effective public speaker, and had won no little local fame before removing to Portsmouth, is all that is certain.

This removal took place in 1807. His father was then dead, and feeling no longer bound to waste his energies on the petty business of a country attorney, Daniel made over his office to Ezekiel, and during nine years was a citizen in the great seaport and chief town of New Hampshire. While living in Portsmouth he married Miss Grace Fletcher, who became the mother of his four children: a daughter, Grace, who died while a girl; a son, Daniel Fletcher; a daughter, Julia; and a son, Edward, who died of disease in the Mexican War.

From a business standpoint the change was most fortunate. The cases that came to him were far more important than any in Boscowen. They brought him in contact with the great lawyers of the State, called forth his best efforts, and made him more widely known. At Boscowen and Salisbury he was by far the most eloquent speaker, the ablest lawyer, the brightest young man in the community, and had very naturally formed an estimate of himself which neither his years nor his experience justified. But at Portsmouth he soon found himself contending with lawyers who could and did teach him much that he had the good sense to learn.

A story is told of an early encounter with William Plumer, then a senator from New Hampshire, and one of the best lawyers in the State, which well illustrates Webster's youthful manner. In the course of an argument Mr. Plumer cited a few lines from a book called "Peake's Law of Evidence," whereupon Webster scoffed at the passage as bad law, ridiculed the book as a wretched compilation, and throwing it down upon the table, exclaimed: "So much for Mr. Thomas Peake's compendium of the Law of Evidence." But Mr. Plumer, not at all abashed, quietly produced a volume of reports, read from it the despised passage, and informed the court that it was taken word for word from one of Lord Mansfield's decisions.

The man who at this time influenced Webster most powerfully was Jeremiah Mason, one of the greatest masters of common law our country has produced. "If anybody," said he, "should think I was somewhat familiar with the law on some points, and should be curious enough to desire to know how it happened, tell him that Jeremiah Mason compelled me to study it. He was my master." No man then practising at the New Hampshire bar was such a "cause-getter," and this success, as Webster was shrewd enough to see, was due quite as much to a plain and simple manner of speech as to knowledge of the law. Everything which made up what then passed for oratory was wanting. No figures of speech, no sounding sentences, no bursts of eloquence, no gestures, marred Mason's argument. In the language of the plain people, the language of the market-place and the farm, he said what he had to say and stopped. "He had a habit," said Webster, "of standing quite near the jury, so near that he might have laid his finger on the foreman's nose, and then he talked in a plain conversational way, in short sentences, and using no word that was not

level to the comprehension of the least educated man. This led me to examine my own style, and I set about reforming it altogether."

Mr. Mason in turn has left us a description of his first encounter with Webster: "It was the first case in which he appeared at our bar; a criminal prosecution, in which I had arranged a very pretty defense, as against the attorney-general, Atkinson, who was able enough in his way, but whom I knew very well how to take. Atkinson being absent, Webster conducted the case for him and turned in the most masterly manner the line of my defenses, carrying with him all but one of the jurors, so that I barely saved my client by my best exertions." But he saved his client, and in so doing taught Webster a lesson he was not slow to learn. Trained by such experiences, his progress from a country lawyer to a leader of the bar was rapid. The rough and overbearing manner gave place to a stately and dignified courtesy. The declamation that did so well on the Fourth of July was replaced by a style unsurpassed in modern oratory for simplicity and earnestness. The law was studied as he had never studied it before; a power was acquired of going through a mass of confusing arguments to the very heart of a question and dragging forth the vital points; and a manner of close and logical reasoning was cultivated to perfection. A few years of such application sufficed to make him a great lawyer in the community. He was retained in the leading cases, followed the Supreme Court on its circuit, was rarely—not ten times, he says—a junior counsel, and made one year with another as much as two thousand dollars annually—a large sum for so poor a State as New Hampshire during the first decade of the century.

Webster had now reached his first goal. Success, a good income, and some leisure were his, and having achieved this, he began to be drawn irresistibly toward politics. The profession of the law was chosen, he tells us, because his father wished it, because good friends advised it, and because the opportunity to make a fair start was then at hand. No fondness for the profession, no belief that he was specially fitted for the work, prompted him in the choice of a career.

"What shall I do?" said he when the people of Fryeburg offered him the clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas of Oxford County, and the principalship of the academy, with a house and a salary of six hun-

dred a year. "Shall I say yes, gentlemen, and sit down here to spend my days in a kind of comfortable privacy, or shall I relinquish these projects, and enter into a profession where my feelings will be constantly harrowed by objects either of dishonesty or misfortune, where my living must be squeezed from penury (for rich folks seldom go to law), and my moral principle continually be at hazard?" To fish and shoot, "to contemplate nature, to hold communion, unbroken by the presence of human beings, with the universal frame, this wondrous fair," to read the masterpieces of Latin and English literature, to study history and government, and now and then write a paper for the "Monthly Anthology," or deliver an oration on some historic day, were far more to his liking than cross-examining witnesses and pleading before juries.

THE FRYEBURG ADDRESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING this early dislike for law, Webster was long in entering on that career in which his name and fame were made, and passed his thirtieth birthday without holding a political office of any kind. He had not, however, been unmindful of what was going on about him. Scarcely a Fourth of July passed without a call to be somewhere the orator of the day. In 1802 he spoke at Fryeburg, in 1805 at Salisbury, and in 1806 before the "Federal Gentlemen of Concord."

The Fryeburg address was not printed, but long after Webster was dead a bundle of papers found its way to an old junk-shop in Boston. The proprietor of the shop, while rummaging among the manuscripts, saw the name of Webster, and making a more care-

tion and the Union, the dangers that beset them, and the duty of guarding them. He reminded his audience that their government was free, was practical, and of their own choice. No consul dictated it; no philosophers taught its principles; it was not brought to them, as were those of Switzerland and Holland, by the bayonets of the magnanimous sister republic across the Atlantic. If they wished to preserve it they must love it, shun changes both great and small, and keep up a high tone of public morals. "When," said he, "the public mind becomes depraved, every attempt to preserve it is in vain. Laws are then nullities, and constitutions waste paper."

THE CONCORD SPEECH.

BUT the oration has yet another interest. It furnished the model for the Concord speech four years later, and likewise much of the substance, and closed with a peroration which is found in the Concord address and in that delivered before the United States Senate in July, 1850. Here again all manner of tales are told of his influence over his hearers; but one bit of reliable evidence, at least, has come down to us which goes far to prove the lively appreciation of the listeners. In the audience were the trustees of the academy, who, when the exercises were over, met and "Voted, That the thanks of the Board be presented to Preceptor Webster for his services this day; and that he would accept five dollars as a small acknowledgment of their sense of his services this day performed."

At Concord, as at Fryeburg, his subject was still the preservation of the Union and the spirit rather than the letter of the Constitution. Indeed, whole passages were taken from the Fryeburg oration, of which it was little more than a revision to suit the great political changes four years had wrought.

"When we speak of preserving the Constitution," said he, "we mean not the paper on which it is written, but the spirit which dwells in it. Government may lose all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its appearance. Republicanism, unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment, like a snake out of its skin. You may have a despotism under the name of a republic. You may look on a government and see it possess all the external modes of freedom, and yet find nothing of the essence, the vitality, of freedom in it, just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS AFTER A SKETCH IN THE FRYEBURG WEBSTER MEMORIAL.

THE OLD FRYEBURG ACADEMY, IN WHICH
WEBSTER TAUGHT.

ful examination, came upon the original of the Fryeburg speech, which has since been published. His theme was again the Constitu-

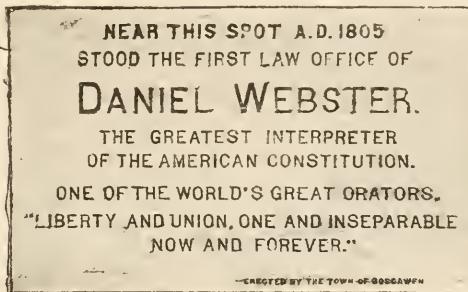
and form, amid nerves without motion, and veins void of blood."

It was the liberty for which the fathers fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, the republic as they founded it, the Constitution as by them interpreted, that he believed were injured by the policy of Jefferson.

Holding these views, he went to Portsmouth, and found himself in a ship-building, ship-owning, seafaring community, whose very life depended on commerce and trade, now threatened with ruin by the edicts of Great Britain and France. The Lords Commissioners of Appeal in London had declared the broken voyage a fraud on the neutral flag, had placed more than half the commerce of America under ban, and had thrown the whole commercial world into confusion. British cruisers patrolled our coast, blockaded our ports, searched our merchantmen, impressed our seamen, attacked the *Chesapeake* on the high sea, and bore away three sailors from her deck. By an order in Council, Great Britain shut to neutral trade every port of Europe from Brest to the mouth of the Elbe. Napoleon, by his Berlin decree, laid a blockade on the coast of the British Isles, commanded British property to be seized wherever found, and forbade a neutral ship that had broken the voyage by so much as touching at a British port to enter any port or colony of France. Great Britain retaliated and prohibited neutral trade between two ports both of which were in the possession of France or her allies, made the ship and cargo lawful prize when captured, and finding this of no avail, followed it with a third order more ruinous still. All the ports of France, of her allies, of their colonies, of any country at war with Great Britain, all the ports of Europe from which for any reason the British flag was barred, were shut to neutral trade save under British license. It was now the turn of Napoleon to strike again, and he did so with his Milan decree, which denationalized every ship whose captain touched at a British port, bought a British license, or submitted to search by a British officer, and made the craft the lawful prize of the captor, whether taken in a port of France or in that of one of her allies, or seized on the ocean by a man-of-war or privateer.

That our countrymen in such an emer-

gency should have hesitated for one moment what to do, that they should have been divided in opinion, that one great party should have defended the course of Napoleon, while another with equal vehemence justified the conduct of King George, is hardly credible. But so it was, and the measures that resulted were worthy of men who carried their political differences beyond low water. Fight for the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the sea they would not; strike back so vigorously as to wound France and Great Britain they could not; but to submit with meekness they were ashamed. At least a show of



ERECTED BY THE TOWN OF BOSCAWEN

[Signature]

[Signature]</

forfeiture, and their owners to enormous fines. The fourth prescribed that no coaster should have a clearance unless the loading was done in the presence of a revenue officer, nor sail for a port of the United States near a foreign possession without permission of the President, nor go anywhere if a collector thought fit to refuse consent. The fifth and worst of all was the Force Act. A restriction on commerce, originally intended to distress Great Britain and France, had now become perverted into an instrument for the destruction of the domestic trade and commerce of the United States, and was fast doing its work. All New England rose in resistance. Never within the memory of men then living had the people been more aroused. As a measure of coercion the embargo was declared to be a failure; as a commercial restriction it was held to be unnecessary and ruinous; as a law, the act to enforce it was claimed to be oppressive, tyrannical, and unconstitutional, and its repeal was demanded.

As Webster beheld the idle seamen, the dismantled ships, the grass growing on the wharves, the closed warehouses, and the ruined merchants, he too began to share the just indignation of the community, and taking up his pen, wrote a Federalist pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Embargo." No name was attached, and it was soon lost to sight in the mass of petitions, memorials, addresses, and resolutions that poured forth from a score of towns and legislatures. The repeal of the embargo laws and the press of professional work now turned him for a time from politics; but his interest had been aroused, hostility to the policy of the administration had been awakened, and when at last the war opened, he at once took the place of opposition leader and began his political career in earnest.

AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE Washington Benevolent Society of Portsmouth had invited him to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July, 1812. Before the day came Congress had declared that a state of war existed with Great Britain, and all New England was again aflame with resistance. As the news passed from one seaport to another, bells were tolled, shops were shut, business was suspended, and the flags on the embargoed shipping were raised to half-mast. The sea-power of Great Britain, the weakness of the United States, the needlessness of the war, the prospect of an alliance with

Napoleon, the wisdom of the advice of Washington, the hostility of the Republicans to New England and the navy, the folly of intrusting the defense of the coast to a fleet of Jefferson gunboats, and the duty of carrying resistance to the verge of rebellion, were the topics of the hour, and were made topics of the speech. Hitherto the orations of Webster on Independence Day, good as they were, contained little more than the sentiments and historical allusions suitable to that anniversary. Now the crisis furnished a theme deeply interesting to his audience and to himself, and, rising to the occasion, he delivered a speech which was heard with delight, was printed, went quickly through two editions in pamphlet form, and greatly added to his local reputation. Two passages in particular were read with hearty approval—that in which he condemned the foreign policy of Jefferson, and that in which he marked out the proper course of opposition.

THE BRENTWOOD CONVENTION.

OPPOSITION of Webster's sort was, however, too calm and reasonable to be acceptable to everybody. The belief was wide-spread that the administration was bent on the destruction of commerce, that it longed for nothing so much as the ruin of New England, that its measures were animated by a fierce, implacable hatred of old England. Feeling ran high, party spirit was bitter, and in a little while notice appeared in the public journals calling on all who loved the memory of Washington to attend a convention at Brentwood to consider the state of the Union. Brentwood was a small town in Rockingham County, some twenty miles from Portsmouth, and thither Webster went. Never before had such a gathering been known. Men came by scores in carriages and on horseback, till five hundred vehicles of all sorts, twice as many horses, and two thousand men were gathered in and about the town. To assemble in the meeting-house was impossible, so a rough stage was hastily put up out of doors, a moderator was chosen, and stirring speeches were made by several men well known as popular orators. What Webster said on this occasion has not been preserved, but one who was present declares that he surpassed himself, that he surprised those who knew his power and expected much, and that he held the great throng spellbound for more than ninety minutes. When the speaking was finished a

committee of seventeen, of which Webster was one, was instructed to frame resolutions and write a report expressive of the sense of the meeting, while a recess of two hours was taken.

To draft so important a document in so short a time would have been a physical impossibility. But long before the day of meeting Webster had been selected to prepare the report, and had brought with him a most carefully written paper. As he was far more used to making arguments and delivering orations than to writing addresses, he seems to have fancied himself the spokesman of the convention, and put his report in the form of an oration addressed to President Madison. He reviewed the course of events leading up to the war, explained and justified the opposition of the Federalists of New England, urged a vigorous naval defense, warned the President of the dangers of an alliance with Napoleon, and of the breaking up of the Union which might follow a steady adherence to the present policy. He said:

"We are, sir, from principle and habit, attached to the Union of the States. But our attachment is to the substance, and not to the form. It is to the good which this Union is capable of providing, and not to the evil which is suffered unnaturally to grow out of it.) If the time should ever arrive when this Union shall be holden together by nothing but the authority of the law; when its incorporating, vital principle shall become extinct; when its principal exercises shall consist in acts of power and authority, not of protection and beneficence; when it shall lose the strong bond which it hath hitherto had in the public affections; and when, consequently, we shall be one, not in interest and mutual regard, but in name and form only—we, sir, shall look on that hour as the closing scene of our country's prosperity.

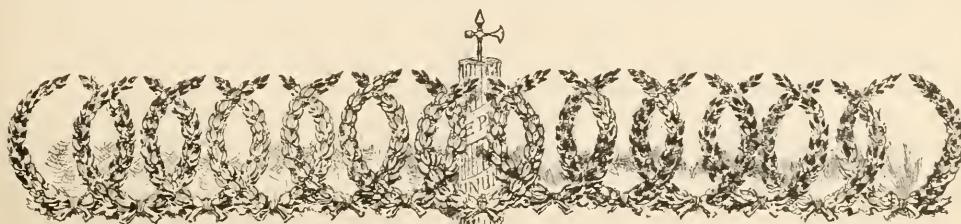
"We shrink from the separation of these States as an event fraught with incalculable evils, and it is among our strongest objections to the present course of measures that they have, in our opinion, a very dangerous and

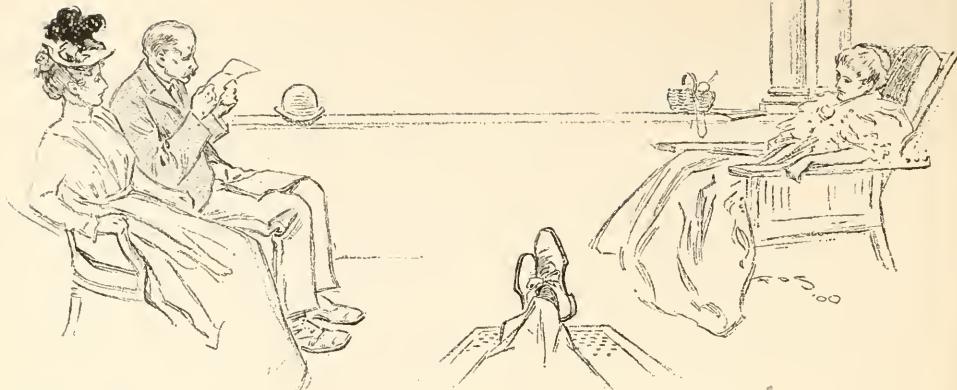
alarming bearing on such an event. If a separation of the States ever should take place it will be on some occasion when one portion of the country undertakes to control, to regulate, and to sacrifice the interests of another, when a small and heated majority in the government, taking counsel of their passions and not of their reason, contemptuously disregarding the interests and perhaps stopping the mouths of a large and respectable minority, shall, by hasty, rash, and ruinous measures, threaten to destroy essential rights and lay waste the most important interests."

"It shall be our most fervent supplication to Heaven to avert both the event and the occasion, and the government may be assured that the tie which binds us to the Union will never be broken by us."

FIRST ELECTION TO CONGRESS.

THE resolutions and the address to the President having been adopted, the convention proceeded to nominate men to represent New Hampshire in the Thirteenth Congress. The custom of dividing the State into as many districts as it had members of the House of Representatives, and assigning to the voters in each the duty of electing one, had not then come into use. Each party named six candidates, and the general ticket so framed was voted for all over the State. Among the six names on the Federalist ticket now prepared at Brentwood was that of Webster, and when the election came off it stood at the head of the poll. He received two more votes than any other Federalist and twenty-five hundred more than any of the six Republicans. He was now a member of Congress. He had reached the goal for which his father longed, and as he heard the result of a hotly contested canvass, his thoughts must have gone back to that day in the hay-field when the stern old soldier told him of a disappointed ambition and implored him to "learn, learn," that he might not be doomed to that life of toil which had made his father old before his time.





POMONA AND JONAS TELL A STORY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



RECENTLY I had a visit from Pomona and Jonas, formerly of Rudder Grange. They looked well and prosperous, and I was very glad to see them. I called Euphemia, and we all spent a very pleasant quarter of an hour talking over old times and new.

But, although Jonas was as tranquil as he ever was, I could see that Pomona had something on her mind, and that as soon as propriety would permit she would let us know what it was.

"Jone and me came here to see you, sir," she said at last, "about somethin' particular. We've been told that some editors has been askin' you to get us to enter fiction again, and what we want to say is that we don't want to enter it no more. What we did when we was in it was all very well, but that's past and gone, although I've said to Jone, a good many more times than once, that if I had to do over again some of the things that's set down in the book, I'd do them different. But then he always answers that if I'd done that I'd spoiled the story, and so there was no more to say on the subject. What we've done we gladly did, and we're more than glad we did it for you, but as for doin' it again, we can't do it, for it ain't in us. Even if we tried to do the best we could for you, all you'd get would be somethin' like skim-milk, good enough for cottage cheese and bonnyclabber, but nothin' like good, fresh milk with the cream on it."

"I think you are perfectly right," said Euphemia. "If you don't want to go into fiction again you ought not to be made to do it."

I agreed entirely with Euphemia, and said that I would not do such a thing as to put anybody in fiction who did not want to go there. Pomona and Jonas now thanked us heartily, and the load that was on Pomona's mind dropped from it entirely.

"Now, sir," said she, "we've got another thing to say, and it will seem queer to you after what we've said already: we *do* want to go into fiction, but not in the way we was in it before. The fact is that between us we've written a story, and we've brought it with us, hopin' you would n't mind lettin' Jone read it to you both. It is n't a very long story, but we've been a long time workin' at it, and we would n't think of callin' it finished until you've heard it. Now, if you don't mind, and will say when you would like to hear it, Jone will read it to you."

"Read it now!" cried Euphemia. "This is precisely the time we want to hear it."

The quiet and good-natured Jonas now drew a manuscript from his pocket and began.

"The name of our story," said he, "is 'The Foreign Prince and the Hermit's Daughter.'"

"We thought of a good many other names for it," said Pomona, "and I wanted to call it 'The Groundless Prince'; but Jone he said that the word 'groundless' applies to things

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER,

Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

SECOND PAPER.

WEBSTER AS A LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

WHEN Webster reached Washington in the month of May, 1813, and took his seat in the House of Representatives, his career as a politician began. Never before had he filled any political office, elective or appointive. He came with no reputation earned by service of a public sort. Not a member of the House, in all likelihood, had ever read one of his Fourth-of-July orations, or had ever heard him argue a case, or, unless from New England, had ever heard his name. Yet the striking presence of the man attracted notice, and when Speaker Clay was forming the committees, he chose Webster to be the one representative of the Federalists on the Committee on Foreign Relations. At the head of that committee was Calhoun. The entrance of Webster into Congress, therefore, completed the great triumvirate of American politics, and the three men whose names thenceforth for forty years are never absent from our annals met for the first time.

As one of the minority party, Webster's duties for a while lay easy upon him. He was responsible for nothing but reasonable opposition, and while waiting for something to oppose, spent his days mingling with the strange society of the capital. "I went yesterday to make my bow to the President. I did not like his looks any better than I like his administration. I think I could find clearly in his features embargo, non-intercourse, and war. Dawson and Findlay are the makers of all motions. Findlay makes his from the journal of the last session, which he holds in his hands and reads. Dawson is as inspired an animal as one could wish to see."

Nothing seemed to Webster more noticeable than the absence of women; for few congressmen could then afford to bring their families to Washington and there maintain them on six dollars a day. "A few ladies," says he, "are to be seen by going to the weekly rout at the palace; but they are there only as so many curiosities, *rarae aves*, fit

for all the purposes of social life save only the unimportant particulars of speaking and being spoken to. I understand that in the winter session, when there are more ladies in the city, the aforesaid evil is in some degree mitigated. I have been to the levee, or drawing-room, but once. It is mere matter of form. You make your bow to Mrs. Madison, and to Mr. Madison if he comes in your way; but he, being there merely as a guest, is not officially entitled to your *congé*. M. Serurier, Mme. Bonaparte, the Russian minister, heads of departments and tails of departments, members of Congress, etc., etc., here and there interspersed with military and naval hat and coat, make up the group. You stay from five minutes to an hour, as you please, eat and drink what you can catch without danger of surfeit, and if you can luckily find your hat and stick, then take French leave; and that's going to the 'levee.'"

But it was not in search of social pleasure that Webster went to Washington. The Congress had been called in extra session to find a way to help the government out of the strait into which a long series of military and financial disasters had brought it. Those splendid sea victories which make the years 1812 and 1813 glorious in our history were still of constant occurrence. But the war on land had failed miserably. The conquest of Canada, so boldly predicted, had not been achieved. Hull had surrendered one army at Detroit. Another still lingered on the banks of the Niagara. A third, sent to attack Montreal, was in winter quarters in New York.

The loan on which the administration depended for means with which to carry on the war, after being twice rejected by the people, had been sold to a syndicate at a heavy discount. The coast from Point Judith to the Mississippi River was closely blockaded, and New England was in a state of angry resistance which bordered on rebellion.

As a member of a New England delega-

tion, it was now the duty of Webster to carry opposition to the war and the administration from the town-meeting to the floor of the House of Representatives. In just what that opposition should consist, had been stated by him in a speech before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth on the Fourth of July, 1812:

"Resistance and insurrection form no part of our creed. The disciples of Washington are neither tyrants in power nor rebels out. If we are taxed to carry on this war, we shall disregard certain distinguished examples, and shall pay. If our personal services are required, we shall yield them to the precise extent of our constitutional liability. At the same time the world may be assured that we know our rights and shall exercise them. We shall express our opinions on this, as on every measure of government, I trust, without passion; I am certain, without fear."

"We believe, then, that this war is not the result of impartial policy. If there be cause of war against England, there is still more abundant cause of war against France. The war is professedly undertaken principally on account of the continuance of the British orders in Council. It is well known that those orders, odious as they are, did not begin the unjust and vexatious system practised upon neutrals, nor would that system end with those orders if we should obtain the object of the war by procuring their repeal. The decrees of France are earlier in point of time, more extravagant in their pretensions, and tenfold more injurious in their consequences. They are aggravated by a pretended abrogation, and, holding our understandings in no higher estimation than our rights, that nation requires us to believe in the repeal of edicts the daily operation of which is manifest and visible before our eyes."

Having thus declared himself in favor of a bold criticism of the conduct of the administration, and having been elected by the votes of men bitterly opposed to the war as unnecessary, partial, and unjust, it would never do to go back to Portsmouth without at least one blow against "Mr. Madison's war." That he should strike such a blow was all the more necessary because the opposition in the House was unorganized and unled. There was no well-defined plan of action; no "steering committee" to see that a plan, if formed, was carried out; no one man on the floor who stood in the same relation to the Federalists that Calhoun did to the Republicans. In this state of affairs Webster chose

to act for himself, and before he had been three weeks in the House, he offered a set of resolutions which brought him at once into public notice.

In their attacks on the administration the Federalists took the ground that if war had to come it should have been made against France as well as Great Britain; that she was the first to attack neutrals; that she was still their enemy; that the Berlin and Milan decrees had never been repealed, and in proof of this pointed to the speech of Napoleon in March, 1811, to the deputies from the Hanseatic League, plainly stating that "the decrees of Berlin and Milan are the fundamental laws of my empire," and to decisions of the French courts of admiralty. The Republicans in reply declared that war on France would be infamous; that her decrees were not in force; that they were repealed; and pointed to other decisions of the French admiralty courts and to a letter of M. Champagny, Minister of Foreign Affairs, asserting that the decrees had been revoked.

In the midst of this angry dispute, the President laid before Congress a document that made matters worse than before. It was a letter from the American minister at Paris stating that one day in May, 1812, the Duke of Bassano had assured him that the Berlin and Milan decrees had been revoked as far back as April, 1811, that their revocation had been announced to our then minister, and that a copy of the repealing decree had been sent to the French minister at Washington for delivery to the Secretary of State. If this were so, then Madison, the Federalists claimed, had suppressed the information; had furnished Great Britain with her only pretext for refusing to recall the orders in Council; had suffered his country to enter on a war ruinous to trade; and was responsible for all the distress, all the expense, and all the blood that had been or might be shed. The Republicans entered a flat denial to all this, and did not hesitate to say that Bassano had lied. The question thus turned on the veracity of the duke, and a demand was made "that the subject be brought into notice at the approaching session of Congress, and that measures be taken which will at least force the President to say whether the declaration of Bassano to Mr. Barlow is true or false."

Seizing on this as a good ground from which to attack the administration, Webster made it the subject of his resolutions of inquiry. He called on the President to inform the House when, by whom, and in what

manner the repeal of the French decrees was first made known to the government; whether Mr. Russell, the late chargé of the United States at Paris, had ever admitted or denied the truth of the statement of the Duke of Bassano; whether the French minister at Washington ever informed the government of the repeal of the decrees; and, in case the first information was that communicated to Mr. Barlow by the Duke of Bassano in 1812, whether the government had ever required of France any explanation why the repealing decree had so long been concealed, and if such explanation had been given, whether it had been followed by a remonstrance.

The debate which now arose ran on for four days, greatly excited the House, drew large crowds, and was still at its height when the opposition gave way, and each resolution was carried by a handsome majority. "No one," said a newspaper of the day, "who hurried to the House yesterday morning expected an abandonment of all opposition on the part of the majority. But such was the fact. Many of the leaders of the Republican party voted for the resolution. This singular and unexpected compromise, after a debate that promised to excite not a little asperity, has puzzled every one not informed of the reasons which induced the majority to concede the information. We think it highly probable that the President has been consulted on the subject and has advised the observance of the course ultimately adopted." The resolutions having been approved by the House, Webster and a fellow-member were sent with them to the White House, or, to use his own words, "Mr. Rhea, after my resolutions passed, made a little resolution calling for information on the Prince Regent's Declaration—passed. The Speaker has appointed me and *old Rhea* to carry the resolutions to the palace!!—I never swear."

"You have learned the fate of my resolutions," Webster wrote to his brother. "We had a warm time of it for four days, and then the other side declined further discussion. I had prepared myself for a little speech, but the necessity of speaking was prevented. I went with Rhea of Tennessee to deliver the resolutions to the President. I found him in bed, sick of a fever. I gave them to him, and he merely answered that they would be attended to. We have received no answer." In another letter he draws a more graphic picture: "I went on Tuesday to the palace to present

the resolutions. The President was in his bed, sick of a fever, his nightcap on his head, his wife attending him. I think he will find no relief from my prescription. . . . How will Madison answer the part of [the] resolutions calling for his correspondence with Serurier? In truth, there never was a party acted so awkwardly as the Demos did through the whole of that business." But "he will be followed up on that subject. An inquiry into the failure on the frontier is talked of; I think there will not be any time this session. We have several projects, and a good many good hands to give a lift. We are trying to organize our opposition and bring all our forces to act in concert. There is recently appointed a kind of committee to superintend our concerns." Of this Webster was a member. A career of six weeks in the House had made him a leader of his party and brought him reputation as a speaker. One who was present when the resolutions were offered asserts that no member "ever riveted the attention of the House so completely in his first speech"; that "members left their seats and came out on the floor that they might see him face to face; listened attentively, and when he finished, went up and warmly congratulated the orator." But a better testimonial as to the effect of that maiden speech is furnished by Chief Justice Marshall. Nearly twenty years later, when the name of Webster was known over all the land, a copy of his "Speeches and Forensic Arguments" was sent to the great judge, who went straightway to Justice Story, and expressed his regret that two were not in the collection—that on the resolutions calling for proof of the repeal of the French decrees, and another on the previous question. "I read these speeches," said Marshall, "with very great pleasure and satisfaction at the time. When the first was delivered I did not know Mr. Webster; but I was so much struck with it that I did not hesitate then to state that Mr. Webster was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first."

When at last the President's answer came, Webster had gone back to Portsmouth, and action was put off to the regular session. By that time the steering committee had formed a plan of opposition, and when the session was well under way, one member offered resolutions calling on the President for an account of the state of our relations with France, another for information explaining the cause of the failure of our arms

along the northern frontier, and Webster for the consideration of the President's answer to his resolutions of the last session. To this the House consented so far as to make them the order for a certain day; but the discussion never took place. "They are determined," he wrote to his brother, "not to take up my resolutions this session; of this I am certain. But on the loan bill we hope to get a blow at them." His own chance "to get a blow at them" came when the bill for the encouragement of enlistments was put upon its passage. While the details of the bill were under debate he said nothing; but when it had been read the third time he could contain himself no longer, and hastily putting together an outline of what he would say, delivered the first of his many celebrated speeches.

"I inclose you," he wrote to Ezekiel, "a few creatures called speeches. One of them you will find I have corrected, in some of its printer's errors, with my pen. Please do the same with the rest before they go out of your hands. I shall send a few to your townsmen; you will learn who by looking at the post-office, for I have not my list by me now, and so cannot say exactly for whom I shall send to you. Of those that come to your hands give them in my name to those you think proper, Federalists or Democrats.

"The speech is not exactly what it ought to be; I had not time. I had no intention of speaking till nine o'clock in the morning, and delivered the thing about two. I could make it better, but I dare say you think it would be easier to make a new one than to mend it. It was well enough received at the time, and our side of the House said they would have it in this form. So much for speeches."

"The thing," as he states, was hastily put together; but it had little to do with the questions under debate and much with the policy of the administration. All the pent-up opposition which had been rankling in his breast since he first took his seat in the House now found an outlet. The speech was really delivered to his constituents, was at best only a good campaign document, and, before election day came around, was used as such. But when he next addressed the House his subject was more serious, and he had something to say on a question soon to become a living issue.

The President, in a special message to the House, had asked for an embargo. Our coast from Rhode Island southward was then in a state of rigorous blockade; but New England

was not molested, and into her ports came British ships disguised as neutrals and loaded with such goods as found a ready market in the South. These, loaded on wagons, were carried as far as Charleston and Augusta. But the raw cotton the wagons brought back to Newburyport and Boston was less in value than the manufactured wares they took to the Carolinas and Georgia, and a heavy balance remained to be settled in specie. To stop this trade, prevent the export of gold and silver, inflict on the seaports of New England the same hardships the blockade imposed elsewhere, and cut off the supply of food passing the boundary into Canada, was the object of Madison's request. With it Congress at once complied, and the first act of the session was another embargo law. But scarcely was it in force when a vessel arrived at Annapolis with the offer of Castlereagh to negotiate for peace, and with newspapers describing the defeat at Leipsic. Napoleon was now overthrown; the armies of the Allies had crossed the Rhine; Holland was given her old-time boundary; and all decrees and orders in Council were things of the past. To keep up an embargo was madness, and in March, 1814, Madison asked for its repeal. The message was hailed by all Federalists with delight, and when the bill repealing the whole restrictive system was before the House, Webster gave expression to his delight in joyous terms:

"I am happy to be present at the office now to be performed, and to act a part in the funeral ceremonies of what has been called the restrictive system. The occasion, I think, will justify a temperate and moderate exultation on the part of those who have constantly opposed this system of polities and uniformly foretold its miserable end. I congratulate my friends on the triumph of their principles. At the same time, I would not refuse condolence to the few surviving friends to whose affections the deceased was precious, who are overwhelmed with affliction at its sudden dissolution, and who sorrow most of all that they shall see its face no more. The system, sir, which we are now about to explode, is likely to make no inconsiderable figure in our history. It was originally offered to the people of this country as a kind of political faith. It was to be believed, not examined. They were to act upon, not reason about, it. No saint in the calendar ever had a set of followers less at liberty or less disposed to indulge troublesome inquiry than some, at least, of those on whom this system depended for support.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole system is dissolved. The embargo act, the non-importation act, and all the crowd of additions and supplements, together with all their garniture of messages, reports, and resolutions, are tumbling undistinguished into one common grave. But yesterday this policy had a thousand friends and supporters; today it is fallen and prostrate, and few 'so poor to do it reverence.'

"Sir, a government which cannot administer the affairs of a nation without producing so frequent and such violent alterations in the ordinary occupations and pursuits of private life has, in my opinion, little claim to the regard of this community. It has been said that the system of commercial restrictions was favorable to domestic manufactures, and that if it did nothing but induce the habit of providing for our own wants by our own means, it would deserve to be esteemed a blessing. Something is, indeed, said in the message in relation to the continuance of the double duties 'as a more effectual safeguard and encouragement to our growing manufactures.' Sir, I consider the imposition of double duties as a mere financial measure. Its great object was to raise revenue, not to foster manufactures. In respect to manufactures it is necessary to speak with some precision.

"I am not, generally speaking, their enemy; I am their friend: but I am not for rearing them, or any other interest, in hot-beds. I would not legislate precipitately, even in favor of them. I feel no desire to push capital into extensive manufactures faster than the general progress of our wealth and population propels it. I am not in haste to see Sheffields and Birminghams in America. Until the population of the country shall be greater in proportion to its extent, such establishments would be impracticable if attempted, and if practicable, they would be unwise. I am not anxious to accelerate the approach of the period when the great mass of American labor shall not find its employment in the field; when the young men of the country shall be obliged to shut their eyes upon external nature, upon the heavens and the earth, and immerse themselves in close and unwholesome workshops; when they shall be obliged to shut their ears to the bleating of their own flocks upon their own hills, and to the voice of the lark that cheers them at their plows, that they may open them in dust and smoke and steam to the perpetual whirl of spools

and spindles, and the grating of rasps and saws.

"It is the true policy of government to suffer the different pursuits of society to take their own course, and not to give excessive bounties or encouragements to one over another. This also is the true spirit of the Constitution. It has not, in my opinion, conferred on the government this power of changing the occupations of the people."

Opposition to the policy of the administration was Webster's guiding principle. Neither at this nor during the next session of Congress did he introduce any bill or support any measure of real importance to his countrymen. He was simply a Federalist, bound to embarrass the President at every turn, though the enemy's fleets were blocking the ports and the enemy's troops were actually in possession of a portion of the soil of his country. How far he was willing to carry this resistance is well set forth by his vote against the tax bill at the following session.

The government was then hard put. During the summer of 1814 a British fleet had come up the Chesapeake Bay; a force of the enemy had marched inland and burned the Capitol, the "palace," and some public buildings. The State banks outside of New England had suspended specie payment, and the federal treasury, unable to use its funds, was on the verge of bankruptcy. All Maine east of the Penobscot River was in British hands, and had been formally declared British territory; and it was well known that an expedition against New Orleans was under way.

In our day the man who, in such a crisis, thinking only of his party, should forget his country and seek to withhold the means needed to rescue it from the dangers that pressed on every side, would merit and receive the execrations of all right-minded persons. It was not so, however, in the time of Madison, and when the Republicans asked for a national bank, a conscript law, and more taxes, the Federalists had nothing but ridicule and opposition to offer. To a bank, if required to redeem its notes at all times in specie, Webster had no objection; but he gave his vote against every form of bank the Republicans submitted, "had a hand," as he expressed it, "in overthrowing Mr. Monroe's conscription," and voted against the taxes.

As yet no really patriotic sentiment seems to animate him. No word of encouragement escapes his lips. He will support the war if fought on the ocean; he will express his

opinion on the conduct of the war as freely and boldly as he pleases; but he will not do anything which can be twisted into approval or support of the administration. Nor do his letters during this period show any opinion of his own as to the true public policy. On the other hand, he is rather pleased as the difficulties become greater. "Poor Madison does not know what to do"; "Never was more sinking fortune"; "Poor Madison, I doubt whether he has had a night's sleep these three weeks"; "The taxes go heavily; I fear they will not go at all. They are in a great pickle; who cares?" are the sort of expressions with which his correspondence abounds.

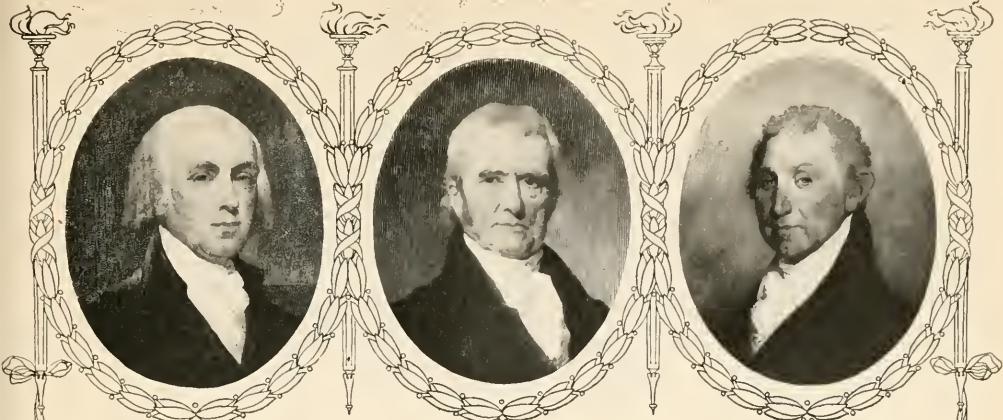
Webster had now finished his first term as a member of the House, and was easily re-elected to a second. But the place seems to have lost its charm. The pay was small, the duties were great, while his need of a larger income and time to earn it was imperative. "You must contrive some way for me to get rich as soon as there is peace," he writes. The great fire at Portsmouth in December, 1813, which burned two hundred and forty buildings and laid bare a tract fifteen acres in extent, had destroyed his house and library, and inflicted a loss of some six thousand dollars. The savings of years were swept away and must be made good again. To attempt this in Portsmouth, where, at most, only a couple of thousands could be gathered each year, when the same industry applied elsewhere would yield richer returns, seemed unwise. But where should the new hazard be made? Many inducements drew him to Boston, and as the session of 1815-16 wore away, he began to think of abandoning New England and settling in Albany or New York, and in March wrote to Ezekiel: "I have settled my purpose to remove from New Hampshire in the course of the summer. I have thought of Boston, New York, and Albany. On the whole, I shall probably go to Boston, although I am not without some inducement to go into the State of New York. Our New England prosperity and importance are passing away. This is fact. The events of the times, the policy of England, the consequences of our war, and the treaty of Ghent, have bereft us of our commerce, the great source of our wealth. If any great scenes are to be acted in this country within the next twenty years, New York is the place in which those scenes are to be viewed."

Yet, in spite of the fair prospects of New York, he chose Boston, moved thither in

the summer of 1816, and thenceforth remained a citizen of Massachusetts. Removal to Boston cost him his seat in Congress. But it mattered little, as he could not, in all probability, have been re-elected, for, in common with eighty other congressmen, he had voted for the compensation bill.

Since the establishment of government under the Constitution the pay of congressmen had been six dollars for each day they attended, and mileage from and to their homes. But, in the course of a quarter-century, salaries had gone up, the cost of living had greatly increased, and members who had not other sources of income found it impossible to live as they wished on what had become low wages. With many misgivings and explanations, the daily allowance was therefore changed to a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Some grumbling and fault-finding was expected. But when constituents, grand juries, legislatures, public meetings, and the press from Maine to Louisiana joined in one universal denunciation of every man who voted aye, the situation became serious. Nine members of the House during the summer of 1816 resigned in disgust, and refused to serve out their terms. Scores of others were not renominated, and in the autumn elections State after State changed its representation completely, or sent back such members only as had opposed the law. Not one of the old members was returned from Ohio, Delaware, and Vermont. Half the New Hampshire delegation was retired; all but one of the Georgians; five out of nine Marylanders; ten out of twenty-three Pennsylvanians; six out of nine South-Carolinians. Five out of seven members from Connecticut were not even renominated. That the people should grow angry over a matter so clearly for the public good, yet remain heedless of others that injured them much, disgusted Webster, and brought on one of the fits of political hopelessness from which he often suffered.

"We are doing nothing now," he wrote in January, 1817, "but to quarrel with one of our laws of last session, called the horse law, its object being to pay the Kentucky men for all the horses which died in that country during the war. So far very well; but there was a clause put in to pay for all houses and buildings burned by the enemy on account of having been a military depot. This played the very d—. All the Niagara frontier, the city of Washington, etc., wherever the enemy destroyed anything, was proved to have been a military depot: one tavern,



JAMES MADISON.

JOHN MARSHALL.

JAMES MONROE.

twenty-seven thousand dollars, because some officers or soldiers lodged in the house a day or two before the burning; one great ropewalk, because a rope had been sent there to be mended for the navy-yard; etc.

"We then have the compensation [bill] to repeal, which I trust will not take us long. Then comes from the Senate the 'conscription law,' as you justly call it. What inducement has one to resist this or anything else? Two years ago, with infinite pains and labor, we defeated Mr. Monroe's conscription. Nobody thanked us for it. Last winter our friends in the Senate got this militia bill thrown out; nobody knew or cared anything about it. For two or three years Massachusetts has been paying from ten to twenty-five per cent. more duties on importations than Pennsyl-

vania or Maryland. At the close of last session we tried to do something for her relief; but her federal legislature takes no notice of the abominable injustice done her, or the plain violations of the Constitution and the laws which have taken place to her great injury. All are silent and quiet. But when her federal members, who come here to be kicked and stoned and abused in her behalf, think proper to raise their compensation so that it will defray their expenses, she denounces them man by man without an exception. No respect for talents, services, character, or feelings restrains her from joining with the lowest democracy in its loudest cry."

The next five years of his life were spent in the practice of law in the courts of Massachusetts and before

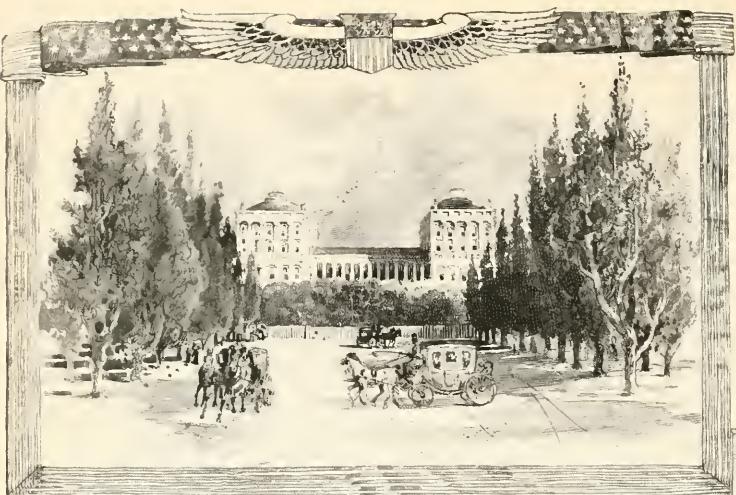


JEREMIAH MASON.

EDWARD EVERETT.

JOSEPH STORY.

The portrait of Chief Justice Marshall is by Henry Inman, and that of Edward Everett is from a daguerreotype. The others are from portraits by Gilbert Stuart.



THE CAPITOL, 1814. FROM A DRAWING IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

the Supreme Court of the United States. The times were bad. Never had the country known a period of such severe and wide-spread business depression. Years afterward, men who remembered those days



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE. FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1807.



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION IN 1814. FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. JAMES F. HOOD.

still spoke of them as the "hard times of eighteen hundred and starve to death." Yet, in spite of this, the account-books of Webster show that during the worst year of all he received fifteen thousand dol-

lars in fees. But the gain in fame was greater than in money, for then was it that he won the Dartmouth College case, delivered the great speech at Plymouth, and achieved distinction in the convention called to amend the Constitution of Massachusetts. "Our friend Webster," said Judge

Story, "has gained a noble reputation. It was a glorious field for him, and he had an ample harvest. The whole force of his great mind was brought out, and in several speeches he commanded universal admiration." It was indeed a glorious field for him. For twenty years he had been studying what he well called "the nature and constitution of society

property as the basis of representation in the Senate, were much admired, and carried conviction to his listeners. Of this last he was not a little proud, and five days after the delivery of it in the convention he repeated it, word for word, to the crowd that gathered in the little church at Plymouth, as part of the oration on "The First Settlement of New England."

With each increase of fame as a lawyer and an orator, friends and admirers grew more and more urgent that he should once more return to public life. He did, indeed, consent to serve as a Presidential elector, and for ten days sat in the Massachusetts legislature. Many years afterward, in the course of a speech, Webster referred to this service, and told his hearers a story quite characteristic of the man. "It so happens," said he, "that all the public services which I have rendered in this world, in my day and generation, have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make one exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search for some good object in which I could be useful in that position; and, after much reflection, I introduced a bill which, with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusetts legislature, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any other manner than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line."

To keep aloof from public life, however, was not possible. To the end of his life Webster was, above all else, a student and an expounder of constitutional government, and the period we have now reached was one in which those principles were everywhere discussed. In the Supreme Court, Marshall was handing down one by one decisions upholding the jurisdiction of the court, defining the powers of Congress, limiting the powers of the States, and completely changing the popular understanding of the place of the judiciary in our system of government. All about him new State constitutions were being made and old ones mended. Within the brief period of five years, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, Connecticut, Maine, and Missouri had each framed a new instrument of government, and New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland had greatly changed their early forms. The extension of the franchise, the basis of representation, the qualifications for office-holding, were everywhere discussed. Economic and indus-

trial issues had come to the front and were pressing for settlement. The right of Congress to protect manufactures, to charter a national bank, to build roads and canals, to prohibit slavery in a new State, were topics to which Webster could not be indifferent. Some remarks of his on the Missouri Compromise having been misunderstood and spread abroad in a distorted shape, he wrote this letter to the member of Congress who had placed him in a false light:

"May I have permission to see you at such time and place as may suit your convenience, for the purpose of asking you to correct a misrepresentation which seems to have gone abroad respecting expressions said to be used by me in a late conversation with you? I understand it is reported that I said to you that I considered the question before Congress as a question of political power, and added that if the free States could carry this question *now*, they could hereafter carry any other.

"I am sure I said nothing in any degree like this, for I never at any time spoke or thought of this question as being a fit question to be decided on such considerations. After some previous conversation, in which you intimated, I think (what I had understood before), that your opinion was against the restrictions, you lamented the agitation of the question now, and thought it not wise in the gentlemen from the North to have produced it, since there was the subject of the Bankruptcy Bill and other subjects deeply interesting to the people of the North, toward which it would be desirable to conciliate the dispositions of the South. To this my remark, by way of answer, simply was, that I presumed the people of the North, among other considerations, regarded this question as one which affected their right to *an equal weight in the political power of the govt., and that they would not* think it reasonable to be called on to surrender this in order to obtain any favorable act of ordinary Legislation. This observation was in reference to the subject of *representation*, which I have always supposed to be one of the objections to making new slave States. I certainly spoke in reference *solely* [to the way?] in which political power may be affected, and if I was understood in any other wise, I was greatly misunderstood.

"I beg you to be assured that I am quite certain that no intentional misrepresentation could have been made by you. On a subject, however, of so much excitement, I am particularly anxious that no remarks of



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

A LEVEE AT THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN 1813.

mine may be misunderstood. I must rely upon you to correct erroneous impressions, as far as may be necessary to do so, whether it arose from any inaccuracy in my own expression or any other cause."

Eager as Webster was to make money, fond as he was of his profession, the allurements of public life were thus far greater by 1822 than they had been in 1816. The bitter partisan feeling, the petty opposition and bickering, which marked the years of his first service in Congress were gone. A great opportunity now lay before him, and when, one day in August, 1822, a committee from a meeting of delegates from all the wards of Boston invited him to represent the district of Suffolk in Congress, he consented, and in December, 1823, was again a member of the House.

The spirit in which he entered on the new service is finely set forth in a letter to Judge Story, written in May, 1823: "I never felt more down sick on all subjects connected with the public than at the present moment. I have heretofore cherished a faint hope that New England would some time or other get out of this miserable, dirty squabble of local politics, and assert her proper character and consequence. But I at length give up. I feel the hand of fate upon us, and to struggle is in vain. We are doomed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and I am prepared henceforth to do my part of the drudgery without hoping for an end. What has sickened me beyond remedy is the tone and temper of these disputes. We are disgraced beyond help or hope by these things. There is a Federal interest, a Democratic interest, a bankrupt interest, an orthodox interest, and a middling interest; but I see no national interest, nor any national feeling in the whole matter."

Happily, he was not prepared to do his part of the drudgery without hoping for an end. So far as he was concerned, the end had come. The "miserable squabble of local politics," which so strongly affected his conduct during his first term of service in the House, was to influence him no more. At last he had risen to the plane of statesmanship, and was to see the coming issues in their bearings on the nation.

As the autumn wore away, and the time drew near when Congress was to meet, he began, in his usual way, to turn over in his mind what he should do. As a student of constitutional government and a lover of liberty, the unhappy failure of the republican movement in South America, the

sudden rise of liberalism in Europe, the stamping out of every trace of democracy by the Holy Allies at Naples and in Spain, and the glorious struggle of the Greeks for independence, interested him deeply. The cause of the Greeks, and their appeal to the one real republic of the world, touched him.

"If nobody does it, who can do it better," he wrote in November to his friend Everett, "I shall certainly say something of the Greeks. The miserable issue of the Spanish revolution makes the Greek cause more interesting, and I begin to think they have character enough to carry them through the contest with success." This purpose grew stronger the more he thought it over, and when, on reaching New York, he took up the October number of the "North American Review" and read Mr. Everett's article on the Greeks, he firmly resolved to help them. "I have found leisure here," he wrote, "and not till now, to read your admirable article on the Greeks. Since I left Boston, also, we have had important information from them. I feel a great inclination to say or do something in their behalf early in the session, if I know what to say or to do. If you can readily direct me to any source from which I can obtain more information than is already public respecting these affairs, I would be obliged to you to do so."

Mr. Everett responded in the most handsome manner, sent him manuscripts and bits of information, and posted him in all the details of the war. "I have gone over your two manuscripts with the map before me, and think I have mastered the campaigns of 1821-22 historically and topographically. My wonder is, where and how your most extraordinary industry has been able to find all the materials for so interesting and detailed a narrative. I hope you will send me a digested narrative of the events of this year so far as they are to be learned from the last accounts.

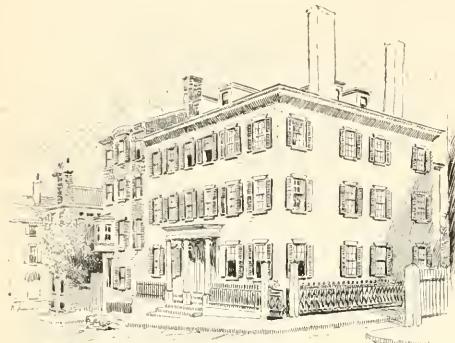
"I have spoken to several gentlemen on the subject of a motion respecting Greece, and all of them approve it. The object which I wish to bring about, and which I believe may be brought about, is the appointment of a commissioner to go to Greece. Two modes present themselves. A motion to that effect and a speech in support of it, giving some account of the rise and progress of the Greek revolution, and showing the propriety and utility of the proposed mission. The other is to raise a committee on the subject and let there be a report containing the same matter. Whichever may be adopted, your communi-

cations are invaluable, and I wish you would tell me frankly how far I can use them without injury to your January article in the 'North American.' We can wait until that

the appearance of interfering in the concerns of the other continent also. This does not weigh greatly with me; I think we have as much community with the Greeks as with the inhabitants of the Andes and the dwellers on the borders of the Vermilion Sea. If nothing should occur to alter my present purpose, I shall bring forward a motion on the subject on Monday, and shall propose to let it lie on the table for a fortnight."

On the day chosen Webster accordingly moved that provision ought to be made to defray the expense of sending an agent or commissioner to Greece whenever the President should deem it expedient to make an appointment. For six weeks the resolution lay on the table. During this time Webster was busy with his speech. "I believe," he wrote, "there will be a good deal of discussion, although, if any, pretty much on one side. While some of our Boston friends, as I know, think this resolution even quixotic, leading to a crusade, it will be objected to strongly by many on account of its tame milk-and-water character. The merchants are naturally enough a little afraid about their cargoes at Smyrna; besides, Greece is a great way off, etc."

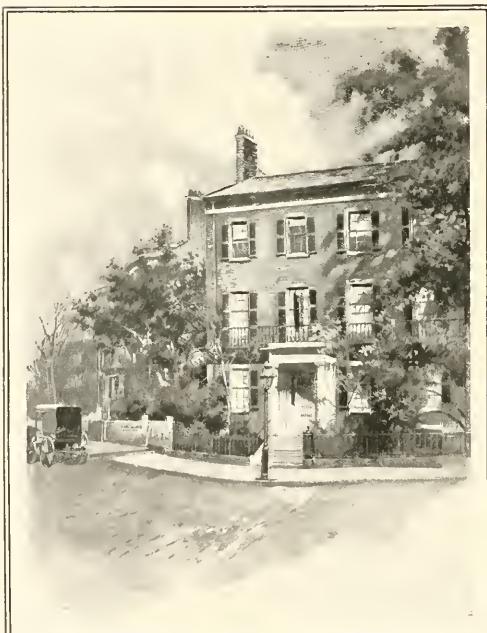
"My intention is to justify the resolution against two classes of objectors, those that suppose it not to go far enough, and those that suppose it to go too far; then, to give some little



WEBSTER'S HOUSE IN
SOMERSET STREET,
BOSTON.

article is out, if you think best, but my impression is, we should do well to bring forward the subject within ten or twelve days from this time, while the House is not yet much occupied, and while the country feels the warmth communicated by the President's message. I intend to see, in the course of this day and to-morrow, Mr. R. King, Mr. Clay, and perhaps the President, and have their views on this matter."

But Monroe, in his message, had announced the famous doctrine that still bears his name, and was little inclined to meddle with affairs in Greece. "There was, I believe," Webster continues, "a meeting of the members of the administration yesterday, at which, *inter alia*, they talked of Greece. The pinch is that in the message the President has taken pretty high ground as to this continent, and is afraid of



HOUSE IN SUMMER STREET, BOSTON. WEBSTER'S HOME IN 1855.

history of the Greek revolution, express a pretty strong conviction of its ultimate success, and persuade the House, if I can, to take the merit of being the first government among all civilized nations who have publicly rejoiced in the emancipation of Greece. I feel now that I could make a pretty good speech for my friends the Greeks, but I shall get cool in fourteen days, unless you keep up my temperature."

The intent and purpose of the speech, however, were not understood. It was be-

lieved that Webster had seized on the topic because it was uppermost in the public mind, because of the feeling and wide-spread interest it had awakened, and because it would enable him to mark his return to Congress by an oration finer than that delivered in the old First Church at Plymouth. When, therefore, he rose to speak, on the day appointed to consider his resolution, and looked over the sea of eager faces drawn to the House by the expectation of a display of oratory, he felt in duty bound to say that "he was afraid that, so far as he was concerned, the excited expectations of the public mind, on the present occasion, would be disappointed." But the public mind suffered no disappointment. "The report of your speech," wrote Joseph Hopkinson, "meager as it is, shows the foot of Hercules; but we want the whole body, and trust you will give it to us. Mr. Hemphill wrote me it was the best he ever heard."

While the House admired the oratory, it would not be persuaded by the argument. Member after member spoke in opposition. Some thought the resolution little better than a declaration of war. Others feared it would lead to war. Still others felt so sure that the Holy Allies would soon attack the South American republics, and we be called on to make good the stand taken by the President in his message, that they shrank from "mingling in the turmoils of Europe" when we might ourselves, in a little while, be struggling for the preservation of our own liberties. After a week of debating the committee of the whole rose without asking leave to sit again, and for a second time a resolution offered by Webster never reached a vote. "The motion," he wrote Mr. Mason, "ought to have been adopted, and would have been by a general vote but for certain reasons, which the public will never know, and which I will not trouble you with now. I could divide the House very evenly on the subject now, and perhaps carry a vote. Whether I shall stir it again must be considered. Mr. Adams' opposition to it was the most formidable obstacle." The speech

was, indeed, a great one, was always held by Webster to be his best, and was prepared with much pains and labor. His rough notes, still preserved in the New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord, cover eighteen large sheets written on both sides. The interest which attaches to it is, therefore, of no common sort, and may justify the copying of a couple of pages of the notes, as a good illustration of a method of work from which to his dying day he never departed.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL IN
THE POSSESSION OF MR. WALTON HALL.

WEBSTER'S CHAIR AND
STICK.

Introduction. Memories of An. Greece. But Mod. Gr. one subject.

No. Quixotic. Emination. An American question, on large scale.

What is the nation? A reciprocation of message. No speeches & answers now.

If adopted it leaves everything to the President's unrestrained discretion. . . .

If the message be proper, this is not improper. Message, 18 page.

Our Policy.

1. Pacific growth, not acquisition. Time, peace & the arts, are our agents of greatness. No scheme so magnificent, as what our condition promises.

2. It is a liberal policy, not propagandists, but our side is known.

Age extraordinary; our situation peculiar; the best period & the best spot; our progress rapid, we must tax ourselves to keep up with it.

The great question is between absolute Govts. and Regulated Govts.

Whether Soc. shall have a part in its own Govt. It is not content with kind masters.

The spirit of the age sets strongly in favor of free Govts.

This system is opposed in system by the Great Continent'l Powers. It is opposed wherever it shows itself, Naples, Piedmont, Spain and Greece. It is opposed for reasons rendering opposition to it as proper in this Country, as in Europe. It is opposed on settled principles.

The question is, *what opinions does it become this Country to express.*

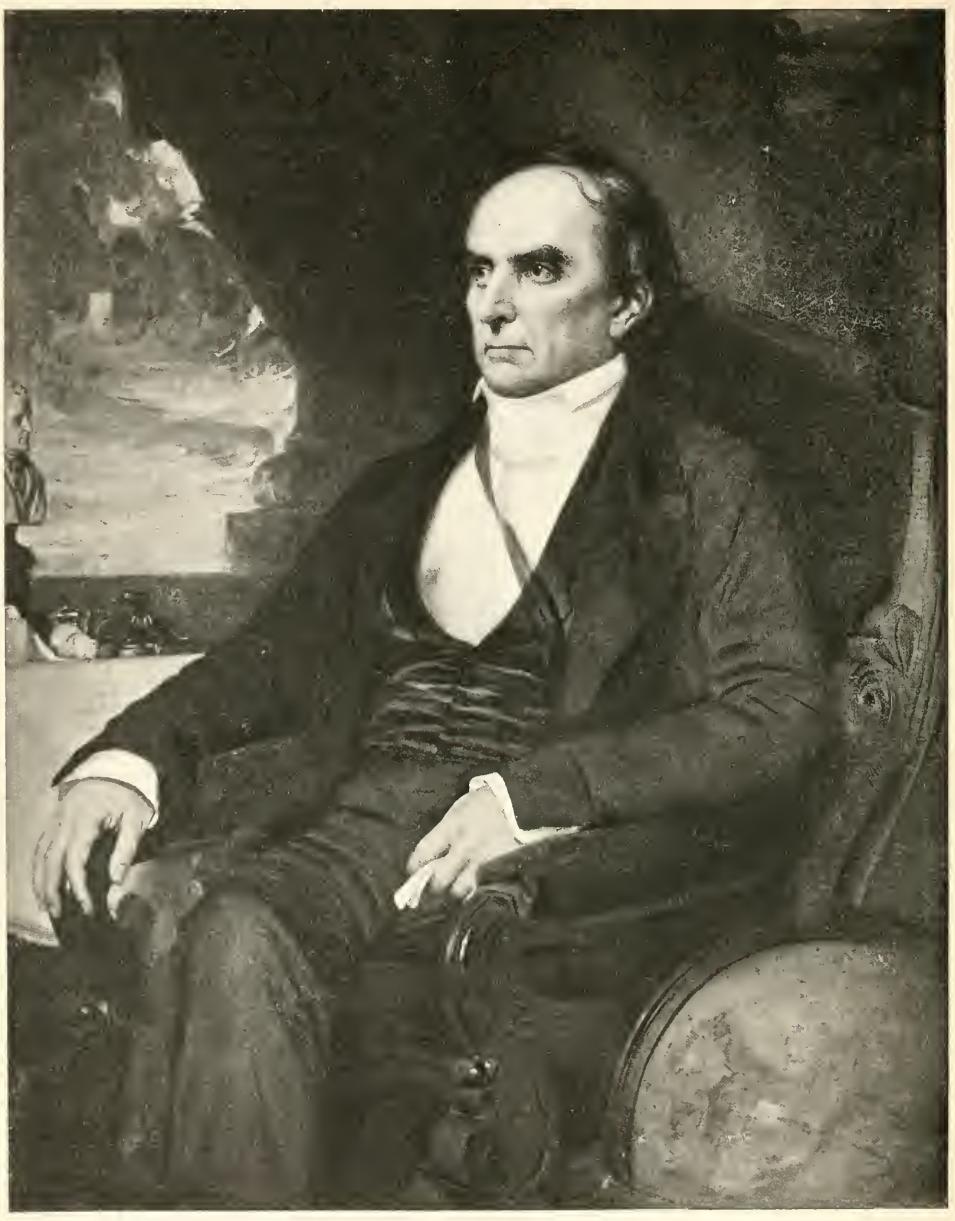
But let us examine the truth of this. *Representation.*

There is the Holy Alliance.



IMPRESSION FROM WEBSTER'S SEAL-RING, OWNED
BY MRS. C. H. JOY.

P. D. 32. 355 page Holy Alliance, an extraordinary & unnecessary League — Pufferdorf—read abstract. Originated with Alex'n.— Shown in org'l drft. to L'd.



FROM THE PAINTING BY G. P. A. HEALY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

This portrait was painted in 1848 as a companion portrait to that of Lord Ashburton, and hangs in the diplomatic reception-rooms of the State Department.

Castlereagh, before it was shown to the other sovereigns. (L'd. C's. Speech, in P. D.)

But allowing a favorable construction to this, the Alliance has proceeded to Practical Resolutions, of dangerous import.

1. *All Constitutional rights proceed from the grants of Kings*—Intimated at the Federation—Charter.

A comparison of these crude notes with the finished speech is well worth making.

His bride drew herself from his encircling arm reluctantly.

"You'd better look after the horses," she said, with a vivid blush. "What'll grandmother think of us?"

The young fellow removed the offending arm and reached back to pat the old lady's knee.

"I ain't afraid of grandmother," he said joyously. "Grandmother's a brick. If she stays out here long she'll soon be the youngest woman on the mesa. I should n't wonder if she'd pick up some nice old gentleman herself—how's that, grandmother?" He bent down and kissed his wife's ear. "Catch me going back on grandmothers after this!"

"You have n't changed a bit, Rob," said Ethel, fondly; "has he, grandmother?" She turned her radiant smile upon the withered face behind her.

The old woman did not answer. The newly wedded couple resumed their rapturous contemplation of each other.

"How's that funny old man, Rob?" asked Ethel, smoothing out her dimples.

"Old Mosey? He's pretty rocky. I'm afraid he won't pull through." Rob strove to adjust his voice to the subject. "I'd 'a' got a house down in town, but I did n't like to leave him. We'll have to go pretty soon, though. I'm afraid you'll be lonesome up here."

The old woman on the back seat leaned forward a little. The young couple smiled exultantly into each other's eyes, with superb scorn of the world.

"Lonesome!" sneered the girl.

Her husband drew her close to him with an ecstatic hug.

"Yes, lonesome," he laughed, his voice smothered in her bright hair.

The old woman settled back in her seat. The team made their way slowly through the sandy wash between the boulders. When they emerged from the sycamores, Rob pointed toward the cabin. "That's the place!" he said triumphantly.

The sunset was sifting through the live-oaks upon the shake roof. Two tents gleamed white beside it, frescoed with the shadow of moving leaves. Ethel lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, and looked at her home with the faith in her eyes that has kept the world young.

"I've put up some tents for us," said the young fellow, gleefully; "but you must n't go in till I get the team put away. I won't have you laughing at my housekeeping behind my back. Old Mosey's asleep in the

shanty; the doctor gives him something to keep him easy. You can go in there and sit down, grandmother; you won't disturb him."

He helped them out of the wagon, lingering a little with his wife in his arms. The old woman left them and went into the house. She crossed the floor hesitatingly, and bent over the feeble old face on the pillow.

"It's just as I expected; he's changed a good deal," she said to herself.

The old man opened his eyes.

"I was sayin' you'd changed a good deal, Moses," she repeated aloud.

There was no intelligence in his gaze.

"For that matter, I expect I've changed a good deal myself," she went on. "I heard you'd had a fall, and I thought I'd better come out. You was always kind of hard to take care of when you was sick. I remember that time you hurt your foot on the scythe, just after we was married; you would n't let anybody come near you but me—"

"Why, it's Angeline!" said the old man, dreamily, with a vacant smile.

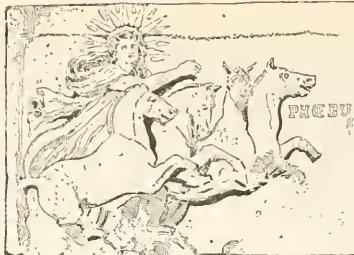
"Yes, it's me."

He closed his eyes and drifted away again. The old wife sat still on the edge of the bed. Outside she could hear the sigh of the oaks and the trill of young voices. Two or three tears fell over the wrinkled face, written close with the past, like a yellow page from an old diary. She wiped them away, and looked about the room with its meager belongings, which Rob had scoured into expectant neatness.

"He does n't seem to have done very well," she thought; "but how could he, all by himself?" She got up and walked to the door, and looked out at the strange landscape with its masses of purple mountains.

"I've got to do one of two things," she said to herself. "I've just got to own up the whole thing, and let the girls be mortified, or else I've got to keep still and marry him over again, and pass for an old fool the rest of my life. I don't believe I can do it. They've got more time to live down disgrace than I have. I believe I'll just come out and tell everything. Ethel!" she called. "Come here, you and Rob; I've got something to tell you."

The young couple stood with locked arms, looking out over the valley. At the sound of her voice they clasped each other close in an embrace of passionate protest against the intrusion of this other soul. Then they turned toward the sunset, and went slowly and reluctantly into the house.



HIGH NOON.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

HERE where the faint breeze droops upon the grass,
Where summer incense fills the air with pine,
Upon the highest hillside, where the sun
Lifts Nature to himself, I raise my shrine

To thee, High Noon,
In whose clear eyes, undimmed by doubt or tear,
No secret shadow of the soul is good.
Others may dread thy burning judgment white—
For them be twilight altars in the wood;

To thee, High Noon,
Bare-breasted as a pagan I would come!
Test thou my heart, that, proven, I may dare
Exult to shrive me in thy riteless peace,
And sacramental faith eternal swear

To thee, High Noon!



DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER,
Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

THIRD PAPER.

WEBSTER ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM AND THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE.

THE speech in behalf of the Greeks delivered and his resolution "laid in the tomb," Webster took but little active interest in public affairs, and turned his attention to private matters and to the duties that fell to his committees. Creditors under the Spanish treaty of 1819 had long been clamoring for their money, and a number of them had retained Webster to push their claims. The passage of a bill to discharge these

debts was with him, as he says, "the great business of the session."

Such concerns as formed the daily business of the House did not interest him in the least, and he quickly fell into the habit of being present in body, but absent in mind. In a speech on the compensation bill of 1816 he had denounced this practice in strong terms. "There is," he said, "something radically defective in our system of government.

No legislature in the world, however various its concerns or extensive its sphere, sits as long as this, notwithstanding that its sphere is so greatly contracted by the intervention of eighteen distinct legislatures. The system does not compel, on the part of its members, that attention which the nature of the public business requires. I refer to letters and papers on the desks of the members every day. They ought to have none of them. When a man comes into this House, he ought to leave on the threshold every feeling and thought not connected with the public service. Private letters and private conversation ought not to be permitted to encroach on the unity of his object. If in any way the attention of the House could be fixed on the speaker, there would be an end to long speeches, for I defy any man to address any assembly of this sort, and address them long, if their attention is fixed on him."

But Webster was older now; evil communications had corrupted his good manners, and he had become as great an offender as the worst, and shutting his ears to the pleas and arguments of many a debater, would spend the hours writing letters. To the splendid opportunity which lay before one endowed with the qualities which make men leaders of their kind, he seems to have been blind. Never since the days of the War for Independence was a statesman of the constructive type more needed. The old parties founded and led by Washington and Jefferson were gone, and new ones to take their places were yet to be created. Of the issues then before the people all were sectional; none was national. That they would some day be united and become the basis of parties yet to be organized, and that the men who brought about this union of local interests would, for years to come, direct the policy and "sway the destiny of the country," was inevitable.

For work of this kind Webster was in no sense fitted. The abilities with which nature had so richly endowed him, his tastes, his studies, and his training pointed to no such career; and in the long run he was thrust aside and outrun by men of far less capacity, by demagogues who served the times, and, dying, left behind them no lasting work as the fruit of a long life spent in the public service. In the struggle for leadership which made memorable the next four years he was a mere looker-on, commenting now and then on the would-be Presidents and their chances of success. At New York, when on his way to attend Congress, he was amazed at the

"sudden and extraordinary popularity of Mr. Clinton." New Jersey, he was inclined to think, would support Mr. Calhoun. At Washington every one was asking, "Will a caucus be held?" For twenty years past the Republican members of the House and Senate used to meet some February evening in each Presidential year and "recommend" to their fellow-citizens, as they said, two men to be President and Vice-President of the United States. The "recommendation" was often followed by the statement that the men named were recommended and in no sense nominated; that the recommendation was made in the interest of party unity and harmony and to prevent the wasteful scattering of electoral votes among a host of local favorites, not one of whom had the smallest chance of election. So long as the party was really united and the candidates chosen were men whose services in Revolutionary days entitled them to the grateful consideration of their countrymen, all went well. But now the party was not united: it was broken into many pieces, and as each fragment had rallied about a man of its own selection, a demand arose that the old method of nomination by the caucus should give way to the new one of nomination by the people.

Of this Webster heartily approved. "It appears to me to be our true policy," he wrote to Mason, "to oppose all caucuses, so far as our course seems to be clear. Beyond this I do not think we are bound to proceed at present. To defeat caucus nominations, or prevent them, and to give the election, wherever it can be done, to the people, are the best means of restoring the body politic to its natural and wholesome state." "One thing I hold to be material," he tells his brother: "get on without a caucus. It will only require a little more pains. It is time to put an end to caucuses. They make great men little and little men great; the true source of power is the people. The Democrats are not democratic enough; they are real aristocrats; their leaders wish to govern by a combination among themselves, and they think they have a fee simple in the people's suffrages. Go to the people and convince them that their pretended friends are a knot of self-interested jobbers, who make a trade of patriotism and live on popular credulity."

When at last the caucus is held and Crawford and Calhoun are nominated, he believes it "has hurt nobody but its friends. Mr. Adams's chance seems to increase, and he and General Jackson are likely to be the real competitors at last. General Jackson's

manners are more Presidential than those of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild, and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly." A month later he is still convinced that Jackson is "making head yet, Arbuthnot and Ambrister notwithstanding. The truth is, he is the people's candidate in a great part of the Southern and Western country. I hope all New England will support Mr. Calhoun for the Vice-Presidency. If so, he will probably be chosen, and that will be a great thing. He is a true man, and will do good to the country in that situation."

By the time the caucus was held, the House had settled down to the business of the session, and none that came before it was more important than the tariff. The act of 1816 had not produced the many benefits so hopefully expected. "This measure," said the high-tariff advocates, "was believed at the time to be all that was needed; but the immense accumulation in European markets of goods made by labor-saving machines operated by men and women content to live on potatoes, rice, and water, the exclusion of these goods from British markets and of British wares from European markets, forced the manufacturers of the Old World to seek our ports, where they have been only too well received. Their products, cheaply made and evading our tariff by fraudulent means, have been sold at the auction-block at prices which distance competition, and have been paid for with depreciated bank paper, which the foreign owners have exchanged for specie and carried from our country. This means the ruin of our banks, our manufactures, our farmers, and a decline in the value of land; for now that hundreds of thousands who consume food, liquor, fuel, and clothing, but produce them not, are out of employment, where will our farmers find a sale for the produce that they once sold readily at home?"

The hard times of 1819, the presence in the cities of great numbers of idle workmen, the activity of the Friends of National Industry, gave uncommon force to such arguments, and it soon became impossible for a dozen men to gather for any purpose without issuing an appeal for a new tariff. Grand juries presented the sale of British goods as a grievance. Political conventions called on voters to defeat such candidates for Congress as would not promise to work for a tariff. Public meetings discussed the need of protection, and as the day drew near when Congress must meet, petitions went about in every manufacturing town and village, and

delegates from nine States assembled at New York. Calling themselves a convention of Friends of National Industry, they urged the formation of State societies to agitate for a tariff and to send representatives to a national convention to be held at New York city in 1820.

Nor were the enemies of a high tariff for protection less active. They, too, held meetings, and it was at one of these, gathered in Faneuil Hall, in 1820, that Webster spoke in behalf of a free-trade policy. Both sides were now in serious earnest, and during four years the issue was constantly before Congress. The bill of 1820 was defeated by the casting vote of the Vice-President; that of 1821 was not put upon its passage; the House refused to consider that of 1822; but when a fourth attempt was made in 1823, the Committee on Manufactures laid before the House a bill which the supporters of Webster expected him to resist. Personally he cared little for it; for the questions which filled his thoughts, occupied his hours of study, and which, to the last, he delighted to expound, were such as sprang from the interpretation of our Constitution, our principles of government, and not such as were concerned with political economy.

"On this same tariff we are now occupied," he writes; "it is a tedious, disagreeable subject. The House, or a majority of it, are apparently insane; at least I think so. Whether anything can be done to moderate the disease, I know not. I have very little hope. I am aware that something is expected of me; much more than I shall perform. It would be easy to make a speech, but I am anxious to do something better, if I can; but I see not what I can do." "The tariff is yet undecided. It will not pass, I think, in its present shape, and I doubt if it will pass at all. As yet I have not interfered much in the debate, partly because there were others more desirous to discuss the details than I am, and partly because I have been so much in the court. I have done, however, with the court, and the whole tariff subject is yet open. I shall be looking after it, though I should prefer it should die a natural death, by postponement or other easy violence."

No such death awaited the bill, and when, one day in April, 1824, Clay took the floor and delivered that famous speech in which he outlined and defended his "American policy," Webster knew that the time had come to reply. Never had Clay spoken more earnestly, more eloquently, or at greater

length. He began at eleven in the morning and was still on his feet when the House adjourned at half-past three in the afternoon.

If tradition may be trusted, Webster went home that night fully determined to answer Clay, rose before daylight the next morning, and spent the time till the House met in jotting down on paper what he intended to say. But Clay, resuming the argument where he left it off the day before, spoke for several hours, and was then followed by a member from Mississippi, so that the afternoon was well spent when Webster began his reply, and was in turn forced to continue it on the following day. Tradition further tells us that, while he was then in the full swing of eloquence, a note was thrust into his hand, informing him that the great case of Gibbons against Ogden would be called for argument the next morning in the Supreme Court; that he ended his speech as speedily as possible, and went home, and to bed, and to sleep; that he rose at ten that night, and, with no other refreshment than a bowl of tea, toiled steadily till nine the next morning, when his brief was done; that he then partook of a slight breakfast of tea and crackers, read the morning newspapers, went to court, and there made that argument which destroyed the exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York by steam, so long enjoyed by Fulton and Livingston, and "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor, in our country from the interference of monopolies."

Many reasons combine to make the tariff debate of 1824 of no common interest. Neither speaker, it is true, settled the controversy. More than three quarters of a century has passed since that day, yet the respective merits of free trade and protection are as far as ever from settlement, and still furnish plentiful material for campaigns of education. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the principle and policy of protective tariffs have never been better stated than in the brilliant speech by Clay, nor more forcibly combated than they were in the vigorous reasoning of Webster. Clay made the better speech; Webster the better argument. In the effort of Clay are plainly visible all the characteristics of the man, both great and small: his fervid patriotism, his glowing diction, his lively imagination, his skill in grouping facts, his superficial knowledge, and his inability to reason calmly to a logical conclusion. In the answer of Webster are set forth the keen analysis,

the deliberate reasoning, the full knowledge, the mastery of principles, which made him great. Nowhere else in our annals can be found two speeches of deeper interest to the student of economics.

Of the speech thus hastily prepared and hastily delivered, Webster had but a poor opinion. "We have heard a great deal of nonsense upon the subject," he wrote Mr. Mason, "and some of it from high quarters. I think you will be surprised at Mr. Clay's speech. My speech will be printed, and you will get it. Whatever I have done in other cases, I must say that in this I have published it against my own judgment. I was not expecting to speak at that time, nor ready to do so. And from Mr. Clay's ending I had but one night to prepare. The ideas are right enough, I hope, but as a speech it is clumsy, wanting in method, and tedious." His friends thought otherwise, and the mails soon began to bring him letters full of adulation and of praise for the Greek and tariff speeches. "I received a letter from a friend in London," says one correspondent, "dated the 6th of March, who justly observes: 'Mr. Webster's speech has been received with general approbation and applause. It has been translated into Greek and printed in London, in order to be distributed all over Greece. I am happy that the Demosthenes of America has taken the lead in encouraging and animating the countrymen of his great prototype.' I tender my thanks for your lucid and magnificent speech on the Tariff. The ground you have assumed is the only one which history, policy, and experience can enable us to maintain with interest to the nation. I march with you side by side, in all the route you take. If you are not correct, there is no truth in *induction*; there is no *wisdom* among the learned; there is no *intelligence* to be found in Parliament; there is no reliance to be placed on the statements of the learned political writers on the economy of nations; in fact, we have not any *new lights* to guide us since the dark ages, and must grope on."

The tariff disposed of, the only question of interest that remained was the coming election of a President. The long list of great names put before the voters in the course of three years by State legislatures, by conventions, by public meetings, by caucuses, by the members of Congress, had been cut down by time to four — Adams, Jackson, Crawford, and Clay. Could Webster have had his wish, Calhoun would have been the successor of Monroe.

The great gulf that parted them in later years had not as yet begun to yawn. Again and again in his letters he calls the illustrious Carolinian "a true man." But the "will of the people" assigned to Calhoun the post of Vice-President, and of the four who remained as candidates for the Presidency the names of only three could come before the House of Representatives. That Adams, Jackson, and Crawford would be the three, Webster seems never to have doubted. Not once does he mention the name of Clay. Now he is sure that "the novelty of Gen'l Jackson is wearing off, and the contest seems to be coming back to the old question between Mr. Adams and Mr. Crawford." "The events of the winter, with the common operation of time, have very much mixed up Federalists with some other of the parties, and though it is true that some men make great efforts to keep up old distinctions, they find it difficult. Mr. Adams, I think, sees also that exclusion will be a very doubtful policy, and in truth I think a little better of the kindness of his feelings toward us than I have done. I have not seen how Federalists could possibly join with those who support Mr. C. The company he keeps at the North is my strongest objection to him."

There were those, however, who were not so sure of "the kindness of his feelings" toward Federalists. That Mr. Adams would forget who it was that condemned his conduct in the Senate, chose a successor before his term had expired, and forced him to resign, seemed scarcely human. That he would proscribe all Federalists was generally believed, and when, a little later, the failure of the colleges to elect threw the choice of a President into the House, a member of the Maryland delegation wrote to Webster for advice. The issue thus presented to him was critical. In the election by the House each of the four-and-twenty States was to cast one ballot, and that ballot was to be determined by the majority vote of the members of the delegation. Maryland sent eight representatives, and so evenly were they divided by party lines that the writer of the letter declared he believed that on his vote hung that of Maryland. The reply assured him that Adams would not proscribe old Federalists as a class, and to secure this assurance Webster called on the Secretary of State one evening and read the answer he proposed to send. In it were the words:

"For myself, I am satisfied, and shall give him my vote cheerfully and steadily. And

I am ready to say that I should not do so if I did not believe that he would administer the government on liberal principles, not excluding Federalists, as such, from his regard and confidence. . . .

"I wish to see nothing like a portioning, parceling out, or distributing offices of trust among men called by different denominations. . . . What I think just and reasonable to be expected is that, by some one clear and distinct case, it may be shown that the distinction above alluded to does not operate as cause of exclusion." To this Adams objected. "The letter seemed to require him, or expect him, to place one Federalist in the administration. Here I interrupted him, and told him he had misinterpreted the writer's meaning. That the letter did not speak of those appointments called Cabinet appointments particularly, but of appointments generally. With that understanding he said the letter contained his opinions."

Thus assured, the hesitating member from Maryland cast his vote for Adams, and so made Maryland one of the thirteen States that elected him. Had Maryland supported Jackson, he would have tied Adams, and the way would have been prepared for a prolonged contest. Something of this sort was feared by Webster.

"As the 9th of February approaches," he wrote, "we begin to hear a little more about the election. I think some important indications will be made soon. A main inquiry is, in what direction Mr. Clay and his friends will move. There would seem at present to be some reason to think they will take a part finally for Mr. Adams. This will not necessarily be decisive, but it will be very important. After all, I cannot predict results. I believe Mr. Adams might be chosen if he or his friends would act somewhat differently. But if he has good counselors, I know not who they are. I would like to know your opinion of what is proper to be done in two or three contingencies: 1. If on the first or any subsequent ballot Mr. Adams falls behind Mr. Crawford and remains so a day or two, shall we hold out to the end of the chapter, or shall we vote for one of the highest? 2. If for one of the highest, say Jackson or Crawford, for which? 3. Is it advisable under any circumstances to hold out and leave the choice to Mr. Calhoun? 4. Would or would not New England prefer conferring the power on Calhoun to a choice of General Jackson?"

The support of Clay was indeed important,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE COLLECTION OF
ROBERT COSTER.

THOMAS H. BENTON.



FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

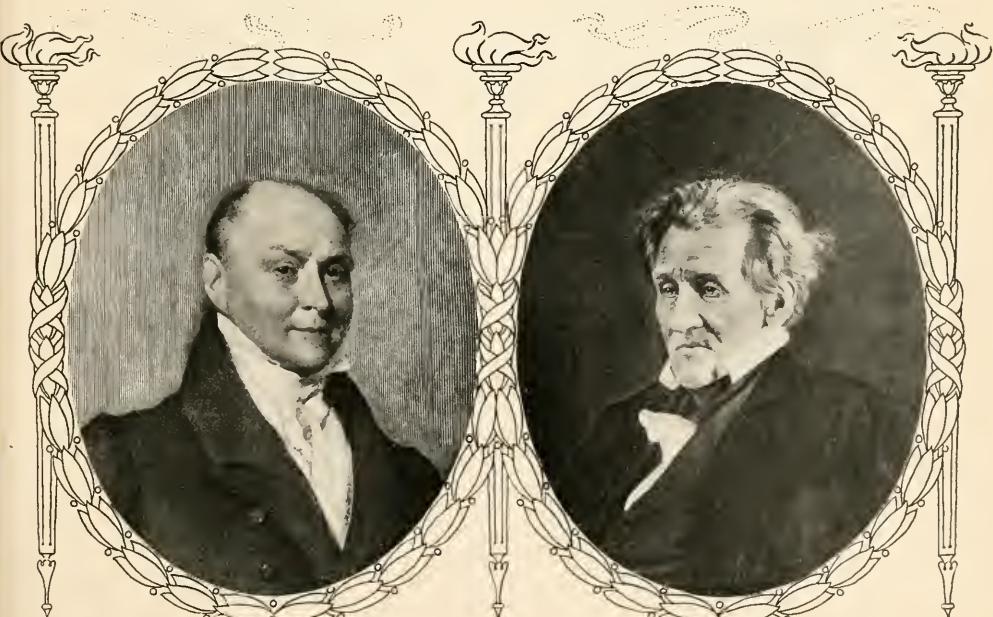


FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MARCHANT IN THE DIPLOMATIC
RECEPTION ROOMS, STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

HENRY CLAY.

and the followers of Jackson, Adams, and Crawford were seeking it earnestly. Clay seemed, he himself says, "to be the favorite of every one"; "strong professions of high consideration and of unbounded admiration" met him at every turn; he was "transformed from a candidate before the people to an elector for the people." Deeply aware of the solemn duty thrust upon him, time was taken to weigh the facts on which a decision must be founded. While he deliberated, rumors of every sort were put afloat to awe and influence him; and when these failed, anonymous letters full of menace and

abuse poured in on him daily. At last, when it could no longer be disguised that he would support Adams and not Jackson, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, in an unsigned note to a Philadelphia newspaper, declared that an "unholy coalition" had been formed; that Clay was to use his influence for Adams; and that Adams, if elected, was to make Clay Secretary of State. Lest Clay should not see the charge, a marked copy of the newspaper was sent him. He was stung to the quick, and, in a fit of rage, denounced the unknown writer in a Washington newspaper as "a base and infamous



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY STUART AND SULLY,
IN MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THESE TWO PORTRAITS ARE
HALF-TONE PLATES ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

calumniator, a dastard, and a liar," and bade him disclose his name that he might be held responsible "to all the laws which govern men of honor." In plain words, he must meet the Speaker on the dueling-grounds at Bladensburg. Thus challenged, the writer disclosed his name, and in a letter to the same Washington newspaper informed "H. Clay" that he would prove to the satisfaction of unprejudiced minds that a bargain had been made, and signed the note "George Kremer"—a representative from Pennsylvania.

What followed on the day that this card appeared has been described for us in lively terms by one who was present in the House.

The storm of war has at length burst forth. The card of Mr. Clay and the other card of Mr. Kremer have thrown all here into strong commotion. The morning on which the letter appeared everybody was talking about pistols and powder. Will he fight? Has he ever fought? Will he not excuse himself as coming from Pennsylvania? Where will they fight? These were the questions which everywhere struck the ear. When Mr. Clay entered the House every eye followed him. As to Kremer, he was in his seat two hours before the time of meeting. They gave no special sign of recognition, and soon after the morning business had proceeded, Mr. Clay rose and made the statement which you have since seen in the papers. Every tongue was hushed, and the house was still as an empty church. He spoke low and under evident stress of feeling. Mr. Kremer's assent to the proposed investigation was given in his usual high and sharp key (he is sometimes jocularly called *Geo. Screamer*), and then came the tug of war. The report gives a fair representation of what was said, but the manner, the tones, the gestures, the soul of the debate, no pen can convey. Kremer is a strong, broad-shouldered, coarse-looking Pennsylvania farmer, with a florid face and short, stiff, sandy hair. His dress is often slovenly; but his mind is sturdy and vigorous, and when much excited he utters a deal of plain sound sense, directly to the point.

The substance of Clay's speech was a request for a committee to investigate the charges, and when the committee was ordered, Mr. Kremer rose in his place and assured the House that he would appear and make good all he had said. But when the committee met and bade him present his proof, he refused to come, and denied the right of the House to take action. Webster wrote to his brother further in comment on this affair, and on the ludicrousness of the great Mr. Clay, of the "Harry of the West," Speaker of the House during six Congresses, hurrying off in the dusk of a cold winter morning to exchange shots with the ec-

centric member from Pennsylvania: "We have a little excitement here, as you will see; but there is less than there seems. Mr. Clay's ill-judged card has produced an avowal, or sort of avowal, which makes the whole thing look ridiculous. Mr. Kremer is a man with whom one would think of having a shot about as soon as with your neighbor, Mr. Simeon Atkinson, whom he somewhat resembles. Mr. Adams, I believe, and have no doubt, will be chosen, probably the first day."

In this he was quite right: Adams was chosen on the first ballot, and Webster was chairman of the committee sent to inform the Secretary of State of his election by the House. Writing to Mr. Mason a few days after the House had elected Mr. Adams, and when the air was full of rumors of cabinet appointments, Webster again asserts his belief that Adams will be liberal.

"I took care to state my own views and feelings to Mr. Adams before the election in such a manner as will enable me to satisfy my friends, I trust, that I did my duty. I was very distinct, and was as distinctly answered, and have the means of showing precisely what was said. My own hopes at present are strong that Mr. Adams will pursue an honorable, liberal, magnanimous policy. If he does not, I shall be disappointed as well as others, and he will be ruined. Opposition is likely to arise in an unexpected quarter, and unless the administration has friends, the opposition will overwhelm it." One of the men, the one New England man, to whom rumor assigned a cabinet place, was Webster; but the report was without foundation. "It is not necessary," he wrote to Mr. Mason, "in writing to you, to deny the rumor, or rumors, which the press has circulated of a place provided for me. There is not a particle of probability of any such offer." His friends, however, would gladly have seen him in some position of more dignity than a seat in the House, and when the new Congress met and the old supporters of Crawford declared themselves ready to aid in putting a Federalist in the Speaker's chair, Webster was urged to become a candidate. "It was not a bad thing," he wrote, "that the friends of Mr. Crawford generally supported a Federalist for the Chair. Some of my friends thought I might have obtained a few votes for the place, but I wholly declined the attempt. If practicable to place me there, it would not have been prudent."

The compliment was a great one. From



FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT OWNED BY MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
CAROLINE LEROY, MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND WIFE.

the discordant factions which by this time had quite destroyed the old Republican party of Jefferson two new parties were now about to be formed, the one to oppose, the other to support, the administration. Most careful leadership was needed, and the tender to Webster of the nomination to the speakership was the recognition of him by the friends of Adams, Clay, and Crawford as a broad-minded and independent member, whose leadership men of widely different views were willing to follow. But again his love of law triumphed over his love of polities. To sit, day after day, in the Speaker's chair, meant the loss of much business in the Supreme Court, the profit of which he could ill afford to spare, and the performance of a class of duties in the highest manner distasteful to him. The refusal

to accept the speakership left him free to do as he pleased, and he became at once an interested spectator of the course of events. He had said that opposition was likely to arise in an unexpected quarter, and the prophecy was now fulfilled.

During the summer of 1825, Mr. Clay had been waited on by the ministers of Mexico, Colombia, and Guatemala, who, in the name of their countries, invited the United States to send commissioners to a congress of republics at Panama. After some inquiry as to the subjects to be discussed, Adams accepted, and in the annual message announced that "ministers will be commissioned to attend," and soon laid before the Senate the names of the three gentlemen he wished to serve. When the members of that body heard the words "will be commis-

sioned," the anger of all those who hated Adams flamed high. He had violated the constitutional right of the Senate. Without consulting it as to the fitness of such a mission, without placing before it one of the reasons which prompted him to such an act, he had decided the question and given the Senate merely the duty of confirming his appointments. This was a high-handed affront not to be endured, and when the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a resolution that it was "not expedient" "to send any minister to the congress of American nations assembled at Panama," the attack on the President opened in earnest. As a question in constitutional government it interested Webster deeply, and he made up his mind, if the question reached the House, to "make a short speech, for certain reasons, provided I can get out of court, and provided better reflection should not change my purpose," and gave his reasons to Mr. Mason.

It happened, luckily enough, that the House of Representatives were occupied on no very interesting subjects during my engagements elsewhere. You see Panama in so many shapes that you probably expect to receive no news in regard to it. The importance of the matter arises mainly from the dead-set made against it in the Senate. I am afraid my friend Calhoun organized and arranged the opposition. *He expected to defeat the measure.* That would have placed the President in his power more or less, and if the thing could be repeated on one or two other occasions, *completely so.* Mr. Adams then would have been obliged to make terms, or he could not get on with the Government, and those terms would have been the *dismissal of Mr. Clay.* As far as to this point all parties and parts of the opposition adhere and cohere. Beyond this, probably, they could not move together harmoniously. Vast pains were taken, especially with new members, to bring them to a right way of thinking. Your neighbor was soon gained.

At the present moment, some who acted a violent part in the Senate wish to have it understood that they are not, therefore, to be counted as members of a regular opposition. I have been informed that Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Holmes disclaim opposition. Others, again, say they had not full information, and complain of that. Others make quotations of sentences, words, or syllables from the documents and carp at them. But you see all. In H. R. [House of Representatives] it is likely the necessary money will be voted by 30 or 40 majority—we may have a week's debate.

The real truth is, Mr. Adams will be opposed by all the Atlantic States south of Maryland. *So would any other Northern man.* They will never acquiesce in the administration of any President on our side the Potomac. This may be relied on,

and we ought to be aware of it. The perpetual claim which is kept up on the subject of negro slavery has its objects. It is to keep the South all united and all jealous of the North. The Northwestern States and Kentucky are at present very well disposed; so is Louisiana. Tennessee and Alabama will agree to anything, or oppose anything, as Gen'l Jackson's interest may require. The Crawford men in Georgia will doubtless go in the same direction. In North Carolina there are some who prefer Mr. Adams to Gen'l Jackson, and in Virginia it may be doubted whether the Gen'l can be effectually supported. Virginia says little about the men whom she would trust, but opposes those actually in power. In our House, however, the Virginia phalanx of opposition is not formidable; more than a third, in number, may be reckoned favorable. There is some reason to think the Jackson fever begins to abate in Pennsylvania, and doubtless it is over in New Jersey. Under these circumstances, if New York and New England go steady, it is not likely that the South will immediately regain the ascendancy.

A month later the long-promised speech was delivered, the action of the President defended, and the place of the executive in our system of government carefully explained. For the moment it seemed as if Webster was henceforth to be considered a supporter of the administration, and the mouthpiece of the President in the House. But such he was not to be. The duties of a representative had never been attractive. Quite as much of his time when in Washington had been given to cases in the Supreme Court as to the work in the House. He was famous as an orator and great as a lawyer, but men whose names were long since forgotten surpassed him as congressmen. When, therefore, Mr. Rufus King resigned the British mission early in 1826, Webster eagerly sought the post, and in his usual way turned to Mr. Mason for advice.

"It seems to me," was the answer, "that you cannot, under existing circumstances, assert your claim at the present time. Should the government offer you the appointment, I think you ought not to refuse it. But, if I mistake not, it will be thought you cannot at this time be spared from the House of Representatives. And as far as I understand the state of that body, I am inclined to think your presence there at the ensuing session very important."

But the advice need never have been asked; the ink and the postage were wasted, for Adams never for one moment thought seriously of appointing Webster to any office. Yet, in spite of Adams, promotion was near. On March 4, 1827, the term of Senator Mills

of Massachusetts would end, and the health of that gentleman being far from good, it was certain that he would not be returned to the Senate. Against this Webster protested; but when the General Court met, the State Senate chose Levi Lincoln and sent his name to the House. Before that body could act,

little zeal or spirit in regard to passing affairs. My most strong propensity is to sit down and sit still; and if I could have my wish, I think the writing of a letter would be the greatest effort I should put forth for the residue of the winter." To another friend he declares: "I do not expect to find



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF WILLIAM H. HAYNE.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

Mr. Lincoln positively refused to serve; so the election went over to the June session of 1827, when Webster was chosen by a large majority, and took his seat the following December. But he came to the capital a broken and disheartened man; for Mrs. Webster, who had accompanied him as far as New York, was unable to go farther, and died there in January, 1828. A long period of despondency followed. For months he could do nothing. To one friend he writes in his misery: "I find myself again in the court where I have been so many winters, and surrounded by such men and things as I have usually found here. But I feel very

myself involved in a great pressure of affairs, and certainly shall do nothing that I am not absolutely obliged to do."

Out of this depressed and morbid state Webster was now lifted by the appearance in the Senate of the bill which laid the duties ever since known as the "tariff of abominations." The law of 1824, designed to protect the growers of wool and the makers of cloth, had failed signally, and had scarcely been two years upon the statute-book when the men in whose interests the tariff was laid were clamoring for its repeal. The wool-growers of Berkshire, the manufacturers of New England, the State of Massa-

chusetts, whose delegation did not cast one vote for the tariff act of 1824, now sent long memorials to Congress. A committee representing the factory-owners appeared in Washington to lobby for the bill, and in January, 1827, such a bill as they wanted passed the House and was laid on the table of the Senate by the casting vote of Calhoun. Both senators from Massachusetts, now become a tariff State, voted for the bill.

The closeness of the struggle was ominous, and each side, aroused and thoroughly in earnest, made ready for a renewal of the contest when Congress should meet again. Excited by the speeches of Robert Y. Hayne, James Hamilton, and Dr. Thomas Cooper, the people of South Carolina began "to calculate the value of our union," to ask, "Is it worth our while to continue this union of States, where the North demands to be our master?" and filled their memorials with language of no uncertain kind, which North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama more than reëchoed.

In the North a convention of Friends of Domestic Manufactures was held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and a new tariff, based on its labors, was laid before the House of Representatives in 1828—a tariff so hateful in its rates that its opponents were confident it would not pass. Indeed, it was carefully prepared to invite defeat, for a Presidential election was close at hand, and the friends of Jackson did not dare to go before the country as its executioners. In the first place, all duties were made high in order to please the protectionists of the Middle States and to keep them in the Jackson party. In the second place, whatever raw material New England used was heavily taxed. In the third place, it was agreed that Jackson men from both North and South should unite, prevent amendment, and force a vote on the bill with all its obnoxious duties. But when the yeas and nays were called on the passage of the bill, the Jackson men from the Southern States were to turn about and vote nay, and as it was believed that the men from New England would be forced to do likewise, the bill would be lost. As the Jackson men from the Northern States were to answer yea, the odium of defeat would rest on the supporters of Adams, and the followers of the Hero of New Orleans would appear as the advocates of the American system.

Unhappily, the plan failed; the House passed the bill, and threw the responsibility of rejection on the Senate.

In the debate which now followed, Webster did not intend to take part. He had just taken his seat as a new member; only a few weeks before he had come from the grave of his wife, and, crushed and heartbroken, felt "very little zeal or spirit in regard to passing affairs." But, as the discussion went on, and he heard senator after senator assail New England, and charge her with measures she had steadily resisted till resistance was vain; as he heard a senator from North Carolina speak of that State as "chained to the car of Eastern manufacturers," and describe "this new system" as "peculiar to aristocrats and monarchists"; as he heard Benton of Missouri assert that, as New England had originated all the tariff bills, she ought not now to complain of the burden they had laid on her commerce; as he heard Hayne of South Carolina declare that "in this business the interests of the South have been sacrificed, shamefully sacrificed, her feelings disregarded, her wishes slighted, her honest pride insulted"; as he heard him proclaim that "this system has created discordant feelings, strife, jealousy, and heartburnings, which never ought to exist between the different sections of the same country"—Webster saw that the hour had come to depart from his intention to be silent. Rising in his place, he said: "I have not had the slightest wish to discuss this measure, not believing that, in the present state of things, any good could be done by me in that way; but the frequent declarations that this was altogether a New England measure, a bill for securing a monopoly to the capitalists of the North, and other expressions of a similar nature, have induced me to say a few words."

Such being his reasons, he denied that New England had ever been a leader in protection. He declared that from the adoption of the Constitution till 1824 she had held back and had held others back, because she believed that it was best that manufactures should make haste slowly; because she felt reluctant to build great interests on the foundation of government patronage; and because she could not tell how long that patronage would last, or with what sturdiness, skill, or perseverance it would continue to be granted. But the tariff of 1824 had settled the policy of the government, and nothing was left to New England but to conform herself to the will of others; nothing but to consider that the government had fixed and determined its policy, and that its policy was protection. A vast increase

of investments in manufactures had followed, and New England had fitted her pursuits and her industry to the new condition. Neither the principle on which the bill was founded, nor the provisions which it contained, received his approval; but the welfare of New England as a whole was to be considered, and in the end he voted for its passage. Just as the question was about to be put, Hayne made a solemn protest against the bill as a partial, unjust, and unconstitutional measure, and Webster answered him; but what he said was not reported.

As the news of the passage of the bill and the approval of the President spread over the country it was received with mingled feelings of approbation and disgust. In Massachusetts the vote of Webster for the tariff was bitterly denounced and as warmly defended. He seemed to have lost ground, so his friends determined to give him a great public dinner and afford him a chance to explain his change of position. Faneuil Hall was accordingly secured, and on the 5th of June, 1828, he received his first public ovation. "On no former occasion of festivity," says the Boston "Chronicle," "has the old Cradle of Liberty been so beautifully and splendidly decorated as it is to-day, in honor of the *Guest* whom the people of this city delight to honor. The pillars are tastefully embellished with evergreens, and the display of national flags is rich and variegated. From the center of the roof are suspended a number of flags of various colors, which come down in festoons, the ends to be hidden under the green foliage which winds the posts. The end fronting the door is ornamented (in addition to the two pictures of Washington and Faneuil) with a bust of John Adams, encircled with a wreath of flowers, under an arch, on the pillars of which are the names of our principal military and naval heroes. The arch is surrounded with the inscription, 'Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.' Over the doors are placed a ship, a plow, and a shearing-machine, indicating commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. On all sides of the Hall are banners belonging to the various societies and military companies of the city."

The toasts, in the good old fashion of the time, were thirteen in number, and when the second was reached, and the toast-master read, "Our distinguished guest—worthy the noblest homage which freemen can give, or a freeman receive, the homage of their hearts," the five hundred gentlemen gathered

round the tables rose and gave forth shouts of welcome that were heard in the streets. The response of Webster was an explanation of his vote for the tariff and for the bill in aid of the soldiers of the Revolution. It was a defense of his position on internal improvements at federal expense, a condemnation of the political methods of the Jackson party, and a scornful reply to all who hated New England. The burden of the speech was, "Be not narrow-minded." "I was not at liberty," said he, "to look exclusively to the interests of the district in which I live, and which I have heretofore had the high honor of representing. I was to extend my views from Barnstable to Berkshire, to comprehend in it a proper regard for all interests, and a proper respect for all opinions." "It is my opinion, Mr. President, that the present government cannot be maintained but by administering it on principles as wide and broad as the country over which it extends. I mean, of course, no extension of the powers which it confers; but I speak of the spirit with which those powers should be exercised. If there be any doubt whether so many republics, covering so great a portion of the globe, can be long held together under this Constitution, there is no doubt, in my judgment, of the impossibility of so holding them together by any narrow, contracted, local, or selfish system of legislation. To render the Constitution perpetual (which God grant it may be), it is necessary that its benefits should be practically felt by all parts of the country and all interests in the country. The East and the West, the North and the South, must all see their own welfare protected and advanced by it."

While Webster in the summer of 1828 was warning his friends that the Union could not be preserved by a "narrow, contracted, local, or selfish system of legislation," the people of South Carolina, declaring the tariff to be just such a system, were hurrying on toward nullification and the disruption that Webster feared. When news of the passage of the bill reached that State, the flags on the shipping in Charleston harbor were put at half-mast; a great anti-tariff meeting was held, and addresses were made to the people of the State. The governor was urged to assemble the legislature at once; the press, with one voice, called on the people not to wear or use a "tariffed article," and not to buy a horse, a mule, a hog, or a flitch of bacon, a drop of whisky, or a piece of bagging from Kentucky; the Fourth-of-July toasts and speeches abounded



DETAIL OF THE PAINTING BY HEALY IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS. HALF-TONE PLATE FINISHED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WEBSTER REPLYING TO HAYNE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE,
JANUARY 26, 27, 1830.

(SEE PAGE 244.)

in sentiments of sedition; and when the legislature met in the winter it adopted the "South Carolina Exposition of 1828," in which the doctrine of nullification was well and clearly stated by John C. Calhoun, and sent to Congress a memorial against the tariff. Beyond this the State legislature was not then ready to go; but the Exposition, in pamphlet form, was scattered over the South in the spring of 1829, and found its way in considerable numbers to the North. At last the State-Rights party had a platform drawn by the hand of a master and setting forth its principles boldly, precisely, and in unmistakable terms; and had its champions in the House and the Senate, and its supporters in every State below the Potomac and the Ohio rivers.

But where were the champions and the leaders of the national party? Who was to frame a platform, state principles, and expound the Constitution for those whose motto was, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country"? That Webster had seriously meditated the assumption of this task must not be doubted. As a member of the Senate before whom the "Exposition of 1828" was laid, he must have read that famous paper with mingled feelings of indignation and alarm. For thirty years the theme of all his speeches had been love of country, devotion to the Union, the grandeur and meaning of the Constitution. He had preached it to the people of Hanover while a college lad, to the people of Fryeburg while a teacher in their school, to the "Federal Gentlemen of Concord" while a struggling lawyer yet unknown to fame, and had embodied it in the Portsmouth oration in 1812. He had expounded the Constitution in his Brentwood address, in his first set speech in Congress, in the Dartmouth College case, in the case of Gibbons against Ogden, and in the oration on Bunker Hill; and in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in glowing terms he had besought his countrymen to guard, preserve, and cherish evermore the "glorious liberty," the "benign institutions," of "our own dear native land." That he should now behold unmoved the growing sentiment of disunion in the South, that he should read with indifference the "Exposition of 1828," is most unlikely. That he resolved to combat the doctrine of nullification when the next occasion offered, and that he prepared himself carefully, is far more in accordance with his habits and his record. Certain it is that when the time came for an answer to

the Exposition he was not unprepared to make it.

The first Congress during the administration of Jackson assembled on December 7, 1829, and for three weeks the Senate did little more than receive petitions and dispose of motions of inquiry. Not one of these motions provoked debate till, on December 29, Senator Foot of Connecticut offered his resolution, which reads: "Resolved, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of limiting, for a period, the sales of public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale and are subject to entry at the minimum price. And also, whether the office of Surveyor-General may not be abolished without detriment to the public interest." Scarcely had the clerk finished reading when Benton of Missouri was on his feet to demand the object which the mover had in view, and brought on a debate which ended in postponing consideration for a few days. When the resolution was at length taken up, a general discussion followed, and on the 18th of January, 1830, Benton delivered a great speech. During the debate a few days before he had taken occasion to denounce the resolution as an attempt to check immigration to the West; to declare it another outbreak of that hatred of the East for the West manifested over and over again in the course of the last four-and-forty years; and had declared that it was time "to face about and fight a decisive battle in behalf of the West." His speech was intended to open the battle, and the charges of Eastern hostility were now fully stated. To shut the emigrant out of the West and attempt to keep the magnificent valley of the Mississippi a haunt for wild beasts and savage men, instead of making it the home of liberty and civilization, was an injury to the people of the Northeast and to the oppressed of all States and nations. To force poor people in the Northeast to work as journeymen in the manufactories, instead of letting them go to new countries, acquire land, and become independent freeholders, was a horrid and cruel policy. The manufacturers wanted poor people to do their work for small wages. These poor people wished to go West, get land, have their own flocks and herds, orchards and gardens, meadows and dairies, cribs and barns. How to hinder it, how to prevent their straying off in this manner, was the present question. The late Secretary of the Treasury could find no better way than by protection to

domestic manufactures—a most complex scheme of injustice, which taxed the South in order to injure the West and pauperize the poor of the North. That was bad enough, but it was lame, weak, and impotent compared with the scheme now on the table of the Senate—a scheme which proposed to stop the further survey of land, limit the sales to the refuse of innumerable pickings, and break the magnet which was drawing the people of the Northeast to the blooming regions of the West. Mr. Benton then went on to specify six “great and signal attempts to prevent the settlement of the West,” and ended by saying that the hope of the West lay not in itself, but “in that solid phalanx of the South and those scattering reinforcements in the Northeast” which, in times past, “had saved the infant West from being strangled in its birth.”

The debate had now become exciting, and in the course of the next day Mr. Hayne of South Carolina took part. He reviewed the land policy of England, France, and Spain in colonial times, praised its liberality, denounced the meanness of the United States, and drew a dismal picture of the way our government stripped the settler on the public lands of all his money, and then spent it, not in the betterment of the West, but in the East, and so entailed on the hardy frontiersmen, for years to come, universal poverty, lack of money, paper banks, relief laws, and all the evils, social, political, and moral, such a system was sure to produce.

But, sir [he exclaimed], there is another purpose to which it has been supposed the public lands can be applied, still more objectionable. I mean that suggested in a report from the Treasury Department under the late administration, of so regulating the disposition of the public lands as to create and preserve in certain quarters of the Union a population suitable for conducting great manufacturing establishments. . . . Sir, it is bad enough that government should presume to regulate the industry of man; it is sufficiently monstrous that they should attempt, by arbitrary legislation, artificially to adjust and balance the various pursuits of society, and to organize the whole labor and capital of the country. But what shall we say of the resort to such means for these purposes? What! create a manufactory of paupers, in order to enable the rich proprietors of woolen- and cotton-factories to amass wealth? From the bottom of my soul do I abhor and detest the idea that the powers of the federal government should ever be prostituted for such purposes.

While Benton was making his attack on the East Webster was not present in the

Senate, and as no newspaper published speeches the day after they were made, Webster neither heard nor knew what Benton said. But he did hear Hayne, and took notes of the speech, and on the following day made what is known as his first reply to Hayne. Nothing, said he, was further from “my intention than to take any part in the discussion of this resolution, . . . yet opinions were expressed yesterday on the general subject of the public lands, and on some other subjects, by the gentleman from South Carolina, so widely different from my own that I am not willing to let the occasion pass without some reply.” Webster then went on to review and refute at great length the charge that the government had been hard and rigorous in its treatment of the West; that it had sold land in the new States, “and put the money in the treasury, while other governments, acting in a more liberal spirit, gave away their lands”; and came finally “to that part of the gentleman’s speech which has been the main occasion of my addressing the Senate. The East! the obnoxious, the rebuked, the always reproached East! We have come in, sir, on this debate, for even more than a common share of accusation and attack. If the honorable member from South Carolina was not our original accuser, he has yet recited the indictment against us with the air and tone of a public prosecutor. He has summoned us to plead on our arraignment, and he tells us we are charged with the crime of a narrow and selfish policy, of endeavoring to restrain emigration to the West, and, having that object in view, of maintaining a steady opposition to Western measures and Western interests. And the cause of this selfish policy the gentleman finds in the tariff. . . . Sir, I rise to defend the East. I rise to repel both the charge itself, and the cause assigned for it. I deny that the East has at any time shown an illiberal policy toward the West. I pronounce the whole accusation to be without the least foundation. . . . I deny it in general, and I deny each and all its particulars. I deny the sum total, and I deny the detail. I deny that the East has ever manifested hostility to the West, and I deny that she has adopted any policy that would naturally lead her in such a course. But the tariff! the tariff! Sir, I beg to say, in regard to the East, that the original policy of the tariff is not hers, whether it be wise or unwise. New England is not its author.” Having delivered this point-blank and vigorous denial, Web-

Steamp.

full is in advanced, its arm, Strophis, ~~tears~~, in
the original battle, ~~tears~~, ~~so~~, before
the motto, no more amissible motto, is used
in all this world — not a stripe around, or
polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing,
no far its motto, no such misnomer
intended, or what is all this worth,
nor those ^{other} words of delusion & folly, ~~Liberty~~
~~first, & Union~~ often and ~~but~~ every where,
spread all over, in character of living light,
blazing on all its ample folds, or they
^{on the ground come to} float, in every winds under the wider
heavens, the other sentiments, dear
to every true American heart, Liberty
and Union, now forever, one & inseparable.

THE LAST PAGE OF WEBSTER'S MANUSCRIPT OF THE REPLY TO HAYNE. FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

ster went on to cite the many benefits the East had conferred on the West,—the excellent land system, the Ordinance of 1787, the Cumberland road,—and closed by moving an indefinite postponement of Mr. Foot's resolution.

But scarcely was he seated when Benton rose and began a reply. He was still speaking when the Senate adjourned for the day.

As the news of Webster's speech spread through the city, great excitement was manifest. That Webster, whose coolness and political sagacity were proverbial, should deliberately pass over Benton, and, singling out Hayne, should answer him, astounded

the members from the West and the South. Among the Southern and Western members of both houses, says the New York "Evening Post," the sensation produced was so great that on the next day, when Hayne was expected to reply, there was scarce a quorum in the House of Representatives. The Senate gallery was packed, the lobbies were choked, and ladies, invading the floor of the Senate, took the seats of the senators, till the clerk's desk and the Vice-President's chair, it was jokingly said, were the only spots they did not occupy.

In the presence of the eager and expectant multitude a member rose and asked

that the resolution be postponed till Monday next, as Webster, who wished to be present at the discussion, had engagements out of the Senate and could not conveniently remain. Hayne objected. "I see the gentleman from Massachusetts in his seat, and presume he could make an arrangement which would enable him to be present. I will not deny that some things have fallen from the gentleman which rankled here [touching his breast], from which I would desire at once to relieve myself. The gentleman has discharged his fire in the face of the Senate. I hope he will now afford me the opportunity of returning the shot." While Hayne paused for a reply, Webster rose from his seat and, folding his arms, said, with all the dignity he could command: "I am ready to receive it. Let the discussion proceed." Benton then continued his speech of the day before, while Webster left the Senate to obtain the postponement of his business in court. An hour later he returned, whereupon Benton, who was still speaking, stopped, and yielded the floor to Hayne, who at once began his famous reply. The day was then far spent, and as candle-light was drawing near, Hayne, after an hour's speech, gave way for a motion to adjourn till Monday the 25th of January. We are told by those who were in Washington at the time that as the report that Hayne was answering Webster passed from mouth to mouth, strangers, citizens, and members of Congress could scarcely wait in patience for the three days which must pass before the Senate would again assemble; and that, when the Monday so eagerly wished for came, the mass of humanity struggling for admission to the Senate Chamber surpassed anything ever seen before. "Nothing," says one witness, writing on the evening of the memorable day, "could exceed the crowd which assembled to-day in the Senate to hear the expected speech of Mr. Webster in reply to Mr. Hayne; but Mr. Hayne, keeping all the vantage in his power, occupied the ground until the hour of adjournment, and all that could be heard or seen of Mr. Webster was at the last moment, when he rose and claimed and obtained the floor for to-morrow. Mr. Hayne spoke fluently, warmly, energetically. He, of course, convinced all who are politically opposed to Mr. Webster (or who, out of envy of the luster of his fame, would willingly see his brightness dimmed) that he had obtained a triumph; and such as heard him through, and as may leave the city to-

morrow morning before Mr. Webster can obtain the floor to reply, will doubtless go away with the full conviction that such is the fact. To-day there was no possibility of squeezing into the Senate Chamber after the commencement of the discussion, and to-morrow, I presume, it will be quite as difficult, for I have never witnessed a more intense curiosity than that which now prevails to watch every movement in this political rencounter."

When Hayne finished, the clock in the chamber was marking the hour of four, and Webster having obtained the floor for the following day, the Senate adjourned. His speech, the ever-famous "Reply to Hayne," occupied three hours and a half on Tuesday the 26th, and three more on Wednesday the 27th, before he reached his peroration, and moved the House and gallery to shouts of applause as he uttered "that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

The scenes about the Capitol as the debate went on can best be described by those who beheld them. Says one: "I never saw the Senate Chamber so completely taken possession of as it has been since Monday. Long before the hour of meeting, in defiance of a keener northwester than we have experienced since last winter, fairy forms were seen to glide through the cold avenues of the Capitol, as eager to obtain a seat favorable for hearing the expected effusions of master minds as if much more than a moment's gratification were at stake; and by the time the Chair had called to order, the Chamber was filled to overflow." Says another: "Mr. Webster's last speech on Mr. Foot's resolution was one of the most splendid oratorical efforts we have ever heard. Though General Hayne is asserted by the friends of the present administration to possess no ordinary talents, he appeared to a painful disadvantage in comparison with Mr. Webster, whose intellectual power was perhaps never so happily exhibited on any former occasion. At the close of his last speech there was an involuntary burst of admiration in the galleries. His eulogy on South Carolina, his panegyric of Dexter, and his peroration, were unrivaled. His sarcasm was biting; his illustrations happy and luminous; his reasoning conclusive and unanswerable. Never was an adversary so completely and entirely demolished. Every position which General Hayne had taken was prostrated, and his very weapons were thrown

back upon him with a deadly force. The Senate seemed to hang upon the lips of the orator with intense pleasure, and the audience, numerous beyond all former example, paid a just tribute to his genius and power by the admiration which they expressed." A third assures us: "Business in the House lags, the various speakers addressing themselves to almost empty benches since Mr. Webster obtained the floor. He concluded his speech to-day, and it is universally admitted to have been one of the greatest efforts of which the human mind is capable. That it will add to the reputation of Mr. Webster, high as it now stands, no one can doubt. This effort has placed him at an unapproachable distance from all competitors. Faction and prejudice may try to prop the fame of the Bentons, the Haynes, and others, at the expense of Mr. Webster; but there is not an intelligent individual who has listened to this sharp encounter who has not gone from the chamber of legislation fully convinced that Mr. Webster is by far the greatest man in Congress. You cannot walk the streets this afternoon, you cannot enter the door of a mess-room, you cannot approach the fire in the bar-room of a hotel, but you hear this language from every mouth, accompanied with expressions of regret that Mr. Hayne and Mr. Benton should have entered into such an unholy alliance, and have made this premature movement for the purpose of pulling down the East, and planting the South in its room, in the affections of the Western States. This speech of Mr. Webster has occupied about six hours in the delivery, and were it possible to transfer to paper the manner in which it was delivered, to infuse with every report the tone of sarcasm, the curl of the lip, the flush of the cheek, the flash of the eye, by which the language of the orator was frequently enlivened, elucidated, and enforced, then, but not till then, could those who have had no opportunity of hearing this speech be made sensible of the banquet which they have lost."

While praise of this sort was passing from newspaper to newspaper over the country, nobody save those who crowded the Senate Chamber knew what either Hayne or Webster said. A few journals of prominence, and with wide circulation for those days, maintained at the capital correspondents whose daily or weekly letters appeared as soon as the mail could carry them; and it was from such writers that the country first heard of the Webster-Hayne debate. But for the full reports of the speeches, the

press the country over was dependent upon the Washington newspapers, and in this instance the reports were deliberately held back for revision. "We do not know," says the editor of the Philadelphia "Gazette" of February 15, "what has become of Mr. Hayne's and Mr. Webster's speeches." Not till the 17th of February was he able to print a small part of Hayne's reply of January 21, with the remark, "We have at length received from Washington the first part of Mr. Hayne's speech"; and not till February 25, just thirty days after it was delivered, did the people of Philadelphia read the fine opening passage of Webster's second reply to Hayne. March came before it was printed in the New York "Evening Post," and the month was well advanced before a pamphlet edition was issued at Boston.

But Webster's friends and admirers did not wait for the report of the second speech to flood him with praise. As the report of his first speech went abroad, each mail brought letters full of enthusiasm. "I must beg the favor of you," says a Baltimore admirer, "to forward me a copy or two of your speech by the first mail after it is committed to press. I congratulate you most cordially and sincerely upon your triumph in the most signal manner, not only in the estimation of your friends, but of your opponents, who are forced to acknowledge it. From the date of that speech I shall date the rise and successful progress of liberal and enlightened principles in our country. The reign of ignorance must be short and the march of intellect most certain."

"The glorious effect of your patriotic, able, and eloquent defense of New England," writes another, "and the triumphant support you have given to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, are not confined to the capital of the Union. The aroma comes to gladden our hearts, like the spicy gales of Arabia to the distant mariner."

"Never have I heard such universal and ardent expressions of joy and approbation. You have assumed an attitude which the adverse times demanded, and nobly braved the storm that threatened the destruction of our liberties. The dignity and independence of your manner, and the time, all were calculated to produce a result auspicious to our destinies."

"I am," says a third, writing from Columbia, South Carolina, "a son of New England, and proud to claim you as her champion. The friends of Mr. Hayne will be very active in circulating his second speech on

Foot's resolution, and I am anxious to have the antidote to circulate with the bane. You would therefore oblige me by sending me your rejoinder. Receive my warm acknowledgments for your able and manly defense of *my country*, the country of Yankees."

The editor of the "National Intelligencer," a Washington journal, stated that twenty thousand copies, in pamphlet form, were printed in his office, and that he believed

as many more were printed in other cities. Great bundles of these little books were sent to South Carolina to be scattered over the State.

That the second reply to Hayne is Webster's masterpiece is now beyond question. Never again did he equal it in eloquence, in argument, and in earnestness of purpose, nor indeed has any one else. It is to-day the first of American orations.

GIPSY LULLABY.

BY LULU W. MITCHELL.

REST, my little fledgling, close-cradled on my arm;
Nothing near the greenwood-tree breathes to do thee harm.
Weary of the mossy bank, weary of the sun,
Droop thy tangled head and sleep, laughing, lucky one.

For the wind a dream will bring,
While the brook sings ever low,
And the fairy bells shall ring,
And the rainbow fountains flow.

Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, my brier rose-bud: all the west goes gray;
In the fold the sheep are penned; now the shepherds play
On their pipes a merry tune for the lassies' feet;
From the starlit pasture-land fluting echoes fleet

Prompt the wind a dream to bring,
While the brook sings ever low;
Now the fairy bells shall ring,
Now the rainbow fountains flow.

Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Slumber in my scarlet cloak, for the night comes chill.
Hush! Four-footed forest friends browsing pass. Lie still;
Love for thee the stars forecast, love and gold and ease.
Shut thine eyes (unquiet one, thou art hard to please!)

Till the wind a dream shall bring,
While the brook sings ever low,
Till the fairy bells shall ring,
Till the rainbow fountains flow.

Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, to be abroad at dawn, with the bird and bee,
Kindred by thy birthday bond—Freedom's ecstasy.
Nursling of the open glade, hedge-born, gay, and wild,
Round the world I'll follow thee: so then sleep, my child,

That the wind a dream may bring,
While the brook sings ever low,
And the fairy bells shall ring,
And the rainbow fountains flow.

Bylo, my baby brown, by-lo.

WHEN THE GRASS GREW LONG.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON.¹



EN years ago every cow-boy in the northern part of the Indian Territory knew "Sermon Billy" Wilson, for he was such a slouchy, tireless, moody, and altogether strange figure that one did not forget his face after once seeing it. Everybody knew that one of Billy's hips was dislocated, and that he walked with a difficult side-swing of his right leg, but none knew or cared how the disfigurement had occurred.

It was when the puncher was seventeen years old that he came to the Territory, leaving a rather miserable Indiana home and the ridicule of an Indiana community behind him. His first job, after he reached the country of wide prairies and wider license, was as horse-rustler for "Jimmy" Thompson, whose ranch skirted the edge of the Paw Paw Creek timber. Jimmy paid ten dollars a month to his puncher, furnished a horse and saddle, and stood ready to act as schoolmaster to the young rustler.

"Look here, Billy," advised the ranchman one day, "this ranch is a long ways from any excitement, an' I know how it is with young bucks like you. Girls an' drink are the general things. I don't like to change punchers ever' month; an' I'd not care if you went down into the timber once in a while. There's some half-breed girls, an' full-bloods too, that ain't so bad comp'ny as you'd think. Better consider it some."

Billy considered the words of his boss, placing more confidence in them each time he recalled them. He rode past the cabins of the Cherokees, stuck on narrow, fertile strips of open land under the shelter of rocky hills, and watched the girls plodding about their outdoor tasks. At first he could not understand how romance might be fostered here. The girls were rather heavy-bodied, with large, regular, and unresponsive faces. They would not talk to him when he called for a gourd of water or asked to be allowed to rest in the shade of a big live-oak. They brought the water and went

back to their work, or pointed silently to the tree.

But at "Cherokee Jake's" cabin, one day, he gained the daughter's favor by helping to pen a calf that had wormed its way through the milk-lot bars. When Billy, at the third attempt, swung the noose of his lasso over the calf's head, the Indian girl showed her teeth in a smile, and spoke her thanks:

"Much welcome. Awful nice rope. Bad little *oyah* [sheep]!" And Billy felt that he had made distinct progress.

The little puncher had occasion to ride that way often afterward, and, noting the growing cheerfulness of his rustler, Jimmy Thompson reflected: "If there was any white girls in sight that was n't a darn sight worse than the Indians, I'd rather he'd take up with them; but the way it is, the Cherokees are the best. I reckon he'll marry her some of these days, settle down on his corn-patch, an' raise shotes an' two calves ever' year."

It could scarcely be called a courting, this unconscious fluttering of the young puncher about the cabin; for old Jake, Jake's wife, and "Jinnie Jake," as the girl was called, apparently accepted him as only another piece of furniture to be given room, when necessary, in a crowded cabin. But Billy knew they were friendly, and his desire for female companionship was almost satisfied.

Before the greater herds of cattle from Texas were turned loose on the prairies, the grass grew incredibly tall and thick every year, and in the late fall great fires raced across the country, leaving it black and bare. Ranchmen who were thus early settled in the country provided fire-guards—strips of grass cut while green, left to dry, and burned—to protect their ranges from destruction. The Indians generally provided the same protection for themselves; but sometimes they would forget, and be forced to build again after the annual conflagration.

A year after Billy had hired himself to Jimmy Thompson, at the end of a remarkably dry and hot summer, the prairie fires began to break out earlier than usual. A

¹ Author of "Only the Master shall Praise," the prize story in THE CENTURY'S College Competition for Graduates of 1898.

black cloud of smoke rolling up from the west side of Paw Paw attracted Jimmy's attention one day. Calling to Billy to follow, he rode over to drive his cattle to a place of safety on his own range.

Reaching the open prairie, on the edge of which was Cherokee Jake's cabin, the ranchman took in the situation at once, and instructed Billy: "I can get the steers back all right by myself. You'd better go over to Jake's cabin an' see if they're all safe. If they ain't burnt a fire-guard, get 'em away to my side the creek—an' hurry!" The fire was sweeping across the open furiously.

In this strip of country, west of the creek, and lying east of a range of low, black-jack-covered hills, where few cattle ever grazed, the grass grew to the height of a rider's cinch-buckle. The day was hot, and the air was dry; the long stems of the dried grass were like trains of cotton. From the south the wind carried the flames straight up the valley, forcing the wild prairie-chickens and rabbits to scurry for safety to the timber on each side. Billy spurred his pony in front of the line of fire, beating it to Jake's cabin with a margin of only a few minutes.

As he rode near the cabin he saw Jake, Jake's wife, and the girl standing outside the cabin, apparently unconcerned and delighted with the spectacle. Billy decided that they must have burned a fire-guard about their home since he had been there two days before; but when he came up to the three he saw the mistake. Jake stood near the cabin with an old wet grain-sack in his hand, waiting to beat out the flames when they should come up to him. Jake had never before neglected a fire-guard, and he did not understand the resistlessness of a prairie fire. Jinnie Jake held another wet cloth, ready to help with the fighting, and the mother had carried two pails of water from the spring to keep the sacks wetted. There was an element of humor in the situation that appealed to Billy, and he muttered to himself: "Darnelest funniest bucket outfit I ever seen!" He had seen and applauded the drills of the Plainfield, Indiana, bucket brigade. He turned to Jake, and shouted: "Git out o' here, quick! This way," and he pointed toward the creek. Old Jake only grunted, gripped his sack firmly, and looked toward the roaring line of smoke, which rolled up in thick, black clouds, rose for an instant as the flames leaped out over the tops of the yet unburned grass, then closed down, and pressed forward with new speed.

"Git out, git out, quick!" the puncher screamed above the roar.

But now the answer was a half-crazy, exultant light in the old Indian's eyes and a vigorous shake of the head.

"Here, you two, git on my horse an' ride for the timber!" Billy turned to the two women standing stolidly at one side.

"No," said the girl, shortly; "we stay, put out the fire. You help."

But the old woman weakened. Bits of charred grass-tops, carried up in the billows of flame, fell about them; the crackling of dry stems, snapped by flashes of outreach-ing fire, could be plainly heard. Billy noticed the woman's willingness, and carried her bodily to his horse. Then he turned to the girl, and tried to place her behind the mother. Jinnie only pushed him away with powerful arms, and stood defiant at her father's side. The mother galloped away safely to the creek when she saw that Jinnie would not come. The young puncher was desperate.

"Don't be such awful fools! Are you crazy?" He shouted the words in Jake's ear, and seized the Indian's arm to drag him away. The fascination of the oncoming wall of destruction was upon the full-blood; he was mad with the impulse to save his home. He grabbed the little puncher as one might grab a furious, irritating terrier, and threw him against the corner of the log-cabin with crushing force. A jutting log, left rough and sharp-edged at the corner, stopped Billy's fall, smashing his hip, and stunning him for a moment. When the girl saw her father fling Billy against the corner of the cabin, and heard the thud of the impact and the groan of pain that escaped him, she ran to the fallen form with a single comprehending cry: "Oh!" In the one exclamation she loosed all of that which we call love and tenderness, which had been so long and so carefully hidden. Billy regained his senses, tried to rise, and fell back limp with pain.

"Git to water—the well—the spring—quick!" he gasped, and the whirling smoke-clouds made breathing difficult.

The Indian girl picked him up in her arms and ran to the spring. She shouted over her shoulder for old Jake to follow. As well have shouted to the fluttering, frightened bird as it flew into the singeing heat to its late-built nest! Jake put down his head with a fierce shake of his long black hair, seized the wet rag with both hands, and plunged into the consuming flames. The

girl saw him disappear as she put Billy on the ground at the edge of the shallow, walled-in well. She dipped some water from the spring with her hands, and dashed it in the face of the young puncher, for she saw

of the pool. She leaned over to see if he was completely covered and conscious, and when she rose, she whispered to herself: "Maybe so, save him, little fellow!" There was no chance for the girl to escape now.



DRAWN BY CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE RESCUE.

the faintness that was coming upon him. The flames leaped up the side of the cabin, and the smoke swallowed it up. Then the fire raced on toward the two at the spring.

"Maybe so, this way!" the girl half sobbed to herself as the heat singed her hair; then she plunged the body of the puncher into the spring. The water was not deep enough to cover the upright man, and she forced him to his knees on the bottom

She knew that in the narrow spring there was not room for two, and, turning away, she disappeared in the crackling bed of flames. She went into the choking, blinding, cinder-laden smoke to find old Jake.

When Jimmy Thompson rode back with the frightened old Indian woman, he found some twisted bucket-hoops and two charred skeletons. The cabin was blazing furiously, and Jimmy wondered where he would find

Billy's bones. While hunting for them, he discovered the little puncher, half drowned, struggling to get out of the spring. Jimmy pulled him free, and allowed him to faint; but before he lost consciousness Billy broke out angrily:

"Fools!" Then questioningly: "What come o' the girl? Think she done somethin' for me, did n't she?"

"Maybe she did," agreed Jimmy, though Billy had fainted and did not hear the answer.

ANGUS PETE.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

(*The big log house of Marc de Chambault, Seigneur of Ste. Cécile. Lezotte at a window that looks out on the wood. She speaks:*)

"DOES the shadow of that dark spruce stir
There by the wood of moonlit fir?
Some spruce whose top the white clouds meet,
Taller even than Angus Pete:
O grave, tall tree, confessor-wise
Now shrive a girl of love and sighs!"

"My father by a seigneur's right
Holds forest of spruce and clearings bright;
You, Angus Pete, have got no farm,
But where's the match for your strong arm!"

"Voyageur Pierre once raced with you,
And when your paddle broke in two,
You used instead your broad right hand;
'T was your canoe shot first to land!"

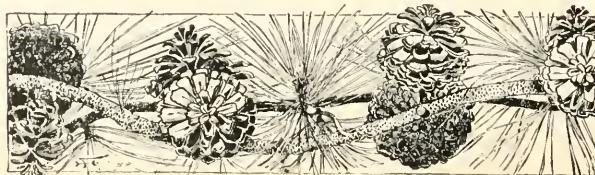
"Big Jean the chopper swung at a spruce
And scarce could pull the ax-blade loose;
You swung the ax—two men must strain
To get the keen blade out again!"

"Before the wolves a moose-bull fled;
Your clenched hand has struck him dead,
And when the fierce wolves claimed their prey,
They looked at you and slunk away!"

"If a girl could have you, who would not!
Hear me, O spruce—"

(*The voice of Angus Pete:*)

"'T is I, Lezotte!
Waste no more words on a senseless tree;
The true priest waits for you and me!"



DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER,
Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

FOURTH PAPER.

WEBSTER AS THE DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTION.



F the many orations which, up to this time, had been delivered in the Senate of the United States, the most far-reaching and enduring was the second reply to Hayne.

At last the South Carolina doctrine had been fittingly answered; at last the Union had found a stanch defender, the Constitution a noble interpreter, and the friends of both a champion able to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings they could not so well express. Webster's words sank into their hearts; his speech became a mine of political wisdom, and the Constitution henceforth had for them a new meaning.

Nor was the effect on Webster less important. He became at once a truly national character, saw the Presidency almost within his grasp, and from that day forth was animated by a ceaseless longing to become one of the temporary rulers of his country. National politics, nay, even local political affairs, the conduct of his possible competitors, his own course on the issues of the day, now had for him a weight and moment such as he had never accorded them before. His countrymen everywhere became eager to hear and see him. From all sorts of societies and associations came invitations to deliver addresses, and as the time drew near when a Presidential candidate must be chosen by the National Republicans, assurances were sent him by many whose opinion he respected that he was just the man the voters wanted. For a while Webster believed he was.

But he was saved for greater things. The Constitution and the Union were not yet secure. The debate with Hayne, so far as South Carolina was concerned, settled nothing, unless it was her determination to go on and execute the threats so often made and test the doctrine so boldly asserted. In the South Carolina election of 1830 the one question before the people was, Shall a convention be called to nullify the tariff of 1824

and the amendatory act of 1828? When the legislature chosen on this issue met, it was with the greatest difficulty that a call for a convention was prevented. Old party lines for the time being were forgotten. Each man was now a Unionist or a Nullifier—a member of the party devoted to the Union and the Constitution, or a member of that pledged to State rights, free trade, and disunion. Monster celebrations were held by each on the Fourth of July, 1831, and a State convention of Nullifiers in 1832; and when, some months later, Congress passed a new tariff bill, the governor summoned the legislature, and Calhoun once more took up his pen. In the course of the previous summer he had written and published in a newspaper an "Address to the People of South Carolina," in which the doctrine of State rights and the relation of the States to the federal government were reargued. Governor Hamilton wrote to urge its author to state his doctrine with more detail. Calhoun consented, and the letter was at once made public.

The moment Webster read it, he determined to reply, and decided to put his argument in the form of a letter to Chancellor Kent, a great expounder of the Constitution. "Mr. Calhoun, as you are doubtless aware," he wrote the chancellor, "has published a labored defense of nullification, in the form of a letter to Governor Hamilton. It is far the ablest and most plausible, and therefore the most dangerous, vindication of that particular form of revolution which has yet appeared. In the silence of abler pens, and seeing, as I think I do, that the affairs of this government are rapidly approaching a crisis, I have felt it to be my duty to answer Mr. Calhoun; and as he adopted the form of a letter in which to put forth his opinions, I think of giving my answer a similar form. The object of this is to ask your permission to address my letter to you. I propose to feign that I have received a letter from you calling my attention to Mr. Calhoun's publi-

cation; and then, in answer to such supposed letter, to proceed to review his whole argument at some length, not in the style of a speech, but in that of cool, constitutional, and legal discussion. If you feel no repugnance to be thus written to, I will be obliged to you for your assent."

The chancellor readily consented. "I shall deem it an honor," said he, "to be addressed

the choice of delegates was well under way. Before Congress gathered in December, the South Carolina convention had nullified the tariff acts of 1828 and 1832; had named the 1st of February, 1833, as the day whereon they should no longer be "binding on this State, its officers or citizens"; and the legislature had passed a replevin act and a test oath, and made all preparations neces-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, 1852-56, SUBSEQUENTLY THE HOME OF W. W. CORCORAN, FOUNDER OF THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

by you while engaged in the investigation of such an interesting subject. . . . The crisis is indeed portentous and frightful. We are threatened with destruction all around us, and we seem to be fast losing our original good sense and virtue. . . . If we are to be saved, we shall be largely indebted to you."

To write the letter at once was not possible. "I cannot complete the paper before election," said Webster. But before the November elections were over, the legislature of South Carolina had assembled, had called a convention to meet on November 19, 1832, had instructed it to devise some redress for the evils of the tariff acts, and

sary to put nullification into effect. Before the year ended, Jackson had issued his proclamation to the Nullifiers; Hayne (then governor in place of Hamilton) had replied in kind; Calhoun had resigned the Vice-Presidency, and when the new year opened took his seat in the Senate of the United States. He came as the successor of Hayne, and he came to find Clay ready to yield to defiance what his followers had refused to reason.

As Webster journeyed leisurely toward Washington, he stopped by chance at a New Jersey inn, and finding a traveler just from the capital, asked for news. The stranger, not knowing to whom he spoke, astounded

Webster by the reply that Jackson had just made a proclamation to the Nullifiers, and had taken it from Mr. Webster's famous reply to Hayne. Nor was he far wrong; for whole passages in it might, indeed, have been written by the Massachusetts senator. "The Constitution of the United States," said Jackson to the followers of Hayne and Calhoun, "forms a government, not a league; and whether it be formed by compact between the States, or in any other manner, its character is the same. . . . I consider the power to annul a law of the United States incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed. To say that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union is to say that the United States are not a nation." Language of this sort contained the very essence of the reply to Hayne, and Webster determined to uphold any vigorous measure the President might propose, and soon had one to support. The proclamation to the Nullifiers was answered in a set of resolutions passed by the legislature of South Carolina and laid before the Senate of the United States in January, 1833. Five days later the President replied to this new defiance; asked for authority to collect the revenue in South Carolina by force, if necessary; and soon saw his request embodied in the revenue collection bill, the "Force Bill"—the "Bloody Bill," as the Nullifiers called it. So vigorous was the measure that even steadfast friends of the President refused its support, nay, denounced it, as Webster said, "with the same vehemence as they used to do when they raised their patriotic voices against what they called a 'coalition.'" It snuffed, they declared, of the alien and sedition laws; was as bad as the Boston Port Bill; brought back the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship; made the President sole judge of the Constitution; sacrificed everything to arbitrary power; and was worse than the Botany Bay Law of Great Britain. The party of Jackson, in short, was in revolt, and the President at this crisis turned to Webster for support. Members of Congress urged him to defend the bill, and when he seemed indifferent, one of the cabinet called at his lodgings and asked for his help. With this appeal he complied, and a few days later, in the Senate, took occasion to say that he would support the measure as an independent member "discharging the dictates of his own conscience." "I am," said he, "no man's leader;

and, on the other hand, I follow no lead but that of public duty and the star of the Constitution. I believe the country is in considerable danger; I believe an unlawful combination threatens the integrity of the Union. . . . I think the people of the United States demand of us, who are intrusted with the government, to maintain that government. . . . For one, I obey this public voice; I comply with this demand of the people. I support the administration in measures which I believe to be necessary, and while pursuing this course I look unhesitatingly, and with the utmost confidence, for the approbation of the country."

This alliance of Webster with the Jackson party was of serious importance. It was now certain that in the struggle over the Force Bill he would bear a part, and with the recollection of the debate with Hayne fresh in memory, the followers of Calhoun looked forward to the contest with uneasiness. No other man in the Senate, save Clay, then approached Webster in influence with the people, and to Clay it was that Calhoun now turned for assistance, which the great Kentuckian proved only too willing to give. He would not speak for the bill; he would not vote for it; he would not do anything to strengthen the hands or add to the prestige of the man who believed in the coalition, who had proscribed the friends of Harry of the West, and had defeated him so overwhelmingly in the election just passed. But, worse than all, the father of the American system, the great apostle of protection, had in his desk the draft of a bill designed to abandon the protective system, yield every point South Carolina demanded, and reduce the tariff to a revenue basis. This bill Clay introduced soon after his interview with Calhoun.

With Clay thus silenced and committed to the course of the Nullifiers, but two of the great triumvirate remained to contend, the one for "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country"; the other for nullification, secession, and disunion. Calhoun opened the contest, and Webster followed with the speech known in his collected works as "The Constitution not a Compact between the States."

We are told that as Webster was about to leave his lodgings to make that speech, the carriage of the President drew up at the door; that the private secretary of Jackson stepped out, delivered a message, and then drove the senator to the Capitol steps.

Calhoun was to continue his speech of the

day before, a performance which had greatly disappointed his friends. Never at any time had he been considered an orator, and long absence from legislative halls had dulled what little power as a speaker he once possessed. More than fifteen years had rolled by since he accepted the place of Secretary of War under Monroe, and in all that time Calhoun had addressed no legislative body. "He was," says one who now heard him, "quite unfit for long and sustained effort, by reason of the intensity of his feelings, a lack of physical power, and a weak voice. He was hoarse, and indistinct in utterance."

Calhoun finished a little before one o'clock, and a moment later Webster secured the floor, and spoke for two hours and a half, when the Senate took a recess till five o'clock. Meantime the news that Webster was answering Calhoun spread through the city, and when the Senate reassembled the chamber was "crowded to suffocation." The House had adjourned for the day, and the members were now to be seen seated among the senators. Citizens eager to hear a great speech had hurried to the room with wives and daughters, had filled every available inch of space, and furnished an audience far different from that of two hours before. From five till eight o'clock, when the speech ended, Webster spoke with much of his old power, carried his listeners with him, and when he closed, "a long, loud, and general clapping of hands rose from the floor and galleries." The cause was greater than any ever before put on trial. The preservation of the Union, the success of democratic government, the ability of a people spread over half a continent to rule themselves, were to be decided once and forever. Reject the Force Bill, and government by the many was supplanted by the rule of a few; the Constitution was degraded from an instrument of government to the contract of a league, and the republic of the United States was no more worthy to be called a nation. Pass the Force Bill, and the supremacy of the law was upheld firmly; nullification was brought down from a peaceful remedy to a revolutionary right, and the Union made stronger than ever. Yet neither the people nor the orator rose to the greatness of the occasion. The speech was indeed a fine one; but it lacked the bursts of eloquence, the rhetorical adornment, the intensity, the popular features, of the reply to Hayne, for it was undoubtedly but an elaboration of the letter which Webster intended to address to Chancellor Kent.

The Force Bill passed both Senate and

House; but it accomplished nothing; for hard upon it came the compromise tariff of 1833, yielding to South Carolina all she asked, abandoning the policy of protection, and giving the victory to the Nullifiers. Nevertheless, the speech of Webster was hailed with delight, and raised him still higher in popular esteem; and it pleased no one so much as Jackson. Writing to his friend Poinsett the day after its delivery, the President said: "Mr. Webster replied to Calhoun yesterday, and, it is said, demolished him. It is believed by more than one that Mr. C. is in a state of dementia. His speech was a perfect failure, and Mr. Webster handled him like a child." He was thanked by the President personally, praised by the Secretary of State, and when, in the summer of 1833, he set off on a pleasure-trip to the West, his journey was one long ovation.

At New York, on his return, a serious effort was made to attach him to the party of Jackson. This was not possible, for, when Congress met again, the long struggle against Jacksonism began, and through it all Webster sided with the opposition.

The questions of the hour were those which sprang from the war waged by the President and his friends against "the hydra-headed monster," the Bank of the United States. The first, Shall the bank be rechartered? had been decided in the negative by the veto of the new charter by Jackson, and his reëlection in 1832. The second, Shall the money of the United States continue to be deposited in the bank and its branches? had been decided in the negative by the order of the President to Secretary Taney to make no more deposits of government funds in the bank or its branches, and the obedience of the Secretary to the order of his chief. The third and all that followed arose over the passage of the resolution of censure by the Senate; the protest against that resolution by the President; the refusal of the Senate to enter the protest on its journal; the expunging of the vote of censure by the Senate, and the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States. Into the struggle thus begun Webster threw himself with an ardor he never before displayed. He gave his support and vote to Clay's resolutions of censure on the President, wrote the report of the committee condemning the reasons of the Secretary for obeying the order of Jackson, answered the protest in a set speech, voted against entering it on the journal of the Senate, and before the session closed attacked the financial policy

of the administration sixty-four times in speeches long and short, some of which still find a place in his collected works. That on "A Redeemable Paper Currency," and that on "The Natural Hatred of the Poor to the Rich," may be read with profit to-day.

Activity of this sort added to his renown, brought down on him the wrath of the friends of Jackson, and greatly increased the admiration of him by all who about this time began to call themselves Whigs. The cartoonists now attacked him as a national character. In one of their pictures a fountain of Congress water has exploded, and as Clay and Webster are blown into the air the latter exclaims, "Thus vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself and falls on t'other side." In another Jackson holds in his hand the order for the removal of the deposits. The lightning from the paper is demolishing the bank, and Clay, who has fallen amid the tottering columns, cries out, "Help me up, Webster, or I shall lose my stakes!" To this appeal Webster answers as he runs away: "There is a tide in the affairs of men," as Shakspere says. Sorry, dear Clay. Look out for yourself." In yet another cartoon Old Hickory and Bully Nick are about to engage in a "set-to," with Long Harry and Black Dan as seconds to the Bully. Again, Webster, as a cat mounted on a copy of the Constitution placed upon a chair, is worried by the dog Benton, standing on the floor.

In one of the countless number of memorials that came to Congress from State legislatures, from cities, towns, villages, counties, congressional districts, banks, chambers of commerce, merchants, traders, farmers, artisans, tradesmen, and taverns and grog-shops where laborers gathered, some opposing, others approving the removal of the deposits, was one in the preamble of which Webster was foully slandered by name. So shameful was the attack that, at the suggestion of Van Buren, the Pennsylvania senators struck out the abuse before presenting the memorial. But Webster demanded that the preamble be read as written, and when this was done the Senate at once rejected the petition. Just before Jackson's famous protest reached the Senate, Webster was in Philadelphia; but hearing that it was to be presented, he hastened back to Washington. It was Sunday morning when the steamboat reached Baltimore. "It had been given out," says the account, "that they [Webster and Mr. Binney] would not come that day, perhaps to prevent the gathering of a crowd; but the people by thousands

assembled on the wharf. Mr. Webster, being called on, made a few animated remarks from the boat, with a view of dismissing the 'friends of the Constitution' assembled to meet him. But they would not be dismissed. They formed into a solid body, filling the whole street, and marched up to the City Hotel. When he arrived at the hotel, hardly less than five thousand well-dressed persons, very many of them elderly men and of lofty standing in society, were assembled in front of it, and the gentlemen were successively called on to offer a few words of exhortation. The people were highly excited, and often cheered, but in a subdued tone of voice." For this Senator Forsyth denounced him as having addressed a "bawling crowd" on the Sabbath, as having excited a "wretched clamor," and as having "designs to exacerbate the people to treasonable acts unless they submitted to the power of a great moneyed corporation."

Wherever he went he was now as much an object of popular interest as was Henry Clay. His name began to be seriously mentioned as the next Whig candidate for the Presidency, and in 1835 the Whigs in the Massachusetts legislature made a formal nomination. Letters promising support now came to him from Vermont, New York, Ohio, and Louisiana. His nomination was indorsed by the Whigs of Penobscot County, Maine, and by his party in Berwyn, Hallowell, and Portland. A silver vase was presented to the "Defender of the Constitution" at Boston. "A thousand friends of Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," at New York city signed an invitation to a public dinner. But the State conventions of the two parties, Whigs and Antimasons, met at the same time, December 16, 1835, in Harrisburg, agreed on William Henry Harrison as the most available man, nominated him formally, and from that hour he became the candidate of the Whigs.

For Webster to remain longer in the field as a serious candidate was useless, and when, in March, 1836, a convention of Whig members of the Massachusetts legislature and delegates from towns not represented in the General Court by Whigs gathered in Boston, he wrote expressing a desire to withdraw. But the convention would not hear of such a thing, voted that he was the true Whig candidate, and at the autumn election Massachusetts cast her fourteen electoral votes for Daniel Webster. He received no others, and had no cause for regret, for the Whigs

were overwhelmingly beaten, and Van Buren succeeded Jackson.

The success of Van Buren was disheartening, and for many reasons Webster now thought seriously of retiring from the Senate. While a member of the House and but one in a State delegation of twelve, he had found it an easy matter to carry on a lucrative practice in the Supreme Court. The interests of his State were then safe in the care of many colleagues. But as a senator he was one of two, and duty to his country and to his State left little time for practice, and his income went down rapidly. The fight with nullification in 1833 cut down his professional gains by eight thousand dollars, and never since had his earnings approached what they might have been. A longing for a great Western farm had seized him, and he had already acquired a little tract not far from Springfield, Ohio, which he named Salisbury, after the old home of his father. This he hoped to enlarge. He would make it a tract of a thousand acres and engage in farming on a great scale. All this required money, and money was not to be made by attendance in the Senate. In January, 1837, therefore, he wrote to friends in Massachusetts, announced his wish to resign, and urged that the legislature at once elect a successor. But as news of his intention spread, Whigs in all quarters besought him not to withdraw. Those in the Massachusetts legislature strongly opposed the step, appointed a committee, with the Speaker, Robert C. Winthrop, at their head, and bade them beseech him to recall the letter of resignation, or at least to postpone the request. At New York city a meeting of his political friends was called, Chancellor Kent placed in the chair, and an invitation to a public reception tendered. If he must leave the Senate, this was to be a testimonial of a lively sense of his public services. If he could be persuaded to remain, it was to be an opportunity to express their wishes to him in a manner as impressive as possible. He did consent to remain, accepted the New York invitation, and one day in March, 1837, was met at Amboy by a committee, and escorted to Niblo's Garden, where, in the presence of a vast throng, he gave utterance to his "sentiments freely on the great topics of the day" in what was long remembered as the "Niblo's Garden Speech."

This duty performed, Webster once more turned his thoughts westward, and in May was on his way to the Ohio. He went on to North Bend to visit General Harrison, and

to Cincinnati, where there was another outpouring of the people, and another speech. At St. Louis he was greeted, said a newspaper, as no other citizen was ever received on the west bank of the Mississippi. At Alton, across the river, flags were displayed, the church bells rung, and cannon fired as he came ashore. The great panic of 1837 was now sweeping over the country, Van Buren had summoned Congress to a special session, and at Madison Webster turned homeward. As he drew near Chicago a long train of wagons and horsemen met him ten miles from the town, and escorted him to the Lake House, where he spoke to the crowd that packed the street. The next day he attended a festival held in his honor. Pushing eastward, he visited Michigan City, Toledo, and Buffalo, where he was entertained with a steamboat regatta on the lake, and then went on to New York and Boston.

The decision of Webster to remain in the Senate brought him to another turning-point in his political career, and he went back to begin a new contest with Calhoun for the preservation of the Union. The first struggle arose over the tariff, and ended in nullification. The second began over slavery, and led to secession. Mr. Benton is authority for the statement that when Calhoun went back to his home in the spring of 1833, disappointed and downhearted at the slight support the South had given to the act of nullification, he told his friends that the South could never be united against the North on the question of the tariff, and that the basis of Southern union must henceforth be the questions that sprang from slavery. Certain it is that by 1833 the work of the abolitionists and antislavery people began to tell. It was in 1831 that the first number of the "Liberator" appeared, and the State of Georgia offered five thousand dollars to any one who would kidnap Garrison and bring him to the State. It was in 1833 that the American Antislavery Society was founded, and the "Telegraph," a nullification journal published at Washington, flatly charged the people of the North with a deliberate purpose to destroy slavery in the South. Twenty newspapers in twenty different parts of the North and the South at once made answer, denied the charge, and accused Calhoun and the Nullifiers of again attempting to wreck the Union. "His object," said one, "is to fan the flame of discord and separate the South from the North. Mr. Calhoun has been defeated in his ambitious project of reaching the Presidency. He would now gladly ruin

the fair fabric of the United States that he might become the chief of a Southern confederacy. The tariff was to have been the pretext for separation. This having failed, a new cause is sought in the question of slavery, and such miserable fanatics as Garrison and wretched publications as the 'Liberator' are quoted as evidence of the feeling of the people of the North."

But the movement thus started would not go down. In 1834 there were antislavery riots in New York and Philadelphia. It was in 1835 that Garrison was mobbed in Boston; that there was a riot in Utica; that antislavery papers were taken from the post-office in Charleston, South Carolina, and burned on the public square; that Jackson in his message asked for the exclusion of such documents from the mails; and that four slaveholding States requested the non-slaveholding to suppress the abolitionists. It was in 1836 that Birney was mobbed in Cincinnati; that Calhoun presented a bill to stop the delivery by postmasters of antislavery books, papers, tracts, and pictures; and that the House of Representatives passed the first of the gag resolutions. It was in 1837, a few weeks before Webster spoke in Niblo's Garden, that the United States recognized the independence of the slaveholding republic of Texas.

The fate of slavery was now clearly a national issue, and in the Niblo's Garden speech Webster placed himself on record. That a desire or intention to annex Texas to the United States already existed could not be disguised, he said. To this he saw objections, insurmountable objections. The imperative necessity of controlling the great river system of the Mississippi valley justified the purchase of Louisiana. A like policy and a like necessity led to the purchase of Florida. But no such policy required the annexation of Texas. Her accession to our territory was not necessary to the full and complete enjoyment of that already possessed. The limits of the Union in that direction ought not to be extended. Texas, moreover, was likely to be a slaveholding country, no matter by whom possessed, and he was not willing to do anything that should "extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slaveholding States to the Union. . . . I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. . . . In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring into the Union a new, vastly extensive, and slaveholding country, large enough for half

a dozen or a dozen States. In my opinion, they ought not to consent to it." Here was free-soilism plainly stated, and here, as Webster claimed thirteen years later, was to be found the principle of the Wilmot Proviso.

As he was not a Southern expansionist, so he was not a Northern abolitionist. "Slavery as it exists in the States," said he, "is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves. They have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power over it." On the great question then before Congress, the right of citizens to petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the duty of Congress to receive and its power to grant petitions, he said not a word. But when Congress next assembled, and Calhoun presented resolutions against the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District, and was followed by Clay, who offered a substitute for one of them, Webster was alarmed. Referring to the resolutions of Calhoun and Clay, he said: "Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, in my judgment, have attempted in 1838 what they attempted in 1833—to make a new Constitution."

Later in the session, Webster came again to the defense of the Constitution, and in a speech, famous in its day, in which he reviewed the political conduct of Calhoun since 1833, Webster charged him with a steady design to break up the Union. "The honorable member from South Carolina," said he, "habitually indulges in charges of usurpation and oppression against the government of his country. He daily denounces its important measures in the language in which our Revolutionary fathers spoke of the oppression of the mother-country. . . . A principal object in his late political movements, the gentleman himself tells us, was to unite the entire South; and against whom or against what does he wish to unite the entire South? . . . I am where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution, a platform broad enough and firm enough to uphold every interest of the whole country, I shall still be found." Calhoun replied with a review of Webster's conduct since he entered the House in 1813; Webster answered with a like review of the behavior of Calhoun: and the two went their ways, the one to head the movement which ended in secession and civil war, the other to rouse that spirit of nationality which put down secession and preserved the Union of the States.

Of this reply to Calhoun he wrote: "The speech will not come up to expectations. It has been too much praised. If you can believe it, no reporter took down a single word of it. I had to gather it together from my own notes, my own recollections, other friends' recollections, and the letters of the letter-writers." The refusal of the Democratic reporters to take down such a speech is an interesting evidence of the bitter party feeling of the day.

His position on the slavery issue brought out a letter asking for a further statement of his opinions on the question of the hour. In his answer he declared his belief to be that Congress had no authority to emancipate slaves in any State; but that Congress did have power to emancipate slaves in the District of Columbia without the consent of Maryland and Virginia; that the citizens of the United States did have the right to petition for the abolition of slavery in the District, and that all such petitions ought to be received, read, and considered.

The summer and autumn of 1839 were spent by Webster in England, and as the ship that bore him homeward was entering New York Bay the pilot that boarded her brought word that William Henry Harrison had again been nominated by the Whigs. Before setting out on his visit to the Old World, Webster had decided not to have his name go before the Whig convention.

To have secured the nomination for the Presidency would, indeed, have been impossible; but he might, in the opinion of his friends, have been named for the Vice-Presidency. Of this he would hear nothing, and the one and only real chance he ever had of becoming President was suffered to go by. The Whig convention had not dared to frame a party platform; but the Democrats furnished one in the sneer that Harrison would be more at home in a log cabin guzzling hard cider than seated in the White House ruling a nation. Save the little red school-house, nothing was dearer to the heart of the people than the log cabin, and no insult more galling could possibly have been uttered. That humble abode, with its puncheon floor, its mud-smearred sides, its latch-string, its window, where well-greased paper did duty for glass, had ever been, and was still, the symbol of American hardihood, and instantly became the true Whig watchword. On vacant lots in every city and town, on ten thousand village greens, the cabin, with a coon's skin on the wall, with the latch-string hanging out in token of welcome,

and with a barrel of hard cider close beside the door, became the Whig headquarters. Mounted on wheels and occupied by speakers, it was dragged from village to village. Log-cabin raisings, log-cabin medals, log-cabin badges, magazines, almanacs, song-books, pictures, were everywhere to be seen, and into this wild campaign of song and laughter Webster entered with unwonted zeal. Though nobody wanted him to be President, the whole country seemed possessed to hear him speak. Countless Tippecanoe clubs elected him a member; innumerable "raisings" claimed his presence. New Hampshire appealed to him as the State where he was born. The West clamored for him as the stanch friend of her interests. A score of towns wanted him as the orator for the Fourth of July. The candidate himself was not so eagerly sought.

To many of their appeals Webster acceded, and addressed meeting after meeting till, he writes to his wife, he is "sore from speaking." In another letter he tells her: "I am charged with burning the convent at Charlestown [1836]. Do you recollect how I did it? Will you promise not to betray me if I deny it?"

His great speeches were at Saratoga, Bunker Hill, New York, and Richmond. At Saratoga, catching the spirit of the times, he lamented that he too had not been born in a log cabin. "Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. . . . And if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!" After the Bunker Hill festival, the area covered by the crowd was

measured, and seventy-five thousand persons were said to have attended. At Richmond the ladies of the city gave him a reception in a log cabin.

The election over and won, Harrison tendered the Department of State to Clay, and when he refused, asked Webster to choose between the State Department and the Treasury. To this Webster replied: "The question of accepting a seat in your cabinet, should it be tendered me, has naturally been the subject of my reflections and of consultations with friends. The result of these reflections and consultations has been that I should accept the office of Secretary of State, should it be offered to me under circumstances such as now exist."

To this the President-elect answered: "I entirely approve of your choice of the two tendered you"; and on March 4, Webster, having resigned his seat in the Senate, became Secretary of State.

The first official duty laid upon him was the revision of the inaugural address, which the President-elect had prepared with much pains, and which abounded in that sort of classical knowledge so fashionable when Garrison was a lad. Roman history was freely drawn on, and the speech was sprinkled with references to Cæsar, the proconsuls, and the Roman knights. This was too much for the new Secretary, and, after a long struggle, the President-elect agreed to leave out most of his warnings from the past. The story is told that when the work of revision was over and Webster reached his lodgings, the mistress of the house remarked that he looked tired, and asked if anything had happened. "You would think that something had happened if you knew what I have done," was the reply. "I have killed seventeen Roman proconsuls." But Cæsar and the Roman knights escaped, and still adorn the inaugural address.

One month after its delivery Garrison died, and the stormy administration of Tyler began. At the special session of Congress called by Garrison to correct the evils of Democratic rule, Tyler agreed to most of the measures of reform. He signed the bill repealing the subtreasury act, the bill to distribute the proceeds of the sales of public land, the bill to change the banking system of the District of Columbia, and the revenue bill; but he vetoed the charter for a "Fiscal Bank of the United States," and another for a "Fiscal Corporation," and for this four members of his cabinet resigned in a body. A fifth soon followed, and John Tyler was

read out of the Whig party. Webster remained in the cabinet. For a moment he seems to have been in doubt just what to do, and in his uncertainty wrote post-haste to a friend in Boston, "Do you Whigs of Massachusetts think I ought to quit or ought to stay?" and asked the Massachusetts delegation to meet him in consultation. The advice of those gentlemen was not to quit, and three days later, Webster, in a letter to a newspaper, made known his reasons for remaining. He saw no cause for the sudden dissolution of the cabinet by the voluntary act of its members; he believed that some sort of institution to aid the financial operations of the government and to give the country a good currency and cheap exchanges was absolutely necessary, and that, to get it, there must be a union of Whig President, Whig Congress, and Whig people.

Back of all this were far weightier reasons which he could not publicly declare. Grave questions of long standing between Great Britain and the United States were pressing for a settlement, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary; for settled they must be. The north boundary of Maine, after fifty-eight years of discussion, was still undefined. The affair of the *Caroline* and the assumption by Great Britain of all responsibility for the destruction of that steamboat had aroused the whole frontier of New York; the arrest and trial of McLeod had thrown Great Britain into a passion; while her assertion of a right to search ships supposed to be engaged in the African slave-trade stirred up a question once made a cause of war. Could Webster bring about a peaceful settlement of these many sources of ill feeling and ill will between two nations which of all others ought to be friends, he would render to his country services of no common sort; and the belief that he could do much to accomplish such an end was the chief reason why his State delegation was opposed to his resigning the Secretaryship of State. Again, he was an Eastern man, and, in the opinion of the people of Maine, the boundary question would never be settled till a man born and bred among them took the dispute in hand.

To the boundary dispute Webster had already turned his attention, had informed the British minister that a compromise line would be accepted, had selected an Eastern man, Mr. Edward Everett, to be American minister at London, and early in 1842 was informed that Lord Ashburton would be sent

to Washington to settle all controversies between Great Britain and the United States.

Meantime a new cause of irritation arose. While the brig *Creole*, loaded with slaves, was on her way from Hampton to New Orleans, the negroes rose, killed one man, shut the crew in the hold, took possession of the vessel, and brought her into the British West Indian port of Nassau. There a few of the slaves were held for murder, and the rest were set free. This incident, following hard upon like action in the cases of the *Comet*, the *Encomium*, and the *Enterprise*, inflamed the South and added new recruits to the party eager for war.

As the Secretary looked over the country, the prospect of settlement seemed small indeed. He saw the people of Maine in such a state of mind that, as Governor Kent assured him, they could with difficulty be kept from collision with the British. He saw the borderers in New York so excited by the trial of McLeod that he thought it prudent to urge the President to station troops along the frontier to keep the peace. He saw the new attempt of Mexico to reduce Texas, the protest of Mexico, the rumored purchase of California by Great Britain, and the fear of her intervention to destroy the independence of Texas, stir the South, and make annexation and perhaps war with Mexico more popular than ever before.

Most happily for the peace of the world, the two men now intrusted with the negotiation on which hung the issue of war or peace came to their work in a friendly spirit and framed the treaty known by their names. That Webster was too yielding on the boundary, that he sacrificed the interests of Maine, is certain; but that he averted a war, put at rest an old and irritating dispute, and by the introduction of the extradition clause did a great service to civilization, is not to be denied. The treaty was most creditable; but the glory must be shared with Judge Story, who gladly and freely gave to Webster advice, argument, and assistance of no trifling sort.

The treaty made and ratified by the Senate, even the friends of Webster cried out that the time had come for him to leave the cabinet, and were joined by the whole Whig press. After his old-time fashion, he now turned to his friends for advice. Said one: "Your best friends here think there is an insuperable difficulty in your continuing any longer in President Tyler's cabinet." That there might be no doubt where he stood,

the State convention of Massachusetts Whigs, when it met in September, read the President out of the party. The duty of the convention was to nominate candidates for State officers: but it went further, and by one resolution announced that the misdeeds of Tyler "left no alternative to the Whigs of Massachusetts but to declare, as they do now declare, their full and final separation from him"; and in another resolution presented Henry Clay to the Whigs of the State as justly entitled to their suffrages "for the first office in the gift of the American people."

On the other hand, strangers, men whose opinion he had not asked, wrote from all parts of the country, urging him not to quit the Department of State. Some friends in Boston tendered a dinner, that a chance might be given him to speak in self-defense; but he asked that the dinner be changed to a public reception, and in September, 1842, delivered the "Hard to Coax" speech in Faneuil Hall. He needed just such a defense, and he made it manfully. To the clamor for his resignation he replied:

"You know, gentlemen, that twenty years of honest and not altogether undistinguished service in the Whig cause did not save me from an outpouring of wrath which seldom proceeds from Whig presses and Whig tongues against anybody. I am, gentlemen, a little hard to coax; but as to being driven, that is out of the question. I chose to trust my own judgment, and thinking I was at a post where I was in the service of my country and could do it good, I stayed there. . . . No man feels more highly the advantage of the advice of friends than I do; but on a question so delicate and important as this I like to choose myself the friends who are to give me advice; and upon this subject, gentlemen, I shall leave you as enlightened as I found you.

"I give no pledge, I make no intimation one way or the other, and I shall be as free, when this day closes, to act as I was when the dawn of this day—" The rest of the sentence was lost in an outburst of applause.

To the State convention of Massachusetts Whigs, which said that he was not to be their candidate for the Presidency, he uttered this defiance: "I notice a declaration, made in behalf of all the Whigs of this commonwealth, of a full and final separation from the President of the United States. If those gentlemen saw fit to express their own sentiments to that extent, there is no objection. Whigs speak their sentiments



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON, AFTER A PAINTING BY HEALY.

ALEXANDER BARING, LORD ASHBURTON.

From a portrait painted in 1843, in commemoration of the Webster-Ashburton treaty.
In the diplomatic reception-rooms of the State Department, Washington.

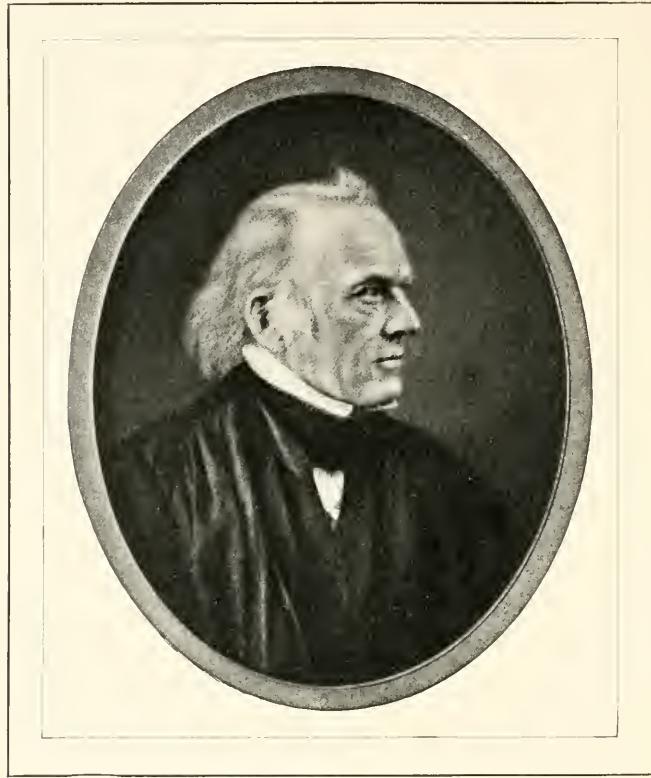
everywhere; but whether they may assume a privilege to speak for others on a point on which those others have not given them authority, is another matter. . . . I am quite ready to submit to all decisions of Whig conventions on subjects on which they are authorized to make decisions. But it is quite another question whether a set of gentlemen, however respectable they may be as individuals, shall have the power to bind me on matters which I have not agreed to submit to their decision at all. . . . And in regard to the individual who addresses you — what do his brother Whigs mean to do with him? Where do they mean to place me? This declaration announces a full and

final separation between the Whigs of Massachusetts and the President. If I choose to remain in the cabinet, do those gentlemen mean to say that I cease to be a Whig? I am quite ready to put that question to the people of Massachusetts."

As the speech, copied by one newspaper from another, spread through the country, murmurs of indignation went up from the Whigs. He was too great a man, they had been too proud of him, his services had been too signal, to make it safe to turn on him and with abuse drive him from the party; yet they made him feel their high displeasure. "You see what a dust my speech has raised," he wrote his son Fletcher. "It is

no more than I anticipated. I am sorry the ‘Intelligencer’ is acting so foolishly, but that is its own affair. The speech is printing in pamphlet form in Boston, and will be widely circulated.”

ranks long honored by his presence and his labors.” Mr. Berrien of Georgia told a Whig meeting in New York that he had rather be a dog and bay the moon than submit as Webster recommended; and the meeting said



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

JOSEPH STORY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

There were other newspapers than the “Intelligencer” that commented on his speech. “If Mr. Webster,” said one, “thinks he can dictate to the Whig convention of Massachusetts, he will find that he far overestimates the amount of his influence here.” “We will tell him,” said another, “what his Whig brethren have done with him: they have nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency, and Massachusetts, as sure as she exists in 1844, will give her electoral vote to that candidate.” “Mr. Webster,” said a third, “continues to vouch for the Whiggery of Mr. Tyler; but who will vouch for the voucher?” “If,” said another, “he wishes to share the fate of Mr. Tyler, and go with him to support John C. Calhoun, he is a free agent; if he wishes to give Whig principles and Whig men the benefit of his commanding eloquence, he will be welcomed back to those

“Amen and amen!” Some thought the speech indicated that he would leave the cabinet; others that he would stay, as there were many more international difficulties to settle.

Not the least among these was the Oregon boundary, which might have been settled in the treaty had not the President thought fit to join to it other issues which could not be hastily discussed. The plan of Tyler was that Great Britain should persuade Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas and sell us California from latitude 42° to $36^{\circ} 31'$; that she should pay a part of the cost, and in return take Oregon as far south as the Columbia River; and that Webster should go to London on a special mission, with those ends in view. To this the Senate would not consent. An effort was then made to persuade Mr. Everett to take the newly created Chinese mission,

and send Webster to London as Mr. Everett's successor. This too failed, and early in May the "National Intelligencer" announced that Daniel Webster had resigned the office of Secretary of State. For months past the newspapers had been asserting and then denying that he would surely leave the cabinet; but now, to the joy of the Locofocos and the Democrats, the report was true. "There is now nothing to disturb the unanimity of the cabinet councils," said a Democratic journal, "and the administration may henceforth be regarded as a unit in sentiment, principles, and purposes." Another spread abroad the report that the President's son had said, "We have got rid of Webster at last." That his resignation had been forced, that the President and his Secretary had parted bad friends, was long believed, but was not true. The attacks of the Whig press, the wide-spread belief that he was no longer a Whig, the effect this belief might have on his chances of securing

the Presidential nomination sometime in the future, the determination of Tyler to take up the question of annexing Texas, and the failure to secure the English mission, were the causes which induced him to leave the cabinet.

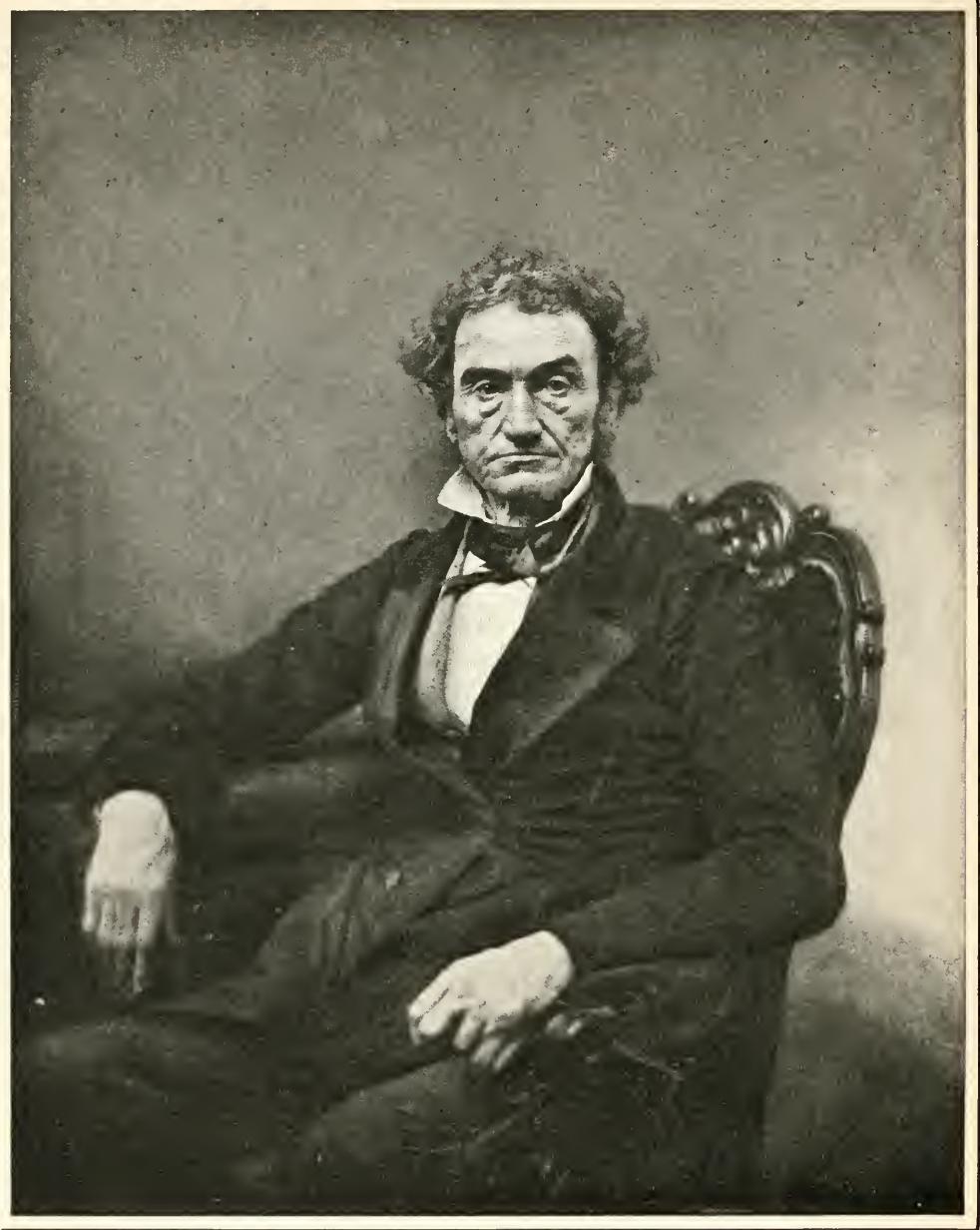
Webster was now, for the first time in fifteen years, a private citizen. That he should ever again return to public life seemed far from likely. He had passed his sixtieth birthday, his private affairs were in disorder, and he was free to enjoy the delights of Marshfield, which was to him the dearest spot on earth. But his friends opposed his retirement. Some insisted that he must remove all doubt as to his Whiggery, and sent him as a delegate to the Whig convention at Andover, before which he again spoke in defense of his conduct. Others in New Hampshire asked that they might present his name to the people as a candidate for the Presidency. Still others, in the General Court of Massachusetts, tendered him a re-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, 1846.

The house, the one on the left, was altered after the war, when the building on the right was added to form the "Webster Law Building."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSIAH J. HAWES. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

RUFUS CHOATE.

This photograph was taken between 1855 and 1860, and the negative was not retouched.

election to the United States Senate, in place of Mr. Choate, who wished to resign. To this he answered that he would not affect to deny that he much preferred public employment to returning to the bar at his time of life; but his affairs needed attention, he must make a living, and he could ill afford to go back to the Senate and lose the fifteen thousand dollars a year yielded by his practice. Until March 4, 1845, at least,

when Mr. Choate's term would expire, it was, he said, far more important to him to remain in private life than it could be to the nation that he should return to the Senate.

Never was he more mistaken, for an event that he had often contemplated with dread was near at hand. As the campaign opened, the two prospective candidates, Clay and Van Buren, had earnestly striven to put the Texas question out of politics; but Tyler,

just before the nominating conventions met, surprised the Senate with a treaty of annexation secretly negotiated with the Texan agent, and made annexation the issue of the day.

Scarcely was this done when the Whig National Convention met at Baltimore and nominated Clay, not by ballot, but with a shout that shook the building. The next day the Whigs held a great ratification meeting, before which Webster appeared to make his peace with the party. Again he solemnly declared himself a Whig, spoke of Clay in the warmest terms, was glad to present the great leader's name to the country as the Whig candidate for the Presidency, and knew of no question before the people on which he did not agree with the candidate. The wild cheers that greeted Webster gave assurance that he was forgiven, and expressed confidence that the reunited and harmonious party was now sure of victory. This confidence was much disturbed when the Democratic convention, a few weeks later, rejected Van Buren, nominated Polk, and demanded the annexation of Texas. Polk was an almost unknown man, and that he should defeat Harry of the West seemed laughable. But the demand for Texas was serious, for now the Whigs must meet that issue or take the consequence of their silence. Webster, in his campaign speech at Valley Forge, spoke plainly and to the point. He was opposed to annexation. But Clay undertook to explain, sent off his Alabama letter, and wrote himself out of the Presidency. The defeat of Clay stunned the Whigs and elated the Democrats, who, carried away by their triumph, passed the joint resolution under which Texas entered the Union as a slave State.

To Webster's plea that it was not important to the country that he should return to public life the Whigs of Massachusetts would now no longer listen, and on March 4, 1845, he once more took his seat in the Senate, as the successor of Rufus Choate, who was a native of Essex, Massachusetts, and a student at Dartmouth College when Webster delivered his great speech in the Dartmouth College case. We are told that Mr. Choate was so powerfully affected by the argument that he determined to study law, a profession in which, in time, he won a reputation as an advocate second to none.

The influence of Webster over Choate, thus early acquired, was never lost; and in their later political careers the two men were closely allied. When Webster left the Sen-

ate in 1841, Choate became his successor; when Choate resigned in 1844, Webster in turn succeeded him; and in 1852 it was Choate who urged the nomination of Webster for the Presidency before the Whig National Convention at Baltimore.

The annexation of Texas brought war with Mexico; the victories of Taylor and Scott, Kearny and Stockton, brought a chance to secure more territory; fear that the new acquisition might be made slave soil called forth the Wilmot Proviso; and the great struggle for the rights of man was on once more.

During the summer of 1846, President Polk asked Congress for two million dollars "for the purpose of settling all our difficulties with the Mexican Republic." Well knowing that it was intended to use the money to obtain a land cession from Mexico, David Wilmot moved an amendment to the bill, providing that from all territory ceded by Mexico slavery should forever be excluded. The House passed the bill and proviso, but the Senate struck out the proviso, and the House refused to concur. The bill was lost; and when Congress met again a new bill carrying a three-million-dollar appropriation was presented to the House, and the proviso was once more added. This was directly in accord with Webster's anti-expansion views, and a fortnight later he laid upon the table of the Senate two resolutions: the one set forth that war ought not to be waged with Mexico for the purpose of acquiring new territory out of which to form new States to be added to the Union; the other that Mexico ought to be told that the United States did not want her territory, and would treat for peace on a liberal basis. A couple of weeks later, when a resolution much like his was put and voted down, he spoke out: "It is due to the best interests of the country, to its safety, to its peace and harmony, and to the well-being of the Constitution, to declare at once, to proclaim now, that we want no new States, nor territory to form new States out of, as the end of conquest." He was not opposed to a change in the boundary, to such a change as would give us the port of San Francisco. He was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and voted for it when the bill with it attached came before the Senate. "We hear much, just now," he said, "of a panacea for the dangers and evils of slavery and slave annexation, which they call the Wilmot Proviso. . . . I feel some little interest in this matter, sir. Did I not commit myself, in 1837, to the whole

doctrine, fully, entirely? And I must be permitted to say that I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out the patent. I deny the priority of their invention. Allow me to say, sir, it is not their thunder."

The world of politics was now in utter confusion. Both the great parties were breaking up, and from the fragments that fell off a host of little organizations, "movements" as they were called, were forming. Never before in our annals had so many candidates been nominated by the people. Native Americans, the Liberty party, the Liberty League, the Industrial Congress,

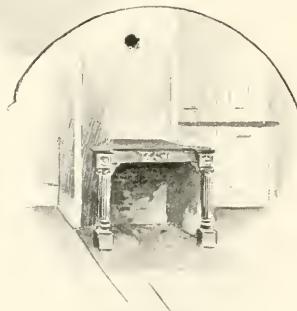
had been driven by the conduct of Clay into the ranks of the Liberty party. But the prospect, fair as it was, proved a delusion. Webster did not possess one of the attributes of a popular leader. The very greatness of his abilities raised him far above the mass of men, and put him out of touch with them. He inspired awe, but not affection. No mortal man ever thought of coupling his name with any epithet of popular endearment. Jackson was "Old Hickory," "Old Roman"; Harrison was "Old Tip"; Clay was "Harry of the West," "the Mill-boy of the Slashes"; and Taylor "Old Rough-and-Ready": but the senator from Massachusetts was "the Hon. Daniel Webster" to his dying day. Even the cartoonists could find no other name for him than "Black Dan." It was to "Rough-and-Ready," therefore, and not to Daniel Webster, that the Whig masses turned in 1848, when they were done with Henry Clay.

That the hero of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and Monterey and Buena Vista would be nominated by the Whigs was certain



Barnburners, Free-soilers, Whigs, and Democrats had each named a candidate of their own or had indorsed one of some other party's choosing.

After the defeat of Clay in 1844, it did seem as if Webster's hour had really come, and that he was the only available leader the Whig party could offer for the Presidency in 1848. Clay, it is true, was never more idolized; but his enemies were many and active, his views on the extension of slavery were opposed to the growing convictions of Northern Whigs, while even his warmest friends had grown very tired of following him always to defeat. A new man was wanted; might not Webster be that man? His belief that slavery was a State institution and could not be meddled with by Congress made him acceptable to Southern Whigs. His services, his abilities, his devotion to the Constitution and the Union, were the admiration of Northern Whigs. His opposition to expansion, to the acquisition of more slave soil, might well bring to his support thousands of old-line Whigs who



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF WEBSTER'S LAW OFFICE AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

tain of defeat. On the first and second ballots he was given twenty-two votes by Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. On the third ballot he lost one from Maine, three from Massachusetts, and the one from New York. On the fourth and last ballot another vote from Maine and two from New Hampshire left him, and Taylor was triumphantly nominated. The candidate having been named, member after member rose to promise his support to the nominee, and among those who secured recognition from the chair was



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WEBSTER'S HOME AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

Mr. Allen, a Conscience Whig of Massachusetts and a warm supporter of Webster. "I think," said he, "I know something of the feelings of my State; I express for myself what I believe to be the sentiments of that State; and I say that we cannot consent that this should go forth as the unanimous vote of this convention, and I will give my reasons." "Amidst cries," says the reporter, "of 'Sit down!' 'Order!' 'Hear him!' 'Go on!' 'Sit down!' 'Let him go on!' we finally caught the words: 'The Whig party of the North are not to be allowed to fill with their statesmen— ['Sit down!' 'Order!' 'Hear him!'] Therefore we declare the Whig party of the Union this day dissolved.' Cheers and hisses now rose in a deafening shout from the excited convention. Member after member jumped to his feet to reply, but they were persuaded by their friends to refrain. 'Let the North answer him!' 'Let Massachusetts answer him!' 'There is better Whiggery there than that!' were the shouts heard from all sides."

When some semblance of order was at last restored, nominations were made for the Vice-Presidency, in the course of which Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, rising to withdraw the name of Robert C. Winthrop, denied that Mr. Allen spoke the sense of Massachusetts. In a moment Henry Wilson

of the same State was on his feet. "I, for one, will not be bound by the proceedings of this convention," he said. "We have nominated a gentleman, sir, for President of the United States who has stated over and over and over again, to the whole nation, that he did not intend to be bound by the principles or the measures of any party, and that he will not accept the nomination of the Whig party, or the Democratic party, or any party in any portion of the country who will nominate him. Sir, he has said— ['Order, Mr. President, I call the gentleman to order.] All I asked of this convention was the nomination of a Whig who is unreservedly committed to the principles of the Whig party. But the convention has seen fit to nominate a man who is anything but a Whig; and, sir, I will go home, and, so help me God! I will do all I can to defeat the election of that candidate."

As for the rest of the Massachusetts Whigs, the cotton wing of the party, they accepted the nomination and kept still. Mr. Choate called on them, "though grieved by the fall of their favorite leader, pierced by a thousand wounds," to rally about Taylor. Mr. Ashmun made a like plea, and shrewdly closed a letter to his constituents with Webster's words to a Whig convention in Faneuil Hall: "In the dark and troubled night

that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us but the intelligent, patriotic, united Whig party of the United States."

Counsel of this sort, however, was not for the great Whig chief, and it was long before he could bring himself to follow the star. He was deeply disappointed. Neither Vermont nor Rhode Island nor Connecticut had cast one vote in his behalf; even Whigs from his own State had deserted him for Taylor: and in the first moments of displeasure he felt sorely tempted to stand aloof.

Webster had now reached another and the final turning-point in his public career. Had he been wise, he would have taken the turn which led him "right into opposition." Judged in the light of every speech he had made since the Missouri Compromise, he was a Free-soiler, and his place was with that party. So far as principles were concerned, the platform of that party might have been made up of extracts from his own public utterances.

For a man so minded the Whigs were not fit companions. But Webster now lost the courage of his antislavery convictions, and in a little while lost even his convictions. He remained a Whig, and, as he was obliged to speak out, accepted an invitation to address his friends at Marshfield in September. "My purpose in this speech," he wrote a friend, "was exactly this: first, to make out a clear case for all true Whigs to vote for him; second, to place myself in a condition of entire independence, fearing nothing, and hoping nothing personally, from his failure or success; thirdly, and most especially, to show the preposterous conduct of those Whigs who make a secession from their party and take service under Van Buren." Just why a Whig who believed in the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, who was opposed to the formation of more slave

States, should vote for Taylor, a slaveholder, rather than Van Buren, a Free-soiler, he failed to make clear. But when he told his neighbors that the nomination of Taylor "stands by itself, without a precedent or justification from anything in our previous history"; that it was a nomination "not fit to be made"; that the "sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of availability lay at the root of the whole matter," he succeeded, so far as Taylor was concerned, in placing himself "in a condition of entire independence." This he well knew, and feeling that he could have little influence at Washington, another fit of political blues seized him, and he wrote: "The general result of my reflections up to the present moment is that it will be most expedient for me to leave Congress at the end of the session and attend to my own affairs." From the Slough of Despond his friends raised him by insisting, after the great Whig triumph, that he should take his old place at the head of the Department of State.

"A friend has just said to me, 'The great question in State street is, Can Mr. Webster be prevailed upon to be Secretary of State?' My dear friend, I am old and poor and proud. All these things beckon me to retirement, to take care of myself—and, as I cannot act the first post, to act none." Yet he would not commit himself to a refusal of the place should it be offered, and went to Washington in December, 1848, in a better state of mind. During the next three months his letters show a lingering hope that the office may be tendered, a well-founded doubt that it would be, and an earnest desire to be left "to my profession, my studies, or my ease." To some extent this wish was granted. The invitation to join the cabinet never came. Once more a kind Fate preserved him for greater things. Had he entered the cabinet of Tay-



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S GRAVE AT MARSHFIELD.

The grave on the extreme left is that of his son
Colonel Fletcher Webster.

lor, he would have been a silent spectator of the struggle for the Compromise of 1850, and the most famous of all his speeches would never have been made.

While Webster thus waited and wondered what Taylor would do, the South and the North were in bitter strife over the territory wrung from Mexico—the one to open it to slavery, the other to keep it, as Mexico had made it four-and-twenty years before, free. How to turn free soil into slave soil was a hard question to settle, and many plans were presented and rejected before a senator proposed to spread the Constitution over the new Territory by act of Congress. This done, all trouble would be over: for, under the Constitution, slaves were property; could, as such, be taken into the Territory by immigrants; and, once in, must be protected. With slaves in the Territory, the institution of slavery would quickly follow, and all trace of freedom be swept from the soil. But just here a new difficulty arose: Could the Constitution be spread over the Territories? Calhoun declared it could be so extended; Webster maintained that it could not: and the two fell into a debate of no little interest to us at this moment. The question was the status, under the Constitution, of newly acquired soil. In the opinion of Webster, such territory was the property of, not part of, the United States. The Constitution was confined to the United States, to the States united under it; was extended over nothing else, and could extend over nothing, “because a Territory while a Territory does not become a part, and is no part, of the United States.” “The Constitution,” said Calhoun, “interprets itself. It pronounces itself to be the supreme law of the land.” “What land?” said Webster. “The land,” was Calhoun’s reply. “The Territories of the United States are a part of the land. It is the supreme law, not within the limits of the States of this Union merely, but wherever our flag waves, wherever our authority goes, the Constitution in part goes; not all its provisions certainly, but all its suitable provisions.”

“The ‘land,’ I take it,” said Webster, “means the land over which the Constitution is established, or, in other words, it means the States united under the Constitution, . . . the laws of Congress being the supreme law of the land as well as the Constitution of the United States. The precise question is, whether a Territory, while it remains in a Territorial state, is a part of the United States? I maintain that it is not.”

In the end these views prevailed. The attempt to extend the Constitution failed; no government was provided for California or New Mexico, and the question went over to the next Congress. At this the South, firmly united on the question of slavery in the new Territories, grew alarmed and angry. The old spirit of disunion again arose, threats of secession were heard once more, and a call went out for a State-Rights convention, to meet at Nashville beside the bones of Andrew Jackson. All the old grievances that the South had against the North were revived and asserted. The failure duly to execute the fugitive-slave law, the “underground railroad,” the activity of the demand for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, were now declared unendurable. To make matters worse, a quarrel broke out between Texas and the federal government over the boundary of New Mexico, and the people of California, taking matters into their own hands, made a free-State constitution, established a State government, and asked admission into the Union as a free State.

With all these burning questions under hot debate, it may well be believed that the country awaited the meeting of Congress with feelings of no common sort. On that body most assuredly rested the momentous question of peace or war. By it was to be decided whether the house divided against itself should stand or fall; whether there should be within the limits of what was then the United States one people, one government, one flag, or two republics—one of States where black men were slaves, the other of States where the negro was free. Nor was the Congress then assembled less interesting than its work. Never had there been gathered in the two chambers so many men whose names later events have made familiar to us. In the Senate were now brought together, for the last time, Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, leaders of the old parties, and Jefferson Davis and Stephen A. Douglas, soon to head the wings of a hopelessly divided democracy. There, too, were Salmon P. Chase and William H. Seward, destined to become chiefs of a party yet unformed; Hannibal Hamlin, the first Vice-President under Lincoln; Samuel Houston, who led the Texans on the field of San Jacinto, and twice served as president of that republic; and Thomas Hart Benton, now about to close thirty years of continuous service in the Senate.

To this distinguished body Clay returned

fully determined to take little part in its proceedings. He would support Whig measures, but would neither aid nor oppose the administration. He would be a calm looker-on, rarely speaking, and even then merely for the purpose of pouring oil on the troubled waters. But he had not been many days in Washington before he was convinced that the talk of disunion was serious, that the Union was really in danger, that old associates were turning to him, and that he must again take his place as leader. During three weeks the House of Representatives wrangled and disputed over the choice of a Speaker, and this time was used by Clay to prepare a plan to serve as the basis of a compromise. By the middle of January, 1850, his work was ready, and one cold evening he called on Webster, and went over the scheme, and asked for aid. This was conditionally promised, and a week later Clay unfolded his plan in a set of resolutions, and at the end of another week explained his purpose in a great speech delivered before a deeply interested audience. A rumor that he would speak on a certain day brought men and women from cities as far away as New York to swell the crowd that filled the Senate Chamber, choked every entrance, and stood in dense masses in the halls and passages. Fatigue and anxiety were telling on him. He could with difficulty climb the long flight of steps and make his way to his place on the floor. But the eager faces of the throng, the seriousness of the plea he was about to make, and the shouts of applause that rose from floor and gallery when he stood up to speak, and were taken up with yet greater vigor by the crowd without, gave him new strength. So wild was the cheering of those beyond the chamber doors, and so long did it continue, that he could not be heard in the room, and the president was forced to order the hallways to be cleared. Again Clay spoke during two days, and on the second showed such signs of physical distress that senators repeatedly interrupted him with offers to adjourn. But he would not yield, and went on till he had finished.

Clay having spoken, it was certain that Calhoun would follow, and letter after letter now came to Webster imploring him to raise his voice for the preservation of the Union, and speak as he had never done before.

Appeals of this sort were quite unnecessary, for Webster was cautiously and deliberately deciding what was the wisest course to take. In a letter written as late as the

middle of February he said: "I do not partake in any degree in those apprehensions which you say some of our friends entertain of the dissolution of the Union or the breaking up of the government. There is no danger, be assured, and so assure our friends. I have, thus far, upon a good deal of reflection, thought it advisable for me to hold my peace. If a moment should come when it will be advisable that any temperate, *national*, and practical speech which I can make would be useful, I shall do the best I can. Let the North keep cool." Another week's reflection convinced him that a national speech must be made, and on the 22d of February he wrote the same friend: "As time goes on I will keep you advised by telegraph, as well as I can, on what day I shall speak. As to what I shall say you can guess nearly as well as I can. I mean to make a Union speech, and discharge a clear conscience." His biographer assures us "there was but little written preparation for it," and that "all that remains of such preparation is on two small scraps of paper."

On the 4th of March, while Webster was still at work on his speech, Calhoun, then fast sinking into his grave, attended the Senate. He was far too feeble to bear the fatigue of speaking, so his argument was read, in the midst of profound silence, by Senator Mason of Virginia. The second of the great triumvirate having now been heard, it soon became noised abroad that Webster would reply on March 7, and on that day, accordingly, the floors, galleries, and ante-chambers of the Senate were so densely packed that it was with difficulty that the members reached their seats. Mr. Walker of Wisconsin had the floor to finish a speech begun the day before; but when he rose and had looked about him, he said: "Mr. President, this vast audience has not come together to hear me, and there is but one man, in my opinion, who can assemble such an audience. They expect to hear him, and I feel it my duty, therefore, as it is my pleasure, to give the floor to the senator from Massachusetts."

Webster then rose, and after thanking the senator from Wisconsin, and Mr. Seward, the senator from New York, for their courtesy in yielding the floor, began that speech which he named "The Constitution and the Union," but which his countrymen have ever since called by the day of the month on which it was delivered.

Addresses of approbation now came to him from citizens of Boston, of Newburyport,

and of Medford, from the inhabitants of towns on the Kennebec River in Maine, and from innumerable places all over the South, the West, and the Middle States, coupled with calls for printed copies of the speech.

By the end of March "one hundred and twenty thousand have gone off," and as the demand showed no decline, "I suppose that by the first day of May two hundred thousand will have been distributed from Washington."

No speech ever delivered in the Senate of the United States produced such an effect on the country. Compromisers, conservative men, business men with Southern connections, those willing to see the Union saved by any means, rallied to his support, and loaded him with unstinted praise. But the antislavery men, the abolitionists, the Free-soilers, and many Northern Whigs attacked him bitterly. "Every drop of blood in that man's veins has eyes that look downward," said Emerson, after reading the speech. "Webster," said Sumner, "has placed himself in the dark list of apostates." In the opinion of hosts of his fellow-countrymen, he was indeed an apostate. He had changed his creed; he had broken from his past; he had deserted the cause of human liberty; he had fallen from grace. When Whittier named him Ichabod, and mourned for him in verse as one dead, he did but express the feeling of half New England:

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

The attack by the press, the expressions of horror that rose from New England, Webster felt keenly; but the absolute isolation in which he was left by his New England colleagues cut him to the quick, and in his letters he complains of this bitterly: "Thus far I have not one concurring vote from Massachusetts. I regret this much, but I hope I may be able to stand, though I stand alone. At any rate, I shall stand till I fall. I will not sit down."

The purpose of Webster was not to put slavery in nor shut it out of the new Territories, nor make every man in the North a slave-catcher, nor bid for Southern support in the coming election. He sought a final and lasting settlement of a question which threatened the permanence of the Union and the Constitution, and Clay's "comprehensive scheme of adjustment," he believed, would effect this settlement. The abolition, the antislavery, the Free-soil parties, were to him but "Northern movements" that would "come to nothing." The great debate of 1850 he regarded as idle talk that interrupted consideration of the tariff. Never, in his opinion, had history made record of a case of such mischief arising from angry debates and disputes, both in the government and the country, on questions of so very little real importance. Therein lay his fatal mistake. The great statesman had fallen behind the times, and it was perhaps well for him that he was now removed from the Senate to the Department of State.

Change of place, however, brought no change of views, and his hatred of the Free-soilers and abolitionists grew stronger and stronger. To him these men were a band of sectionalists, narrow of mind, wanting in patriotism, without a spark of national feeling, and quite ready to see the Union go to pieces if their own selfish ends were gained. That he too had once labored for those selfish ends, that he too had stood up manfully for the freedom of the Territories and the exclusion of slavery from all future States, was forgotten. Free-soilers and abolitionists were all one to him, and as such were attacked in language unworthy of the great man. In June, 1850, he declared to a friend:

I believe, my dear sir, that the political men of lead and consequence of both the great parties are sound on great constitutional questions. They are *national*, and justly appreciate great national objects. But there are thousands in each party who are more concerned for State than for national politics, whose objects are all small and their views all narrow; and then again this abolition feeling has quite turned the heads of thousands. Depend upon it, indeed, I dare say you think so as well as I, there are many men at the North who do not speak out what they wish, but who really desire to break up the Union. And some of these are men of influence and standing, and are or have been in public life.

Things begin to look better. There is evidently a reaction in the South; some impression has been made in N[ew] York. Most of the New England States are now pretty right on the Union questions; and Massachusetts, who has so strangely

bolted from her sphere, may, I hope, be brought back to it. On the whole, I believe the worst is past.

In September, when laboring hard to secure votes for the compromise measures, he assures another friend that he "had much rather see a respectable Democrat elected to Congress than a professed Whig tainted with any degree of Free-soil doctrines or abolitionism. Men who act upon some principle, though it be a wrong principle, have usually some consistency of conduct; and they are therefore less dangerous than those who are looking for nothing but increased power and influence, and who act simply on what seems expedient for their purposes at the moment."

Though the Seventh of March Speech cost Webster the good will of hosts of his countrymen, his influence was still great and visible. Calls to speak at Union meetings came from New York, from Philadelphia, and from Virginia. Hatred of Free-soilers had now become intense. In a letter to a friend, Syracuse is called "that laboratory of abolitionism, libel, and treason." In a speech at Capon Springs, Virginia (now West Virginia), after ridiculing Seward's "higher law," he said: "It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious abolitionists of the North." But "the secessionists of the South" were "learned and eloquent, . . . animated and full of spirit, . . . high-minded and chivalrous. . . . I am not disposed to reproach these gentlemen or speak of them with disrespect." The Constitution, despite his reply to Hayne and his answer to Calhoun, was now found to contain at least one "compact." "How absurd it is to suppose," said he to the Capon Springs audience, "that, when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision, and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest! . . . I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact."

The Seventh of March Speech, the elaborate and repeated defenses of the compromise measures, the avowed sympathy with Southern views, the earnest support of the fugitive-slave law, now led the Eastern Whigs to see in Webster an available candidate for the Presidency. The failing health of Clay and his many defeats put his nomi-

nation out of the question. But to the voting masses the name of Webster made no appeal. They were steadily turning toward another military chieftain. They had nominated the hero of Tippecanoe, and had won; they had nominated the hero of Buena Vista, and had won. Why not nominate the hero of Cerro Gordo, of Churubusco, of Chapultepec, and win again? As between "Old Fuss-and-Feathers" and the "Defender of the Constitution," the people found it easy to choose. Nevertheless, the friends of Webster thought best to make the attempt to effect a union of Whig sentiment in his favor, and two appeals were soon before the public. One was the work of Mr. Everett, the other came from the pen of William M. Evarts, and both fell flat. Even his friends saw this, and when the Whig convention was about to meet at Baltimore, Mr. Choate, who was to present the name of Webster, went to Washington to warn him of the hopelessness of the attempt. But he found the great man so sure of victory that he had not the heart to tell him, and went on to Baltimore. There, on the first ballot, the vote stood: Fillmore, 133; Scott, 131; Webster, 29; necessary to a choice, 147. That he was beaten was now apparent; but it was equally clear that his friends might say whether Scott or Fillmore should be the candidate. They chose to fight it out to the bitter end, and fifty-three ballots were taken before Scott received 159 and was declared the nominee.

In public Webster bore his defeat like a man; but his letters show how keenly he felt the disappointment. To his son he wrote:

I confess I grow inclined to cross the seas. I meet here so many causes of vexation and humiliation, growing out of the events connected with the convention, that I am pretty much decided and determined to leave the department early in August, and either go abroad or go into obscurity.

But the sting of defeat was sharpest when calls without number came to him to give aid to the party candidate. Most of them he would not answer; but to one he replied:

MARSHFIELD, October 12, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I received only yesterday your communication of the 24th of September; and, among a great number of similar letters, it is the only one I answer. . . . If I were to do what you suggest, it would gratify not only you and your friends, but that great body of implacable enemies who have prevented me from being elected President of the United States. You all know this, and now how can I be called upon to perform

any act of humiliation for their gratification, or the promotion of their purposes?

But, gentlemen, I do not act from personal feeling. It is with me a matter of principle and character, and I have now to state to you that no earthly consideration could induce me to say anything or do anything from which it might be inferred, directly or indirectly, that I concur in the Baltimore nomination, or that I should give it, in any way, the sanction of my approbation. If I were to do such act, I should feel my cheeks already scorched with shame by the reproaches of posterity.

It was long the popular belief that disappointed ambition, chagrin over the loss of the Presidential nomination, was the cause of Webster's death; but that such was the case may well be doubted. He was now an old man, far on in his seventy-first year. His health had long been failing; his strong efforts in behalf of the compromise measures had impaired it still further; and his end was inevitably near. That his great disap-

pointment hastened the end is quite likely, for from the June day when the Baltimore convention adjourned he broke rapidly, and in the early morning of October 24, 1852, he died at Marshfield. Clay had preceded him by four months.

The great triumvirate had now passed into history. Of these three men, Calhoun taught the most pernicious doctrines; Clay was the most popular leader; Webster created the most enduring work. What John Marshall did on the Supreme Bench, Webster did in the forum. The decisions of the great judge were not read by the people. The speeches of Webster were everywhere read by the people, influenced them strongly, and inspired that great leader of the plain people, Abraham Lincoln. To Marshall, Webster, and Lincoln, more than to any other men, is due the belief now held by the great mass of our countrymen, not that the United States are a league, but that the United States is a nation.

ISAM'S SPECTACLES.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," "His Defense," etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

 ISAM sat on the back steps at Woodhaven, the yard full of the cool, deep shadows of twilight, Helen's little boy by his side, and Major Worthington, as usual, smoking in his great arm-chair, with one of his stout legs peacefully reposing on the balustrade of the veranda. Not far away, in the deep shadow, was Helen, dreaming, with hands clasped behind her shapely head.

The little boy was impatiently shaking the old negro's arm and pleading:

"Please, Unc' Isam! please! You've been promising for a week to tell me how you saved your life with a pair of spectacles."

"Was hit er true story, honey?" Isam scratched his chin reflectively, and the major chuckled.

"Yes; a true story. Of course it was true if it happened to you, was n't it, Unc' Isam?"

"To be sho, to be sho." The old man appeared to be studying over some half-forgotten incident. He began slowly and cautiously: "I disremember now perzactly 'bout de spectacles. I disremember 'bout de spectacles. An' I done save mer life so many times—you

don't mean when de bees an' de goat tackled me, an' driv Marse Craffud unner de kitchin, does yer?"

"Oh, no, no, no! That was n't the time."

"Den dere was de special 'casion," said Isam, dreamily, "when I fought de whole Yankee army out up yonner 'bout Chicken-mauger, an' save mer life, 'long wid er whole waggin-train an' er lot er niggers ter boot."

"Oh, no, Unc' Isam; you know what I mean."

"An' time when I save mer life wid er watch, while Marse Craffud was prac'sin' wid a pistul on Marse Rem Billin's—"

"No, no; not that. Don't you know you went to town with Uncle Crawford, and they took you to some place where all the doctors stay?"

"Oom-hoo! Oom-hoo! Now I sorter 'gin ter ketch what you been drivin' at. Ef you'd des said doctors de fus time, an' not kep' on beatin' 'bout de bushes so long—what ails yer, chile, anyhow?" he asked with a show of indignation. "Whar yer git dat roun'erabout way of not comin' straight out an' sayin' wha's on yo' min'? You don't git hit f'm

me, 'cause I ain't er man to was'e words; an' you don't git hit f'om Miss Helen, 'cause when she got anything ter say, hit comes straight out. Hit's 'Isam, I want you to hitch up er horse,' or, 'Isam, fetch er pail er water,' or, 'Isam, have 'em serve supper'; an' so on. Marse Craffud comes to de p'int in er lope: 'Isam, —— yo'—"

"Isam, don't use such language in the presence of my child!" Helen's voice floated out reproachfully from the shadow.

"Dere, now! What I tell yer, honey? Ain't no roun'erbout an' come-up-behin'-yer in dat. She know des what ter say, an'—"

The little boy shook the old man with both hands.

"Oh, Unc' Isam, you know what I want. Go on, please—p-l-e-a-s-e!"

"Lemme stiddy erwhile; lemme stiddy. I disremember perzactly whar de specticles come in. Savin' mer life was er special fac'. Why n't yer ask me 'bout dis hyah story long time ergo? Big fac's is all right; dey hangs in de min' of man like cockle-burs in es breeches leg, an' he cyan't loose 'em. He sorter feels'em er-techin' somewhar all time; but dese hyah miser'ble little trashy fac's cyan't be 'pended on no time. Now, in gen'l, specticles is mos'ly er little fac'; you can lay down specticles an' tek up specticles, an' hit don't count fer nothin' on yer min'. Hit's like er ole 'oman fannin' herse'f ter sleep in er cheer, an' gittin' her nap out 'thout breakin' her lick."

"You reached out and took them off the table—don't you remember?"

"Seems ter me like I do sorter ketch er little shimmer of hit. I reached out, tuk'em f'om de table, an' den what? I'm er-stumblin' ergin."

"You reached out and took them off the table, and put them on, and sat up in bed—don't you remember?"

Isam looked at his questioner with wide-open eyes.

"Sholy. I sholy does. Hit all comes back ter me des like hit was yestiddy. But, honey, ef yer know all 'bout dis 'spe'unce of mine, what yer keep on pesterin' me 'bout hit fer? It ain't ev'y man c'n tell de same story des erlike more 'an oncest. Ef I done gi' yer dis story oncest, an' I tell yer de same story wider special diff'unce in de tex', yer goin' ter rack roun' dis hyah plantation lettin' on erbout it to Hannah an' Silvy an' Mandy an' er whole passel er tattlin' niggers, an' git me drapt f'om de church fer de ninth time. Lemme keep in de norrer paf, chile; don't crowd me, don't crowd me."

"You have n't told me anything but that," said the little boy, earnestly. "You just told me your spectacles were once lying on a little table, and you reached out and took them, and sat up in bed, and put them on, and saved your life. You promised me if I would get you a plug of tobacco out of Uncle Crawford's closet—"

"An' I'm er-goin' ter tell yer 'bout hit right now," said Isam, raising his voice and straightening up. "You got too much sense fer any chile livin', an' dere ain't no way to head yer off, once yer git started. Whar yer want me to pick up de story?"

The major and Helen were silently laughing. The little boy dropped down happily beside the old negro's side, and rested one arm on his knee.

"Tell me all about it—every bit."

"All is er heap, honey, specially when hit comes ter er story what's true. Dere ain't no tellin' whar any story what's true gits its fus start. Dis hyah story er mine heads erway back yonner 'fo' you was born, an' I ain't sayin' perzactly how much more. Hit heads 'long erbout muscadine-time somewhar, an' hit come of me gittin' er muscadine-seed hitched in mer vermafooge pendulum." There was a sudden explosion where the major sat, and fire flew from his pipe. Isam looked toward him silently a few moments, one eyebrow twitching slightly. "I never tolle dis story but twicest befo'," he said, "an' Marse Craffud blowed all de fire outer his pipe at de same place, bofe times."

"But, Unc' Isam, what did you say it was that the muscadine-seed got into?"

The old man took the little boy's hand solemnly and pressed it against his heart.

"Wha's dat rookus goin' on inside dere? Tech me, tech me! Don't be erfeard ter tech me."

"That's your heart beating."

"Oom-hoo! des so. An' dat's what move all de inside works uv er man, too. Hit's de clock; an' when hit gits outer gear, hit's good-by, Isam! Go up-stairs, honey, 'fo' yer go ter bed, an' look th'ough de little roun' glass in de wais' of de big clock in de hall, an' yer goin' ter see somep'n' waggin' ercross f'om one side to de yuther, an' tickin' erway ter beat de ban'—"

"Oh, I've seen that many a time. That's the pendulum."

"Dis boy is sho got sense," said Isam, slowly. "Ain't nothin' goin' on 'bout de place he don't know. Oom-hoo! honey, dat's de pendulum; an' dere's somep'n' inside ev'y man dey calls er pendulum, too—er vermafooge

pendulum; an' when hit quits er-workin', dat man on de outside knocks off erlong 'bout de same time. Ef you don't b'lieve hit, you ask anybody ef dey ever hyah tell of er tickin' inside er dead man, or seen er man up an'

Docter Bailey, one day, an' tuk er look at me, an' press es finger hyah an' plump me dere; an' bimeby he up pass his 'pinion dat I'd done got er seed in mer vermafooge pendulum. Hit sholy scyared me f'om de start,



"TELL ME ALL ABOÜT IT—EVERY BIT."

goin' erbout when de inside tickin' done quit." This statement was being gravely pondered by the little boy when the old man continued: "De muscadine-seed lodge in de pendulum, an' de fus news I got, de mis'ry ketch me unner de bottom rib on mer right side; an' hit stuck dere, comin' an' er-goin' mo' er less ye'r in an' ye'r out, tell I 'mos' fergit how ter walk on mer heels. Many an' many er time I could n't more'n git up f'om mer cheer, much less git er bucket er water f'om de well. An' when hit come ter hoein' in de gyarden, de mis'ry was des scand'lous. Marse Craffud is er-laughin' up yonner, honey, ergin, but I'm er-talkin' fac's ter yer des de same. Hit was des natchully too scand'lous ter git erlong wid. An' den come erlong

'cause Docter Bailey is somebody what knows de name of ev'ything on de inside of er man, an' can cut er man's leg off wid es eyes shet an' never tek his seegyar outer es mouf. He knows all de titlements of what 'ficts er nigger, an' tell him whar he aches 'fo' he done settle on de spot esse'f; an' des whar ter drop er little ile, an' when ter brace up ev'ything wid er dram. An' when Docter Bailey let on 'bout dat muscadine-seed, an' I knowed I'd been er-swallerin' 'em forty ye'rs ruther 'n hunt roun' in mer mouf fer 'em, I 'mos' drapt down in mer tracks, I was so pluralized wid de shock. De mis'ry got worser an' worser f'om dat day on; an' den dey up an' say ef dey don't tek me inter town an' have de seed distracted f'om whar hit

done been lodge, I was sholy er gone nigger. Honey, hit tuk me nigh on ter fo' weeks termek up mer min', an' de mis'ry helpin' all night. Look like I would n' more 'n shet mer eyes 'fo' I 'd hyah dat pendulum knock off, an' I 'd jump fer fresh air at de winder an' set ev'ything inside er me rackin' erlong like er scared rabbit. An' in de daylight I got ter goin' in yonner an' wastin' mer time front er de big clock, an' wishin' hit was ole Isam gittin' erlong so steady, tick-noc, tick-noc—so steady, an' hit forty ye'r's ole when Marse Craffud was a baby!

"Well, I drag erlong tell one day Marse Craffud he git mad an' mek 'em hitch up de blacks; an' he got me inside de coach wid him, an' gi' de word fer town. Bless Gord! 'fo' I had mer min' made up, I was yonner in de horsepit'l, undressed, layin' up in bed. Dey ain' been er man moved so fas' sence er chair't snatch up ole man 'Lijah. An' dar I lay, full er 'spicion by day an' wrastlin' wid de nightmar' by night. But folks was sho good ter me, honey; dey sho was. Dey say I war n't goin' ter be teched fer fo' days, leastwise not tell dey done got me sorter 'conditioned' up to de right pitch; but, oom-m-m! de stuff dey gimme ter swaller!" Isam made a grimace that started the little boy laughing. "Look ter me like de pu' smell of hit was ernough ter stop any town clock in de worl'. An' Miss Helen she come an' fetched er whole raft er pictur' papers an' mer ole specticles; an' dere I lay an' stiddy 'bout de doin's in de worl' outside—de young 'omen in dey short dresses an' de men in dey woolens goin' in er-swimmin' tergether, an' proud o' hit; an' er ship erfire; an' er whole passel er sojers runnin' er man up er hill what done stole dey flag, I reck'n; an' er railroad injine fallin' off er trestl'. But, chile, I never seed er pictur' of anybody in sech trouble as I was er-havin' over des one muscadine-seed. Dere was er man long erbout de back of de paper what seem like he was er-sufferin' mighty, f'm de 'spression of his face; an' ernuther man right erlong side o' im fat an' sassy an' er-laughin' fit ter kill esse'f. I spelled out dat hit was de same man 'befo' an' de same man 'after,' an' I say ter myself, 'I don't wonder at 'im, ef hit means er muscadine-seed.' Hit did n't help me much, 'cause I could n't tell which pictur' was took las'. I laid out ter ask Miss Helen; but when she come, she come er-cryin', an' drapt down dere by me on 'er knees an' 'gin ter pray. Honey, I been scared er heap er times in mer life, but when yo' ma drapt down dere an' ask de good Lord ter be wid

me in mer 'fiction, an', case hit was his will dat I should n't be spar'd, ter lead me th'ough de valley an' de shadde, well, hit tuk her an' er nigger 'oman an' two young docters ter hol' me in dat bed! Dey never did hol' me tell somebody jabbed me in de hip wid er hip perderme contraption—"

"What was it they jabbed you with, Unc' Isam?" asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know, chile; hit was some sorter little tin squirt-gun wid er p'int like er hornet's tail." Isam rubbed his leg gently and sighed. "When I woke up dey say I done been 'sleep; an' I hyah Docter Bailey say hit's bes' ter break de news ter me. I gyethered that I was er mighty sick man—er mighty sick man! Ev'ybody was stirrin' roun' on dey tiptoe, an' de air was natchully heavy wid trouble. Docter Bailey pass out an' lef' me er-steddyin', an' 'bout dat time I seed de young docters busy in de nex' room, movin' things hyah an' er-movin' things yonner—spreadin' er cloth, clinkin' dishes, an' washin' dey han's in er chiny bowl. So much doin' erbout sot me ter steddyin' mo' an' mo', an' tekin' mo' intrust. I ketch de eye of de nigger 'oman when she pass de do', an' she come close to de bed. 'Chile,' I says, des so, 'you is 'bout de likeliest gal I seen sence fr' dom. Is yo' sweet name Sugar?'

"No," she answer me back; 'mer name is des Lucy Ann.'

"Oom-hoo!" says I, 'hit's er name 'mos' as putty as de gal what er-wearin' hit. Lucy Ann, is de white gemmen in de nex' room gittin' mer dinner ready? Seems like I hyah de clink o' dishes, an' ef mer eyes don't fool me, Docter Muckhat'n had er cyarvin'-knife in es han'des now. I sholy would want some dinner, fer dey's been er-feedin' me on promises fo' times er day fer fo' days, an' I'm natchully hongry. Gord knows I done swallered ernough "condition" powders ter eat er sawmill steer.'

"Well, widdat she look at me sorter cu'ious-like outer de lef' corner of 'er eye.

"Dinner?" says she. "Dinner?"

"Oom-hoo!" says I, 'ain't yer never hyah tell of er man eatin' dinner?'

"She look at me like I done gone 'stracted."

"Why, man," she says, des so, 'dey is gittin' ready in dere ter perform on er sick man.'

"Lucy Ann," says I, after waitin' fer mer pendulum ter start ter tickin' ergin, 'is dere anybody sick in dis hyah house?'

"Yes," says she; 'ain't *you* sick, Unc' Isam?'

"Ain't nobody sick hyah but me?" says I.

"'Nobody but you,' she answer back, an' out she went.

"Den I 'lowed ef dere war n't nobody sick dere *but* me, dat all de gittin' ready in de nex' room was *fer* me. I sot up sudden in de bed, an' reach fer mer specticles, an' clapped

runnin', an' tek de main road outer town, an' I cross de fiel's like er man's tracks. It come ter my min', when I hit de valley whar de log cross de crik, 'bout how yo' ma done pray fer somebody ter lead me th'ough de shadder, an' I quicken mer lick when I look back an'



"'I LET MER FOOT TO DE FLO!'"

'em on, bein' nigh-sighted. 'Bout dat time de youngest docter open er box an' start ter layin' out saws an' long, cu'ious knives an' wrenches wid twisted handles; an' Docter Muckhat'n scratch er match on his right leg ter light er paper chee-root, an' I hyah im say, 'Dere ain't much chance fer de ole nigger, but we 'll cut 'im open an' see what ails 'im.' Well, honey, I knowed den dat war n't no place fer me. I let mer foot to de flo'; I slip 'cross de room, an' stuck mer leg in mer breeches; I gyethered mer shoes in mer lef' han', an' drapt outer de nighes' winder like er wet towel. I hit de groun', er-

see de sun drap behin' er cloud, an' er shadder comin' erlong on my trail. I was sholy movin'! I done lead dat shadder plumb home in er seven-mile race. I did n' know I was done hyah tell I hit head fo'mos' 'g'inist de back do', an' shuk ev'y winder-pane in de house. Dat's what mek me say as how de specticles save mer life."

"But, Unc' Isam," said the little boy, when he had ceased to laugh, "what became of the muscadine-seed?"

"De muscadine-seed? Well, honey, when I hit dat back do' head fo'mos' I reck'n I des natchully swallered hit furder. Yo' uncle

kin laugh, an' yo' ma kin laugh, but I know what I 'm er-talkin' erbout. I ain't never been so shuk up in all my borned days as I was when I look th'ough dese specticles for dinner, an' seed dem performin' instermunts on dat table—'cept when I hit de back do' of dis house. Des one little ole pa'r of specticles," continued Isam, taking off his glasses tenderly—"des one little ole pa'r specticles! An' ter think how *many* times I done *sot* on 'em, an' *dрапt* 'em, an' *lef'* 'em erroun' for er aggervatin' boy to projec' wid! Hit fa'rly

mek me col' f'om head ter foot! When e man cyan't look th'ough er do' wid es necked eye an' know de diff'unce 'twixt performir instermunts an' er lay-out fer dinner, hit 'time ter tie es specticles on ter 'im. Chile, e ever yer see dese hyah specticles o' mine lay in' erroun' loose anywhar, call me—call me!"

That night, when Isam was closing the house, he found the little boy in his night gown, intently studying the pendulum through the round glass in the "waist" of the great hall clock.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

I.

EARLY in the year 1797, when Washington was asked by the exiled Orléans princes, his guests at Mount Vernon, to map out for them the best itinerary that they could follow in their proposed journey through the United States,—the best route for gaining a correct idea of the resources, scenery, political, social, and industrial conditions of the country,—he made a careful study of the subject, and drew in red ink, on the pocket map of Louis Philippe d'Orléans, a line beginning at Mount Vernon, reaching northward to Harper's Ferry, extending diagonally across Virginia along the mountain-ranges, southwest to Abingdon; crossing the eastern part of Tennessee to Tellico Blockhouse, on the northern boundary of the Cherokee Reservation, then across the Cumberland Mountains to Nashville, Louisville, Lexington; through Indiana; on through Ohio to Pittsburg, Erie, Niagara Falls, and the much-talked-of Genesee country; back to Philadelphia via Seneca Lake and the Susquehanna valley. The trip could be made only on good horses, and would demand great physical endurance.

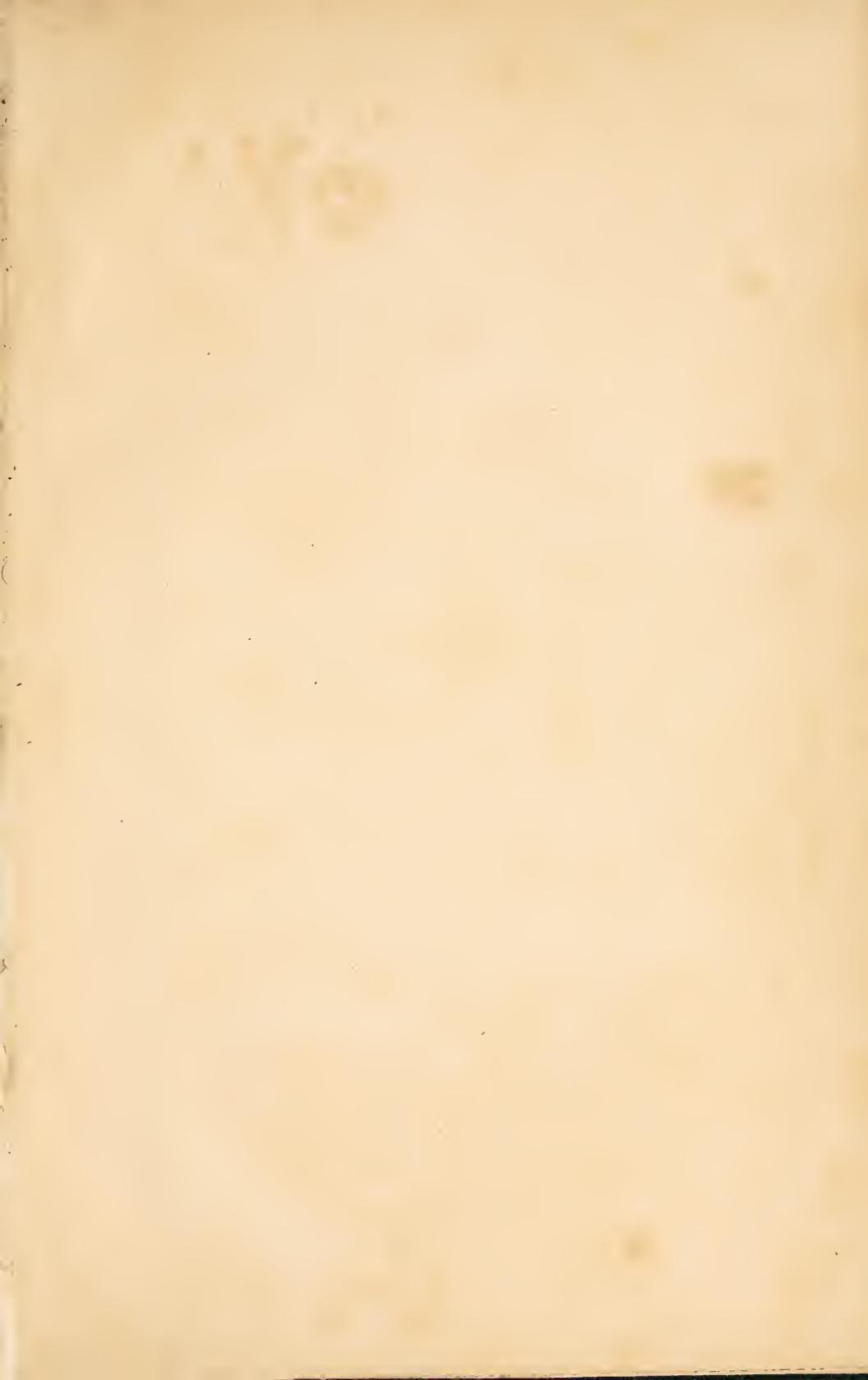
The eldest of the three princes (sons of the Duke of Orléans, guillotined October, 1793, nearly four years before) was then in his twenty-fourth year. His brothers, Count de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, were a few years younger and in delicate health, the effect of long imprisonment in the damp dungeons of Fort St. Jean, Marseilles.

The itinerary as given them by Washington was followed to the letter, and the journey was accomplished without serious mishap between March 25, 1797, and June of that year.

"We traveled a thousand leagues," wrote Montpensier to his sister, the Princess Adelaide, when they had returned to Philadelphia, "and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we accomplished partly by water, partly on foot, partly on hired horses, and partly in the stage or public conveyance. . . . We found the Falls of Niagara . . . the most interesting object upon our journey. . . . It is the whole river St. Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, . . . which my little sister will certainly see at our dear mother's. . . ."

Among the descendants of early settlers living along this route, there are yet to be found many who cherish with peculiar pride the distinction of belonging to families which have given hospitality to princes. If the old homestead at which the exiles supped or slept still remains, it has an honored place in the local annals of the region, and is frequently "taken" by the amateur photographer. To be able to boast of a grandfather who, in shirt-sleeves, and possibly barefooted, once sat down at his own table with "princes of the blood," and of a grandmother who baked a hoe-cake for Louis Philippe, King of France, is surely something out of the line of commonplace experience.

The notable part of the story often is







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